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THE

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MISSIONS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

BY ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN.

THE action of the Parliament of Christiania, which severed the last bonds that united Sweden and Norway, has centred upon these two kingdoms the attention of the whole world. But nowhere, we suppose, has this action aroused greater interest than in the United States, because of the large number of better-class emigrants which it receives from the Scandinavian countries.

The comparative ease and quiet with which this revolution was effected must have astonished all who are not well acquainted with Norway. That country really had nothing in common with Sweden, save the crown of King Oscar and the consuls charged with its commercial interests abroad. Because of its inability to obtain the right to have its own special consuls, Norway informed the King of the complete dissolution of the Union and of its resolve to have a distinct government of its own. Nor does it attach any very great importance to the choice of its future sovereign. If the house of Bernadotte denies it a Prince, it will ask one of the house of Denmark. If it experiences too great a difficulty in securing a King, it will just as willingly become a republic.

Moreover, from a sentimental standpoint the separation is of no greater import than that it is from an administrative one. Arbitrarily reunited by the Allied Powers, in 1815, the Norwegians and the Swedes feel no sympathy for one another, and differ decidedly in ideas, customs, and institutions. In all

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VOL. LXXXII.—I

my travels I have seldom experienced a more complete sense of change than that which I felt on passing from Christiania, Bergen, and Trondhjem to Stockholm and Upsala. Norway is emphatically the most democratic nation of all Europe; Sweden is one of the most aristocratic. The nobility, abolished in Norway, still wields a great influence in Sweden, and the electoral franchise in the latter kingdom is conditional on an income of 1,000 crowns, or about \$300. This requirement excludes the larger part of the laboring class.

We wish to bring out these points of difference before we proceed to the study of the present state of Catholicism in the two countries. We will see that in the first, Norway, that is to say the more modern, the Catholic Church prospers best. The conditions there are comparatively the same as those found in comparing the excellent state of Catholicism in the United States with the crisis through which the Church is passing in the oldest countries of Europe.

Norway, which entered the Church in the tenth and eleventh centuries, was violently torn from her in the sixteenth by the Lutheran kings, who ruled both it and Denmark. The people resisted long and desperately, but finally yielded to force. Exile and the fear of death extinguished little by little every spark of Catholicism, and from the beginning of the seventeenth, until the middle of the nineteenth century Lutheranism enjoyed a complete triumph. It was not until July 16, 1845, that the Storting passed the first law favorable to dissenters. After its passage, Lutheranism still remained the established religion, but those who did not believe in it had the right to leave the established church and publicly worship as their consciences dictated. This same liberty of religious worship was granted by Denmark in 1847, but not until 1860 by Sweden.

The Catholic Church lost no time in profiting by this decree of tolerance. The very year in which the law was promulgated saw a priest doing missionary work in Christiania where, in the year following, he built a chapel. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction over Norway was exercised then by the Hanoverian Bishop of Osnabrück, to whom belonged the care of all the missions of Northern Europe. In 1855, however, Pius IX. created the Apostolic Prefecture of the North Pole, which com-

prised all of Scandinavia, Greenland, Iceland, and the northern coast of Scotland. In 1869 Propaganda divided this extensive mission into six parts. To Sweden was given an Apostolic Vicar and to Norway and Denmark Apostolic Prefects. At length, in 1892, both Norway and Denmark were raised to the rank of vicariates apostolic with episcopal dignity for the first appointees—Mgr. von Euch for Denmark and Mgr. Falize for Norway. These two prelates are still laboring most zealously for the benefit of their missions.

There are hopeful signs that show the progress of Catholicism in Norway. That progress is slow certainly, but its regularity is most encouraging, particularly when one remembers that it depends entirely upon conversions and the newly born. Immigration, which does so much to promote the increase in Catholicism in the United States, cannot be a factor in such increase in Norway. Far from receiving foreigners, Norway suffers the loss of many of her children, as is evident to one conversant with the nationalities of the people of Minnesota and the Dakotas. Every year numbers of the Catholics converted in Norway leave the mother-country. Mgr. Falize complains that, in 1903, two hundred left Christiania alone. These emigrants are not lost to the Church at large, because they remain faithful to their religion, but their going is a sad loss to the little Norwegian Church.

Norway, in 1869, counted two hundred and twenty Catholics, with one Apostolic Prefect, twelve missionaries, and seven religious of St. Joseph. At this time there were but two missions in Norway, one at Christiania and one at Bergen, and three in Lapland, Tromsö, Altengaard, and Hammerfest. By the year 1895 other missions had been established in Fredrikstad, Fredrikshald, and Trondhjem. At that time Norway had twenty-three priests; 875 lay-Catholics; ten parochial schools with 275 pupils; one higher school of Christian doctrine; five Catholic hospitals; and four communities of Sisters.

From the official statistics, published in December, 1904, we learn that at that date there were 2,150 Catholics (out of a total population of 2,250,000); twenty-two priests, three of whom are native born; twenty-one chapels; and thirteen missions. Each mission has a Catholic grammar school. The Catholics have two high schools—one for boys, the other for girls; two orphan asylums; ten hospitals; a training school

for nurses; two novitiates for religious; and a printing and publishing house which issues Catholic books, apologetical and devotional, as well as the *St. Olaf*, a Catholic weekly newspaper. The progress of the Church in Norway may be seen more accurately and readily perhaps from this table which shows its progress during the last seven years:

1898	1,500
1899	1,575
1900	1,650
1901	1,700
1902	2,050
1903	2,125
1904	2,150

The fact that there are already three native priests and two novitiates for religious speaks hopefully for the future, and one may foresee the day when the Church in Norway, like the Church in the United States, will be self-supporting. That day will signalize its complete establishment. Considering present-day conditions, it would be well, in a general way, if the Church, without abandoning or neglecting less developed and less civilized peoples, would direct more and more the efforts of her missionaries to the evangelization of civilized and more promising countries. Once having sown its seed in these fertile soils, the true religion will there grow of itself, unaided by care and nourishment provided by other countries. When, for example, countries like Norway and Japan have converts sufficient in number to recruit their own clergy, they cease to be an expense to the rest of the Church; and they themselves may, indeed, be able to contribute to the extension of the faith in other lands. Moreover, no matter how great may be the zeal or the intelligence of foreign missionaries, they can never understand so intimately the people nor work so efficaciously as the zealous and intelligent native-born priest.

The Catholic Church in Norway is not yet able to create its own clergy. On the contrary, she is in need of every manner of help from without. She is dependent still on other countries for her priests, her religious, her financial resources. The liberal contributions of her few children, generally poor themselves, are insufficient to defray even the cost of maintain-

ing her priests. Several foreign charities assist her and sometimes travelers, or foreigners who have heard of her need, contribute generously. But the greatest and the most regular help that comes to her is the funds given by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This admirable society, which America has begun to understand and appreciate, gives yearly to the Church in Norway the sum of 28,500 francs (\$5,700); the lowest sum given since 1892 was 28,000 francs (\$5,600).

The revenues of the mission are not absorbed by the churches alone, for the schools are a weighty burden of expense. Since the country enjoys absolute liberty in the matter of instruction, Catholics with a keen sense of their duty, take advantage of the privilege to give their children a religious training. But, considering the paucity of their numbers, they must make great sacrifices to maintain a grammar school in every parish. The two high schools are self-supporting; indeed the one for girls, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chambery, has met with such success that it has drawn to itself pupils from even Protestant families.

The hospitals are not an additional expense. Their beginnings undoubtedly entailed hard work and much difficulty in the collection of the necessary funds. Soon, however, the successful work accomplished by them gained the confidence of financiers, and the funds were quickly raised. These investors knew that the rich patients would pay for the poor ones, and, moreover, that patients would never be wanting, so thoroughly does all the world, and particularly, in this case, Protestant physicians, appreciate the work and care of the Sisters for their charges. Many of the city governments exempt the hospitals from all taxation. Some cities appropriate to these Catholic hospitals a part of the profits derived from the tax on the selling of intoxicating liquors, as they have done for some time to Protestant works of charity. Bishop Falize relates, in his interesting "*Promenades en Norwege*,"* how a representative committee of Protestant physicians begged him to establish a Catholic hospital in Bergen; how they guaranteed to raise the necessary money; how, finally, they offered to rent, at their own expense, a house in which a temporary dispensary might be installed in charge of the Sisters, until the hospital itself was completed.

* *Missions Catholiques*. April 6, 1900. Page 167.

Public opinion throughout Norway is very favorable to Catholics and all the relations of the latter with the civil authorities are most cordial. The churches and schools are exempt from taxation, and this fact, which may seem quite insignificant to American readers, seems to us French the height of liberality. Another evidence of the good disposition of the nation was evidenced on the death of Leo XIII. The members of the government officially sent their sympathy to Bishop Falize and officially also, as a body, assisted at the funeral services held at Christiania. Moreover, in 1903, a zealous Catholic, prominent as a catechist, was elected deputy to the Storting from the province of Nordland, and his colleagues in the House later nominated him as a member of the Committee of Public Worship.

The Norwegians, a sincere and loyal people, if there be such on earth, certainly accept their false religion in perfect good faith. How could they have been enlightened as to the falsity of the Lutheran doctrines which they hold since, for more than three centuries, not a single priest entered their country? They had come to believe that Catholicism, according to one of Luther's prophecies, had disappeared entirely from the face of the earth. No greater astonishment could be imagined than that shown by some peasants of Hitterdal when they learned that Catholics still existed, that there were even some at Christiania, with several priests and a bishop.

An incident that speaks strongly for the sincerity and good will of the Norwegians occurred a few years ago at Aalesund. Bishop Falize had sent there a priest who knew no one in the entire city. The priest inquired of the under-magistrate as to where he might hold a meeting and preach. The official received him cordially and introduced him to a Protestant pastor as one who would best advise him. The pastor likewise gave the Catholic priest a hearty welcome and said: "I will get for you the large meeting hall of the workmen's union—but on one condition. Don't tell our people the things they have known a long time about Christianity in general, but explain the differences which separate us from Catholicism, so that once and for all their prejudice may die. You would scarcely believe what these good people think of Catholics; they will hardly admit that you are men like the rest of us. Show them that they are mistaken and you will

have done well." The magistrate, the Protestant pastor, and the Catholic priest then proceeded to arrange the programme for the meetings, and the programme was entirely Catholic. Announcements were made in the newspapers. On the evening that the instructions began, the magistrate and the pastor above mentioned occupied seats of honor, and an interested audience filled the large hall. These missionary meetings are not now unusual. They have been held also in Molde and at Kristiansund.

We wish, however, to avoid exaggeration. This good-natured, honest curiosity did not effect a great number of conversions but, considering the short time that has elapsed since the revival of Catholicism and the minute carefulness with which Norwegians examine religious problems before giving a decision, it is cause for congratulation that the Church has progressed from absolutely nothing to the hopeful conditions that exist to-day. The character and stability, as well as the number, of conversions, must be considered, and when we learn that all are lasting, that many have been made in the families of Protestant ministers, as in 1903 in the case of two learned rectors, Krog Tønning and Sverensen, we have much reason to hope for the future. Even when no definite conversions are made, Catholic influence is of great service to religious progress. Already a change has been experienced in the manner of living, and in the Christian practices which have penetrated to the core of the Protestant churches and lead them little by little towards Catholicism after the manner of English ritualism.

A little less error, a little more devotion, instilled into our separated brethren, is in itself a good which cannot fail to move hearts truly attached to Christ. Catholicism, with all its blessings, will grow quickly in Norway when more missionaries and more money are available. What can twenty-five apostles accomplish in a country so extensive and so difficult to traverse? The number scarcely suffices to make the Church known in the principal cities. They cannot extend their labors to the remote, small towns, yet it is there that they might succeed best, since there a more fervent faith has been preserved. In the great centres of population, rationalism and indifference have already worked great harm; in the smaller communities, and especially in isolated farms, religion

and good morals have preserved the greater portion of their force, and Catholicism would find there a fertile soil for its growth.

I recall with emotion a Mass which I was called upon to celebrate one Sunday in Lærdalören, at the foot of the Sognefjord, which marks one of the most magnificent scenic portions of all Norway. My joy on that occasion was extreme as I realized the honor that was mine thus to offer, in the land that had so long been ignorant of him, the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ; but deep also was my grief as I thought that, for more than three centuries, these people about me had lost the blessing of the Real Presence, and that day I prayed: "Rogate ergo dominum messis ut mittat operarios in messem suam."

Sweden was first converted to Catholicism at about the same time as Norway, that is, the tenth and eleventh centuries. Through Catholicism came also civilization. The Benedictines of Cîteaux contributed most to the progress of science, art, commerce, and agriculture. As centuries passed, however, the clergy and the monks became too influential and too wealthy. Too great a prosperity brings in its wake indolence, ignorance, and laxity. When Lutheran teachings were introduced, during the reign of Gustav Wasa, they found confederates even in the cloisters. It was the people who resisted most valiantly the spread of error. "We are astonished," said the king to the peasants in 1544, "at your attachment to your former prelates and your ancient customs. It is for us as a Christian king to be your teacher." This notion, that the people must accept the religion of the king, he sought to impress upon them. The doctrine, so offensive to our modern sentiments, was then widely prevalent. France, by a glorious privilege, was the one country of Europe which would not accept this odious maxim. When the law of inheritance brought a Protestant, Henry IV., to the throne, the French people, far from embracing his religion, forced him to adopt theirs—refused to acknowledge him until he became a Catholic. Swedish persecution finally conquered all resistance, and Catholicism was excluded entirely from the kingdom. Until 1815 there was a sentence of death against all Catholic priests found within the country.

Bernadotte's wife and daughter-in-law, who had remained Catholics, while he and his son embraced Lutheranism, eventually obtained permission for a priest to remain in the country, and for the erection of a chapel at Stockholm. However, the laws which punished with exile and confiscation of property all who left the established church, were not repealed until 1860. As late as 1858, six women, five of them mothers, were condemned to exile and deprived of all civil rights, because they embraced the Catholic faith. But this act of gross intolerance, condemned by all the world and even by the majority of the Protestants of Sweden, brought about the abolition of these unjust laws. The clergy and the nobility which had, up to that time, resisted the liberal measures proposed by the king and approved by the Lower House, yielded at last to the universal demand for a change.

The laws of persecution were only gradually abolished; changes for the better being made in 1860, '69, '70, and particularly in '73. To-day the Lutheran church is the established church, but a popular movement for its disestablishment has been on foot for some time. The liberalism of some and the religious indifference of others are furthering it; only the conservatives, as is the case in England, are opposed to it.

Dissenters may own the land occupied by their churches and cemeteries. When they wish to secure other property, or establish a new parish, they must appeal to the King and he may grant them the right. In fact, the King, since personally he is very liberal, invariably grants such permission, but it may readily be seen how arbitrary and uncertain such a system is. The law of 1873 left in force the interdict issued by former laws against all convents; nevertheless in several cities Catholic Sisters care for patients in their own homes and, by a tacit tolerance, Jesuits direct the three principal parishes of Stockholm, Malmö, and Gothenburg. Norway, on the contrary, grants liberty to all religious orders. Its only law of exclusion is against the Jesuits, and this is not rigidly enforced.

In Sweden all dissenters enjoy liberty of education. The Catholics have profited by this to the full extent of their small means. They have now a boarding school and two orphan asylums for boys, and two schools and three orphan asylums for girls; one house of refuge and three hospitals.

But the little Swedish Church has very limited means, and

owes what it has principally to the voluntary contributions of the faithful and to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, from which it receives annually 14,000 francs (\$2,800). In 1860 the Church in Sweden had one apostolic vicar, two missionaries, and one church building. To-day there are, according to the official statistics published in December, 1904, one apostolic vicar, Bishop Albertus Ritter, four native born priests, eleven foreign born missionaries, nine church buildings or chapels distributed through Stockholm, Malmö, Gothenburg, Gefle, Norrköping, Wadttena, and Aameberg. The increase in the number of the faithful may be seen from the following table:

1860	200
1870	500
1880	810
1890	1,145
1900	1,600
1904	1,850

The increase is about fifty a year. This is but little in a population of 5,000,000. The slowness of growth must be attributed to the illiberal character of the laws, to the prejudice against the Catholic Church, carefully fostered by the press, and to the ultra-conservative spirit of the people who, prone to preserve their customs and their institutions just as they are, are decidedly adverse to any modification. Catholicism prospers best in the most sincerely liberal and progressive countries. Is not this harmony of our faith with modern ideas and institutions most encouraging, and rich in promise for the future?

ST. IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.*

BY WILLIAM BARRY, D D.



HISTORY, like traveling, when pursued in a serious temper, has one great advantage—it compels us to view things in a fresh light, putting off the old and encrusted ideas by which we may have measured the world too rigorously. In the reading of the present paper, this contemplation of facts from an unusual centre will, perhaps, mean for some no slight effort of imagination. How shall we make it a success? I think in this way. Let us forget that we are English and Northern, nearly four hundred years distant from the persons and the incidents which we desire to study. Throwing ourselves into the situation as though it were a play, let us imagine that we are Spaniards of the period between those world-marking events, the conquest of Granada, discovery of America, uprise of Luther and Protestantism, on one side, and the Council of Trent, revolt of the Netherlands, execution of Mary Stuart, and defeat of the Armada, on the other. From 1492 until 1588 gives a setting or framework to our canvas. It is the most momentous of all the centuries since Rome fell. On its two great hinges of gold and iron, the Renaissance and the Reformation, history has been turning down to this day; nor do we perceive any new principles that are likely to absorb those which were then set in motion. The Renaissance, which aimed at a true knowledge of man and man's works; the Reformation, which was a reading of God's will upon lines interpreted by the individual judgment. What is the relation between these methods and what the outcome? That is one problem. A second, no less formidable, should inquire the relation between both of these movements and the Tradition of the Church, or the Middle Age, or Catholicism—in a single word, Rome. Were those questions resolved, we should know what modern history signifies.

* Lecture delivered August 19, 1905, in Examination Schools, Oxford, by request of the University Delegates for Summer-Session.

We approach them here from the Catholic point of sight. And we choose a hero round about whose flag the battle has raged without ceasing; whose name is a byword to his enemies, while it has been canonized in his Church; and whose achievement, the Company of Jesus, stands pre-eminent among the religious orders which the last six hundred years have brought forth. St. Ignatius of Loyola founded the Jesuits. How much is contained in that one sentence. It was an enterprise not less daring nor, in many respects, less novel than Luther attempted when he broke with mediæval Christendom, or Calvin when he became the father of Protestant theology. Ignatius, too, has profoundly influenced the government of his Church, her schools, missions, clergy, literature, divinity, and external action. He has been the chief Catholic leader, almost without a second, since the Fathers of Trent recognized his Militia of the Holy War. Erasmus, Luther, Calvin, Ignatius tower above the sixteenth century as types, singular each one of them and characteristic, but summing up tendencies that had long been active in the nations of the West and in these representatives were embodied. Their biography thus turns out to be the history of their own times. Let us, then, consider Ignatius as the figure-head and motive-power of what has been described in English and German writings as the Catholic Reaction.

Don Iñigo Lopez de Recalde was, it appears, the youngest son in a family of thirteen, and was born at the Castle of Loyola, in a beautiful Pyrenean district, Guipuzcon, during the year 1491. The race to which he belonged was not merely Spanish; in its veins ran the ancient blood of the Basques, independent from time beyond reckoning; and these hills were the retreat of Christians when the rest of Spain had been seized by the Moors. Three times had the Berbers from across the Straits conquered that unhappy land. The question whether Europe should acknowledge Jesus or Mohammed was decided over the mountains between Toulouse and Tours by Charles of the Hammer, in 732; but it had taken seven hundred and eighty years to roll back the tide of Islam—to plant the cross on Toledo, Seville, Cordova, Granada; to unite the petty Christian kingdoms into Aragon and Castile, to create a sense of national unity. Religion had of necessity grown to be a perpetual crusade. Monks were soldiers, and soldiers were monks.

The military orders, Santiago of Compostella, Calatrava, Alcántara, founded on the pattern of Templars or Hospitallers, took their solemn vows derived from the cloister, had a blessing given them by St. Bernard or St. Dominic, and went out to conquer for Christ's crown and kingdom. After the Albigenian struggles, the Inquisition was set up (about 1233) at Barcelona; in 1481 at Seville. It bore hard upon heretics, secret Judaizers, Moorish pretended converts, whom the people detested as not only traitors to the faith, but as a standing danger to the public interest. Spain, it should be remembered, was always in a state of siege. Our free and open maxims of trade and intercourse would have been as little comprehended by its rulers or their subjects as we understand the never-sleeping suspicion that centuries of guerilla warfare had made an instinct with all who lived by it—Moor and Catholic, Jew and Gypsy, soldier, citizen, merchant, hidalgo, priest. Suspicion in peace, heroism in war! The kings of Aragon fight desperately; but they are politic and wary in negotiation; the kings of Castile are the "Catholic" and the "Wise"; Eastern courage, Eastern cunning, learned from their very foes, and the Arab reserve, touch with colors not familiar to us a fine nature, brilliant, chivalrous, hardy, temperate, yet headlong and cruel, in which poetry turns to action, and life is a knightly adventure, a religious quest.

Such were the ancestors to whom Ignatius owed his remarkable qualities, making him singular among the French at Paris where he studied, and a puzzle to the downright but sober Englishman. He could not choose but be a knight-errant, a soldier in any case, if not also monk or priest. One more feature should be added. The longing to recover Jerusalem, which governments of the sixteenth century did not share, was yet an inspiration for youthful dreamers. Thanks to French-English wars, to Wars of the Roses, to Italian rivalries, the Grand Turk was triumphant by sea and land—galleys manned by Christian slaves infested the Mediterranean; a buccaneer like Barbarossa could defeat Charles V. and winter in Toulon Harbor; Otranto and Salerno were captured by the Moslems; and Pius V. did not break the maritime forces of Islam at Lepanto till fifteen years after Ignatius had quitted the scene, in 1571.

A page at the Court of Ferdinand, practised in arms, arts,

and good manners, but no great scholar, campaigning we know not where, devoted to some royal lady, the youth hears of wonderful discoveries over sea, of Columbus and Cortes, while Spain is the foremost power in Christendom. His sovereign, Charles V., is Roman Emperor, holds Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, will by and by take Francis I. prisoner at Pavia, but is always marching to fight these French who cannot be put down. Battles and sieges are the order of the day. In the campaign of 1521, where a lad named Francis Xavier is on the French side skirmishing, Ignatius does notable deeds at Pampeluna, but on May 20 gets wounded in both legs, undergoes frightful operations, is lamed for life, carried in a litter to his father's castle at Loyola, and rises from his bed of sickness a changed man. He had been given to read during convalescence the *Life of Christ*, by Ludolph the Saxon—a devout and beautiful work—and the *Legends of the Saints*, written in romance. They kindled in him a violent enthusiasm. St. Francis and St. Dominic, the Fathers of the Desert, seemed to challenge his great spirit; “These and those did such amazing acts for their Lord; why not I?” Amid his pious thoughts were mingled reminiscences from *Amadis de Gaul* and the other tales of chivalry. The crusader in Ignatius awoke. He dreamt of conquering a kingdom for Christ. But he was only an ignorant soldier. He must begin by conquering himself. So he set out on his memorable journey to Monserrat near Barcelona, wearing his rich attire. On the eve of the Annunciation, March 24, 1522, he exchanged his knightly raiment with a beggar; put on a sackcloth gown; suspended sword and dagger beside our Lady's shrine, and after keeping watch that night, as for a heavenly dedication, proceeded next morning to Manresa, which from his abode there was to acquire lasting fame.

Almost a whole year, until February, 1523, Ignatius passed in the cave which he had found amid these rocks, alone, subject to frightful austerities, temptations, faintings, changes of light and dark. He was caught up in the spirit and saw visions, the fruit of which was an immense enlargement of intellect, a more determined plan, and the volume known to all Catholics as the *Spiritual Exercises*. This book, written in the solitude of Manresa, lays no claim to be a literary production. Its name, but hardly its substance, reminds scholars

of another work, the *Exercise of the Spiritual Life*, by Cisneros, the Benedictine Abbot of Monserrat. My copy is dated 1555; but the Tractate of 1500 had probably fallen under the eyes of Ignatius, and may have suggested his title. There can be no doubt that the governing ideas to which he gives expression in a way most original, had long been present in his mind—the conquest of self for God, and of our fellow-men to Jesus. Those meditations, called by him the Two Standards of the Kingdom of Christ, contain all that Ignatius proposed to do and the motives upon which he acted till his dying hour. There is nothing which exactly resembles them in previous ascetical literature. The *Exercises* are not simply to be read. They must be “given” by a director, and “taken” by the recruit, under conditions of retirement, silence, prayer, and self-denial; and in view of resolutions to be founded on Christian good sense with supernatural aid. In their pages we learn the secret of the Ignatian system. It has no other. Loyola (as strangers call him) lived and died by this Rule. Every member of his Company is drilled every year in it, from the novice to the general. It is the text on which missions and retreats are conducted; guidance along the paths of religion follows it as a road-book; it was the first (in a Latin version) of the innumerable volumes printed by Jesuit authors; and it has never been superseded in its own kind. The Constitutions of the Society do but put its principles to the touch by Laws answering to them. Take away the *Exercises* and the Company of Jesus would be annihilated by the same stroke.

Hence all attempts to explain the life of the Founder himself, or the chequered story of his Institution, which leave out the *Exercises*, or subordinate them to alleged *Monita Secreta*,* or imply that his successors in the generalship, especially Acquaviva, brought a policy forward which amounted to revolution, must certainly fail. It may be questioned if any Order has kept more closely than the Jesuits to the idea from which they started; and that idea, whole and entire, was consigned

* Dr. William Moëller, formerly Professor of Church History at Kiel (a Lutheran), writes: “*The Monita Privata, Soc. J.*, which appeared in 1612 (called *Monita Secreta* in a later recension), is a satire on the Order, written by the ex-Jesuit, Hieron-Zaorowski” (III., 233, E. Tr.) An account of it is given by Reusch in Vol. II. of his great German work on the Index. All scholars have agreed in the view stated by Moëller; but the pamphlet has been extensively translated and reprinted, as though a genuine Rule of the Society.

to paper during the year of retreat spent in his lonely cell at Manresa by this much musing genius. To his thoughts and visions there he went back for authority when objections were made in later times. "So it was shown to me at Manresa," he would say. But now two things had to be done; he must fulfil his vow of pilgrimage to the Holy Land; after which he should learn as much Latin as would enable him to study and to teach religion. He left Barcelona in February, 1523; arrived in Rome during March; saw and conversed with Adrian VI., the saintly Flemish pope who for a moment occupied St. Peter's Chair; went on by way of Venice and Cyprus to Jaffa and thence to Jerusalem, where he spent six weeks; and would have settled there for life had it been permitted. It was not possible, but he never abandoned the thought of setting up a house near Mount Sion.

Returning to Spain, he followed his books at Alcalá, the university which Ximenes, the Franciscan cardinal, had established in 1500. He went about dressed in sackcloth, teaching the catechism to children, winning two or three disciples, and being narrowly watched by the Inquisition—nay, for a while imprisoned. At Salamanca, where he desired to learn philosophy, worse things befel him; the religious authorities, in their universal mistrust, put him in prison a second time, and for many days he was bound with a chain to one of his companions, until the case was decided in his favor. Ignatius did not abate one jot of heart or hope; but he took care to get attestations of orthodoxy from the Inquisition; and he made up his mind that he should suffer less molestation in Paris, at that time the chief among universities. There he arrived in February, 1528. His lodging was at the Collège Montaign, which a generation earlier (1494-95) had received Erasmus to its hard fare and somewhat elementary studies. Ignatius passed seven academic years in this centre of life and discussion, wandering on foot in vacation to Bruges or Antwerp, that he might get means of support for the ensuing terms. In 1530 he came to London. It is probable that he visited the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury; he may have seen and conversed with those brethren of the Charterhouse whom Henry VIII. afterwards had executed in their white habits for denying his spiritual supremacy. And he must have traveled some part of the road to Tyburn, where his follower, Campion, and many other

Jesuits, were destined to be hanged, drawn, and quartered in years to come.

To Paris in those eventful times came thronging men from all quarters and of opinions the most dissimilar. Calvin was there, brooding over his predestinarian doctrines; Servetus, too, whom he would one day have to burn for heresy in Geneva; and Rabelais, the great comic genius of infinite wit and unrestrainable humor, who looked with equal scorn upon the old believers and the heretics of yesterday. Ignatius, a man verging on forty, could not learn boys' lessons. He never acquired a good Latin style. Impatient of delay, he endeavored to grapple with half a dozen subjects at once; but his intellect was not adapted to scholarship, and though he took a creditable degree, his attitude towards knowledge was that of a ruler, not of a student. He practised the art of winning souls. His judgment, now ripe, was amazingly acute. He seems henceforth to have made scarcely one mistake in choosing friends and disciples. When he raised his piercing eyes from the ground, he looked into men's hearts. The usual persecution awaited him from Inquisitors and his own countrymen, with results not unhappy. For he conquered his enemies by a certain moderation and the reasonableness of argument, in which he now excelled, and which his Order learned from him. Ortez, the Spanish advocate of Queen Katharine, at first hostile, became his protector. He drew to himself by degrees the Savoyard, Pierre Favre, a man of talent equal to his heroic though self-effacing temperament. And with Favre's help, not until many efforts at resistance had been overcome, he made an attached follower of the Navarrese, Francis Xavier, also a Basque by descent, known to after times as the Apostle of the Indies. Other important conquests were Laynez, the Castilian, whose learning and prodigious memory astonished the Council of Trent; Salmeron of Toledo, hardly less gifted; Simon Rodriguez, a Portuguese, and Bobadilla of Palenza. All, in due course, took academical distinctions. By Ignatius they were taught the *Spiritual Exercises*; and so the rudiments of a new religious order were almost unconsciously formed.

On the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, 1534, the six companions, with Ignatius at their head, assembled in the Chapel of St. Denis, at Montmartre, and there, after receiving Communion, took the monastic vows of poverty and chas-

tity. They bound themselves to the pilgrimage of the Holy Land, after which they were to be at the Pope's utter disposal, and to go on missionary enterprise wherever he should send them. A meeting was arranged in Venice, the gateway of the East. Thither, when he had accomplished a journey into Spain, the founder of that "little Company" (*minima societas*), for so he loved to call it, went to await his comrades in January, 1537. But the pilgrimage could not take place. War had broken out between the Venetian Republic and Solyman, the Grand Turk. No vessels but those of war would put to sea; and accordingly the brethren set forth on their journey towards Rome. Ignatius had been ordained priest; he was resolved not to celebrate Mass until arriving in the Holy City. At La Storta, which is near the ruins of ancient Veii, whilst rapt in prayer, he had a remarkable vision of the Lord in which, if not earlier at Manresa, as his immediate disciples believed, the name that he should give to his Order was made known to him. He entered Rome in November, 1537, began to teach children as his custom was, and summoned the Fathers to draw up Rules for their Institute, which was done after every point had been discussed. The result he set out in five chapters of lucid exposition, which Cardinal Contarini, whose brother had befriended Ignatius in Venice, presented to Pope Paul III. On reading it, the aged pontiff exclaimed with conviction: "The finger of God is here!" But he did not approve the Order at once. Three Cardinals were appointed to examine and report. Guidiccioni of Lucca, much regarded for learning and piety, was opposed to new religious brotherhoods, and would have done away with all but four of the ancient. On a sudden he changed his views; the report was favorable; and Paul III., in 1540, by his Bull, "*Regimini Militantis Ecclesiæ*," established the Company of Jesus.

This Pope was the last conspicuous figure among those churchmen of the Renaissance, whose abilities cannot be disputed, but who have left a burden not easily borne on the shoulders of apologists. As a young man Cardinal Farnese had been pleasure-seeking and ambitious. He lived to see Rome sacked, in 1527, by a Lutheran army, under the Constable de Bourbon. In his own pontificate, England fell away; France was breeding her Huguenot troubles; Germany appeared to be lost beyond hope; and the Spanish influence,

paramount in Milan and Naples, was making a lamentable end of Italian freedom. The old diplomatist, when he came to the Papal Chair, admitted that reform of the Church in head and members, so long promised in vain, could now be no more put off. He had serious faults, especially indulging the vice of nepotism, but he rose at last to the situation. A Council should be called, the faith upheld against innovations, and good morals be promoted.

While he was thus deliberating, under the persuasive counsels of men like Contarini and Reginald Pole, others had begun to act. From the Oratory of Divine Love, in Rome itself, a spiritual movement had been spreading over Italy. St. Cajetan founded the Theatines, in 1524, an Order with which the Jesuits were long identified in common speech. The Capuchins date from 1528; the Barnabites of Milan from 1530. And saints were once again proving that the ideals of the traditional religion had life in them still. But a definite plan, suited to the times, was needed before all things; an impulse that should work the contrary way to Luther's had yet to be given. The plan was laid down in the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius; the impulse discovered and applied in a formula not less ancient than monachism, nor unequal to the contest with Private Judgment. That formula was Obedience to Authority. When Luther exclaimed, "*Non Serviam*,"—"I will not yield"—which is the interpretation of his famous protest at the Diet of Worms, Ignatius of Loyola answered him, "Hear the Church." And the mind of the Church was to be ascertained in Rome, from the lips of St. Peter's successor.

But who should put this doctrine into execution? The Bishops were feeble or untrustworthy; the Orders had sunk in popular esteem and in England were suppressed, in Germany fighting for existence; the secular clergy had too often neglected their flocks, did not instruct the children, themselves showed a painful ignorance of their duties. Controversy was taking an entirely novel shape. And the heathen in America, in the East, who would preach the Gospel among them? From the large correspondence of Ignatius with his subjects, as with prelates and princes, nothing is more evident than that he kept these questions before him day and night. His Institution was essentially a training, teaching, preaching, and missionary Order. It accepted the Franciscan Rule of poverty

in strictest terms, yet was recruited from men of birth and soon found a home in courts royal. It took up from the Dominicans the task of public sermons, lectures, disputes; not without laying stress on elementary and distasteful work, such as children's classes, while wearing the spoils of humanism. It made a point of serving the sick in hospitals. It was not a Rule for the cloister; hence, to the scandal of many orthodox persons, it put aside choral chanting, a distinctive habit, severe watchings and fastings (though Ignatius had exceeded in these matters), and neither of set purpose nor unawares did it cultivate the poetry of sites and beauty of architecture which have thrown over monastic ruins a charm so profound. When we compare the Jesuit with his forerunners, with Frà Angelico, the Dominican painter, with St. Francis of Assisi, who has left us the "Canticle of the Sun," with St. Bruno in his silent Chartreuse, or with the numberless Benedictines who made use of plough and pen and abbot's crook, to build up or defend mediæval civilization, we feel such a difference as on closing the divine song of Dante and opening a modern book of science or research.

The aim which Ignatius never lost sight of, and which his Company has pursued, is altogether practical, to do, to suffer, to argue, to convince—we may fix it in a significant word, to "direct." And if any one phrase could exhaust an activity which broke out on all sides to men's amazement, and which checked the Reformation in mid career, perhaps it would be "government by persuasion." That secret Ignatius had acquired at Manresa when anatomizing his own soul. Enthusiasm gave him power; patient and steady thought discovered the surest way to control it. This extraordinary genius reasoned like a philosopher, felt like a saint, and held his own like a man of the world with sovereigns, diplomatists, lawyers, theologians; never appealing to force (which he did not wield) and resolutely declining the titles, robes, and outward splendor which Popes or Kings would have thrust upon his lieutenants. A special vow forbade the acceptance of dignities unless by solemn command of the Holy See, and there was no Jesuit Cardinal before Toletus.

Richelieu, who knew how to govern men, praised these Constitutions at the end of the century as a masterpiece of policy. Their watchword, obedience, was made effective by

exemption from local ties, by choice of novices, distinction between "simple" and "solemn" vows, grades of fellowship in the privileges of the Order, the exceedingly small number of fully "professed" Jesuits; and by absolute rule on the part of the General (he was elected for life) with his centralized correspondence and incessant supervision. The metaphors by which these characteristics are hinted, the docility of mind which they ask of the companions, were not unknown to monastic Institutes. But the discipline had never been so perfectly adapted to form an army bent on its one supreme purpose "the greater glory of God." Doctrine in the Church was inviolable; it must be maintained against every oncomer; and the saying is justified that, while Protestants set about revolutionizing dogma, Catholics, under inspiration of their Jesuit guides, reformed morals. The second half of the sixteenth century beheld Popes who dwelt in the Vatican as if they had been monks in their cells—St. Pius V., Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., Clement VIII.—princes and emperors who set religion in the forefront of their political designs—like Philip II., Maximilian of Bavaria, the House of Austria—poets as scrupulously orthodox as Torquato Tasso, and a crowd of saints who, like St. Teresa, reformed convents and monasteries, or like St. Philip Neri, the Apostle of Rome, and St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, were said to have converted whole cities.

In this wonderful restoration Ignatius claims the leader's part. From 1538 until his death, in 1556, he lived at Sta. Maria della Strada, not far from the Capitol, in a little bare chamber of a mean house, constantly an invalid, going forth only to hear confessions, to preach in broken Italian, to give children their catechism, but ever occupied in governing the missions and colleges which multiplied rapidly all over Catholic Europe, and were soon established among the heathen. In sixteen years twelve provinces, including Upper and Lower Germany, Brazil, and the Indies, as well as Spain, Portugal, and Italy, received their separate bands of Jesuits; when Ignatius died, one thousand members had been enrolled, and their colleges, in which education was given without charge, amounted to one hundred. But more important than all this by far, a mould had been invented, elastic and yet definite, into which might be run the modern activities, spiritual, social, literary, and controversial, that were to distinguish the Church during

the next two centuries of her existence. The Company of Jesus, indeed, was dissolved, by Clement XIV., in 1773; a new world came in with the French Revolution. But the past could not be undone. The Reformation, which in 1540 threatened to drive Catholicism south of the Alps, and which was winning adherents even in Italian cities, had been once for all thrown back to northern latitudes. "At first," says Macaulay, speaking of the Debatable Lands, "the chances seemed to be decidedly in favor of Protestantism; but the victory remained with the Church of Rome." On every doubtful frontier she was successful. In the year 1600, "we find her," concludes the historian, "victorious and dominant in France, Belgium, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Poland, and Hungary." He might have added in Ireland, from which the churches of America and Australia were to be largely recruited. Who had wrought this marvelous change? Friends and foes agree in ascribing it to the general staff which Ignatius had created, disciplined, and sent forth on campaign.

His sagacity in choosing captains for the Holy War was unrivalled. One figure has taken all eyes, the romantic and adventurous Francis Xavier, who, at a signal given in 1540, set out to evangelize the Far East, underwent many martyrdoms, founded churches in India and Japan, and was meditating the spiritual conquest of China when he died on the Isle of Sanchian, in December, 1552. He is the patron and bright example of modern missionary enterprise. But the life and achievements of Pierre Favre were not less remarkable. His journeys through France, Belgium, and Spain abounded in triumphs for the cause. He was the first Jesuit who entered Germany. He attended the Conference at Ratisbon in 1541, which came to no result; but he gave the *Exercises* to clergy and laity of high degree, and prepared the way for the Council of Trent. Simon Rodriguez did a similar work in Portugal. The amiable and unwearied Peter Canisius (Kanis) of Nimeguen, now on the roll of saints, preached and taught so successfully in the South German, Austrian, and Bohemian countries that he is reckoned the chief instrument of their submission to Catholic doctrine. His Catechism was celebrated. When the Fathers of Trent assembled, Paul III. sent to them (1546-47), as his own theologians, the Jesuits, Laynez and Salmeron, comparatively young men, by whose vast learning,

which the simplicity of their lives enhanced, the Council was guided in its momentous and admirable debates, especially on the subject of Faith and Justification.

Yet a second St. Francis adorns this opening history, so fertile in marked and resolute characters. This was the Duke of Gandia, who represented the Borgias in Spain and was intimately acquainted with Charles V. By the total surrender of rank, honors, and estates, he made up for the scandal associated with his family name, and his virtues entitled it to a place in the Calendar. He had, when a youth, seen Ignatius led to prison through the streets of Alcalá. His own unblemished piety was heightened by the lugubrious incident that befell him when conveying the remains of the Empress Isabella to their last resting-place. But he married happily, and it was not until his wife's decease that he joined the Order. To him the Society owes its solid establishment in Spain. He was also the principal agent in founding the German College at Rome, and the celebrated Roman College itself, which is a university attended by many hundreds of students from every province in Christendom. St. Francis Borgia, to whom the Jesuits owe their chief seats of education, as well as those magnificent edifices, the Gesù and the Church of Sant' Ignazio, became Third General of the Society on the death of Laynez, in 1565, and survived until 1572.

One happiness, not always granted to eminent men, was in store for Ignatius—a biographer devoted yet well-informed and sincere, who had lived long on affectionate terms with him, and was perhaps the human being he loved best. Pedro Ribadeneira had been a page of Cardinal Allesandro Farnese, nephew of Paul III., and ran away from him to the house of the Jesuits. The lad's youthful exploits brighten the record like a pleasant comedy; but he grew up to be a preacher of renown; he did much to win a footing for the Society in Flanders; and his portrait of the saint will always be a classic. Ribadeneira lived to see Ignatius publicly ranked among the Blessed by Paul V., in 1609. Thirteen years afterwards, on March 12, 1622, Pope Gregory XV. canonized Loyola, together with Francis Xavier, the Spanish rustic Isidore, Philip Neri, and Teresa of Jesus. It was an emphatic testimony to the vicissitudes of a long war in which Catholic tradition, at

first nearly done to death, had risen to a new life and a fresh series of triumphs.

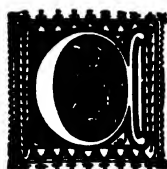
But neither St. Ignatius nor his biographer can well have anticipated how the future would run. It was Calvin who, in his *Institutio* (1552), fastened the name of Jesuit on this latest of religious Orders. And from the side of Calvin it has been most fiercely attacked. The French Huguenots, his immediate offspring, were put down; but their place was filled by St. Cyran, the Arnaulds, and the Jansenists; their spirit found its revenge in the *Provincial Letters* of Pascal, published exactly one hundred years after Ignatius had left the field. As missionaries, explorers, friends of the American Indians, founders of a Commonwealth in Paraguay, the Jesuits had faced every peril, shown a boundless daring, and a humanity as noble. In king's houses, acting as royal confessors, they were not to be envied. They just escaped the charge, offered to Loyola, of the Portuguese Inquisition. Their success in controversy, their skill as teachers, which Bacon admired, could not fail to raise up enemies outside the Church; their great influence within it proved a danger to themselves. That England or Holland should regard them as born foes to the established religion, and treat them accordingly, was to be expected. But the blows which broke and scattered their Society were dealt by Catholic Kings and Ministers in Portugal, Spain, France, and Austria. Their suppression was reluctantly signed by Clement XIV., in the Bull "Dominus ac Redemptor," which annulled the approbations of Paul III, Julius III., and the Council of Trent. They shared the fate of the Templars. The Great Company, said its adversaries, was at an end; the last of the Crusaders had seen its day. Yet a restoration was awaiting it; and in 1814, under Pius VII., a fresh cycle opened of labor, missions, teachings, trials, and persecutions, as if the *Spiritual Exercises* had been written yesterday, and the Society of Jesus, like the Church whose fortunes it had shared and so often advanced, could never die.

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER X.

NINE PARTS OF A MAN.



CASTLE STREET, Ardnagowan, climbs a steep hill to the height on which the old castle frowns and is visible to the surrounding country-side. Ardnagowan is a town on the two banks of a river, with a steep ascent to hills on either side. Some of the streets are so steep that you climb them by steps, three at a time. But Castle Street slopes more gradually than these.

It is from the nature of the ascent a very dark street. The houses show three stories above the shop-fronts and have the usual dinginess of the houses in an old Irish country town. And Ardnagowan is very old, having been a Norman settlement, indeed, hundreds of years ago.

For the same reason it presents some curious and interesting features. There are the ramparts, which were built to keep out the native Irish, the ramparts, fallen half in ruins now, with their look-out towers dropped away inside like an empty shell. There is the gable of a beautiful monastery church, built by those Normans who were very princes of church-builders, although a rapacious and marauding crew of free adventurers. Some features in the house-building, often hidden behind walls as dull and ugly as those of Castle Street, owe their existence also to the Norman settlement. For instance, the courtyards. A good many of those dingy houses look into ancient courtyards at the back, some of which have kept their ancient greenness and freshness; while others have become in time mere common rubbish heaps, and the houses which lie secluded beyond them abodes for the very poor.

Number 43 was as dingy as any of its neighbors, dingier even, because the contents of its shop-windows did not brighten them up as did the wares in some of the others. There can

be few shops less inviting outwardly than a small tailor's in a provincial town, which shows only bales of woolen stuff to tempt the passer-by. Perhaps Hugh Randal's heart was not in his window-dressing; perhaps he had no desire to break through the traditions of the shop before it had been his. Anyhow the shop showed uninviting.

It happened to be a bright fine morning of February when Lady Anne Chute and Mrs. Massey came in at the low-fronted door of the shop. They had driven over and had left their carriage round the corner, at the foot of the steep, narrow street, so that the master of the shop, who was measuring tweed with a yard measure by the long counter, had no warning of the approach of the ladies till they came in.

Mount Shandon was far enough away from Ardnagowan for Lady Anne to be unknown in the town. She had to stoop as she entered the shop, and when she had entered she looked too tall and too big for the narrow and low place.

As she came in Hugh Randal glanced round and then flushed with wonder and delight. She was like the goddess of spring in the dark shop. She was wearing a long cloak of pale lavender cloth and she had a bunch of daffodils in her hand. Her wide hat of straw that matched the color of her cloak was trimmed with white and purple lilac. He dropped his yard measure and went forward to meet her. For the moment he saw only her, though as his eyes traveled on he was conscious that there was another lady with her.

He set chairs for the two, and then stood by them with his head bent, waiting for what they might say. Mrs. Massey, glancing at him with interest, said to herself that he was the very antithesis of the tailor who was a ninth part of a man. Ironies of fate amused her with a rueful amusement; and this was one of them, that this slender, bright young man, with the eager eyes under the brown hair, should be a tailor, a tailor of all things! She remembered "the great Mel" of "Evan Harrington" and it did not console her. The magnificence of "the great Mel" was an artificial, a conventional, town-bred magnificence, while this young man breathed of the open air and the country green.

The close shop had the oily smell of new woolens. There was a mirror on one wall. At the further end there was a square half-glass enclosure for fitting purposes. Down the

middle of the shop ran the counter and behind it were the open shelves filled in with bales of cloth. Close by where they were sitting was a little glass-enclosed office. Glancing casually towards it Mrs. Massey caught a glimpse within its darkness of a pale anæmic-looking girl. She had an open account-book on the desk before her, but upon it was lying, doubled up, a penny novelette. The girl was glancing below the guillotine-like square, where she received money and handed out bills, with eager interest at Lady Anne.

"Ah," Mrs. Massey said to herself, "the *fiancée*! And a penny novelette! So he has not persuaded her to take an interest in Mr. Yeat's poetry."

There was a canary singing shrilly somewhere out of sight. For the rest, the air of the shop was oppressive, laden with the minute particles of woolen stuff, smelling of oil.

The young man stood inclining his charming head. He did not say a word, but waited for these visitors from another world to speak first.

"I should have shrieked," Mrs. Massey said to herself, "if he had said: 'And what, Madam, can I have the pleasure of showing you?' I am so grateful that he did not."

She was glad that Lady Anne had negatived her proposal that they should become acquainted for themselves with what manner of man Mother Patrick's paragon was by ordering a coat and skirt. To be sure it wouldn't fit; but Lady Anne could hand it over to her maid.

"I couldn't do that," Lady Anne had said. "I should have to wear it if he made it. That is if he was to be coming and going. He might see it on Ellison, and how horrible that would be!"

"And to be sure it would be a ridiculous misfit for Ellison. Very well, then, Donna Quixote, plunge straight into the matter, in *medias res*, as the newspapers say."

"I shall know as soon as I see him, if he is the right kind of person," Lady Anne had said confidently.

"You are Mr. Randal?" she asked him now sweetly.

"Yes; I am Hugh Randal."

"Dear me, he doesn't say even 'Madam,'" Mrs. Massey smiled to herself. "What an absurd young man to conduct a tailor's business! Where can he have learned it?"

"Mother Patrick, of the Point Convent, has been talking to

me about you, or rather talking to my friend, Mrs. Massey. I am Lady Anne Chute. Perhaps you have heard of me. I have been trying to do something for my tenants."

"I have seen some of the Mount Shandon work."

His voice was eager and yet quiet. The soft brogue seemed to go with it wonderfully well.

"I expect he thinks we're glorified commercial travelers," Mrs. Massey thought, laughing silently to herself, "and that Anne has put on her allurements to get him as a customer for the Mount Shandon tweeds and friezes. I hope she'll be quick about enlightening him. I can't stand this place much longer."

The swing-door opened, and a good-looking, vulgar young man came in. He had golden hair and a golden beard, ruddy cheeks, and blue eyes. He stared at the ladies; then his gaze transferred itself to Hugh Randal. There was something vulgarly chaffing in his expression.

"There's a crease in the back of this coat that destroys my figure entirely," he said. "Were you thinking that I wanted tucks in it? If more convenient I can call at another time. I had no idea you'd be engaged."

"You can call another time or you can see the fitter now," Hugh Randall said with an air of patient dignity. "If you will go into the fitting-room I will call down Mr. Allen."

"Not at all, not at all," said the other jauntily. "I'll look in later. I want you to see the fitting. I'm sure I'm sorry I disturbed you. Well, so long!"

He disappeared through the swing door, sending back as he went lingering glances at Lady Anne. Impertinent fellow! How dared he stare! Mrs. Massey thought with half-humorous indignation. She had no idea that if the china-pots ventured out into the crowded stream with those of common clay they should be exempt from collisions, confusions.

"Perhaps, if you wish to speak to me, Lady Anne, you and Mrs. Massey would not mind coming this way. There may be interruptions here at any moment."

"It ought to have been 'Your Ladyship and the other lady,'" Mrs. Massey thought as she got up and followed the young man down the narrow passage between the counter and the wall where they had to walk single file.

At the end of the shop he opened a door, half of which

was muffled glass, and stood back to allow the ladies to precede him. They stepped into an old courtyard. Another house faced them where they stood. There was a covered balcony and a flight of steps up to an open door. The balcony was covered with a creeper that was still leafless, although it showed buds. The same creeper ran over a trellis and covered the two side walls of the courtyard. There were seats in the courtyard, a couple of large green tubs had shrubs in them. There was a pigeon-cote on the wall, on the top of which some pigeons were sunning themselves.

"Will you come into the house, or would you prefer to sit here?" Hugh Randal asked. "It's a beautiful morning for the time of year."

"Oh, here, here," Mrs. Massey answered for both, sitting down as she said it on one of the green benches.

But she was not allowed to stay there. With a murmured protestation Hugh Randal disappeared into the house and brought out a wicker chair with a soft cushion in it. A little girl followed him with a similar chair for Lady Anne. She had a pale face of the purest oval and silky dark ringlets fell about it as she stooped. "Thank you, Eily dear," Hugh Randal said, as he took the chair from her and set it for Lady Anne.

There was a clattering of sparrows in the creeper. The canary resumed his shrill singing in the veranda. An old sheep-dog came limping down the steps and rubbed himself insinuatingly against his master before he lay down beside him.

"Won't you sit?" Lady Anne asked, smiling up at the young man. "It is to be quite a long conversation. As a matter of fact, Mr. Randal, my friends think that I should have a man, a man of business, to help me about my industries. They have persuaded me to agree with them. I have been pretty sure of my own business faculties, but—"

"They are quite right," he said with unexpected bluntness. "The industries would be the better for a few plain business heads. You see, Lady Anne, the fine ladies and gentlemen who take up those things, they mess it for want of business knowledge. How could they have it? The industries must rest on a business basis. We can't take sentiment into consideration."

He spoke almost harshly, but Lady Anne was not offended. As for Mrs. Massey, she was delighted. She had often said the same thing and had not been taken seriously.

"The worst of it," she put in plaintively, "is that when we try to do any good in the world we are still only fine ladies and gentlemen; and we mess it, as you put it very clearly."

He flashed a sudden bright smile at her which altered the whole expression of his face.

"I ask your pardon for my plain speaking," he said. "And—I didn't mean you, Mrs. Massey. I have often heard of you. Mother Patrick has a great opinion of you."

"And I am flattered at Mother Patrick's great opinion," she said, "I have a great opinion of her."

"Not to detain you too long, Mr. Randal," went on Lady Anne, "Mother Patrick thought that you might be willing to become my man of business. What do you think?"

He looked at her for a moment in silence. Then he spoke:

"Mother Patrick perhaps told you that I had duties, obligations."

"She said that you had felt yourself bound to carry on your father's business, but—" she hesitated a moment—"she thought your abilities were thrown away here. Is there no one who would carry on the business for you? I could offer you a salary of five hundred a year."

"Five hundred a year," he repeated, contracting his thin brows.

"Five hundred pounds, my dear Anne!" Mrs. Massey said to herself. "Three hundred would have been quite enough; oh, Donna Quixote!"

"I should have to do a good deal for you, Lady Anne," he went on, "to be worth five hundred pounds a year."

"There will be a great deal for you to do," she said sweetly. "If you had not the love for the work I should not hope that you could do it. It has been extending in so many directions; I have known that it was beyond me for some time. Mother Patrick thought you would bring the love to it and the sympathy as well as the knowledge."

"Mother Patrick was right," he said. "But, you offer me too much. What room is there for love with a salary of five

hundred pounds? Three hundred will be ample. There will be expenses when I travel, for I suppose I shall have to travel?"

"A Don to the Donna!" Mrs. Massey thought, with her sense of hidden amusement.

"You will be worth more than five hundred pounds to me."

"Let me prove it before you give it to me. Big salaries hamper enterprises. May I consult my mother, Lady Anne? The business is really hers."

"You can allow her the extra two hundred."

"And"—he waived the question of the salary—"it is a long drive from Mount Shandon to Ardnagowan and back again. My mother would wish to offer you some refreshments."

"If you please," put in Mrs. Massey before Lady Anne could decline if she had been minded to.

"He is odd and unusual," she said as soon as he was out of hearing, "and so is this place, and so is the Madonna-like little girl with the drooping ringlets. I want so much to see what they will give us. What will you take in gloves that it isn't seedy cake and atrocious sherry?"

"If it is, you will have to pretend to enjoy it, Ida. We can't hurt their feelings. Now that you remind me of it, I'm horribly hungry. I believe I can eat even seedy cake."

The ringletted little girl brought a tray in a few minutes and set it on the green-painted iron table in front of them. The tray was covered with a fine damask napkin—somewhat the worse for wear. It contained a home-made loaf and a pat of honey-colored butter, a glass dish of jam, home-made also, a china jug of milk, and a couple of glasses. The glass and china were sparkingly clean; there were little serviettes for the use of the two ladies.

"Ah, this is charming, simple and charming!" said Mrs. Massey, forgetting to be amused. "It couldn't be served with more refinement. I wonder what the mother is like—and the room he has gone into. Can't you picture it? A round mahogany table with the little girl's school-prizes on it like the spokes of a wheel. A gilt clock under a glass-shade. A glass-shade of artificial flowers in the middle of the table.

Shavings in the grate and flimsy chairs with white knitted antimacassars.

But there were none of these things in the room to which presently they were conducted, Hugh Randal apologizing that they must come to his mother, who was almost crippled with rheumatism and had one of her bad days.

The room, on the contrary, was furnished with good, rather heavy, furniture, the chairs and sofa covered in old chintz which had faded through many washings, but was still beautiful. There were a couple of oil paintings on the wall, family portraits apparently, and some colored prints which looked genuine. The floor had a clean white drugget on, and there was not an antimacassar to be seen.

The mother with her placid, fresh colored face and peaceful brown eyes matched the restfulness of the room. Her gracious manners had the happy escape from servility which one knows in the manners of Irish country people. She was kindly anxious lest the ladies should have been chilled in the courtyard, hoped they had been able to eat something, begged them to sit by the little bright fire, because February fairness was often treacherous, the ground being damp.

She was willing that her son should accept Lady Anne's offer.

"Sure he hadn't his heart in the shop, though he was willing to do it for us," she said. "And he has a good man who will carry it on for him. Indeed, my lady, I can give you a good character of him, although perhaps I shouldn't talk about my own."

"It was all perfect," Mrs. Massey conceded afterwards; and the young man is amazingly like a gentleman. He doesn't quite know what to do with his feet and hands. But, to be sure, that's to be expected."

"Was he awkward?" Lady Anne asked. "I didn't notice. I'm sure he will do. How unexpected it all was! I wonder what the young man with the golden beard will say when he finds that he cannot have his fitting superintended after all!"

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT LADY.

A month later Lady Anne was in Dublin with Mrs. Massey, having left Hugh Randal in charge of her concerns.

It was with some reluctance that she had consented to this holiday. Her idea of a holiday, she had said, was to be doing the work she liked; which remark excited Mrs. Massey's derision.

"Say that when you're forty," she answered, "and I'll applaud you. There's nothing like congenial occupation for keeping the middle-aged woman young and happy. I remember when I took up card-playing as a refuge against a dull old age, but it's a worrying kind of diversion at best—not in it with honest work. But at your age, Anne, one doesn't sing the praises of work."

"Am I to go right through this Castle season, while the daffodils are dancing on the lawn at Mount Shandon and the birds are shouting their love songs? Right up to the late Easter?"

"You are to do that and more, Anne, for when Easter finishes the Castle season I am going to take you abroad."

"I shan't go."

"Oh, yes, you will. You ought to have been made to take the Grand Tour, like the smart young men of long ago. You are a rustic, Anne. Think of never having seen the world at twenty-five years old, and you a great heiress! Genoa, Florence, Venice, Rome! Don't the names fire your imagination? I could not go back there, Anne, with anybody but you. But I shall like to go with you. Going with you I shall forget that I am a lonely invalid, tied for many days of the year to my sofa. I shall be able to endure my memories. Indeed, it will be sweet to go back. I have been too long without courage to revisit my sacred places."

It was so seldom that Mrs. Massey was in the mood to talk of her sorrows that Lady Anne scarcely dared breath lest she should hurt her. But in a second the mood was gone.

"Let us take Miss Chevenix," she said quite gaily, "and our maids, lest we be taken for American tourists. Do you

suppose Lord Dunlaverock 'would consent to squire us? Not that we should need him. My Kate is up to the tricks of all the couriers and hotel-keepers in Europe. Why, I am delighted to be going!"

"So am I, if you are," Lady Anne said. "But—how long will you keep me away?"

"Three months. After that the mosquitoes and the tourists will come in clouds."

"What will be happening at Mount Shandon?"

"You will go home to find the factory working and a big stretch of the bog become fat, arable land. Oh, you needn't think you can't be done without! You've given this young man plenary powers. I believe he'd have asked for them if you hadn't given them. I will say that he is admirable; he works like a madman, only with more method."

"He is coming this evening to let me know about the London shop."

"My dear Anne, this evening? Have you forgotten that you are to be presented to his Majesty's representative to-night?"

"I have not forgotten."

"If you were anybody but Anne Chute you would be lying down, resting for the great event of the night. Do you know that the secret of perpetual beauty is to lie in bed one day out of seven, living only on hot milk and thinking of nothing?"

"It doesn't interest me, since I have no beauty. But I couldn't do it if it was to make me like Helen of Troy. How could one think of nothing?"

"A great many people get through life very comfortably thinking of nothing. Why don't you sit down? You're not going out again?"

"I promised Miss Arlington to run out with her in her motor car to see the Dun Emer industries. I shall be back by six o'clock. Meanwhile you are to rest."

"You'll have a red nose and a tousled head. Think of all the frights his Excellency has to kiss, and spare him and yourself!"

Lady Anne laughed. She was accustomed to her friend's uncomplimentary speeches. She stooped and kissed her on the soft fair cheek, still charming despite sorrow and sickness.

"It is a pity that you are not the *débutante* instead of me," she said. "Now, sleep if you can, I've tucked your rug in comfortably. Barring accident I'll be back by six."

"Heaven forgive me!" Mrs. Massey said aloud as she went out—there was no one to hear her except Lady Anne's French bull-dog, who had accompanied his mistress to Dublin. "Heaven forgive me for the things I say to her, my beautiful, big Anne. She's plain and beautiful, yes; not a bit like you, Pip-pip; I am not talking about you, you conceited dog! You're hideous and beautiful, and that makes all the difference."

Lady Anne was in by six o'clock, bringing an air of the country freshness and life with her.

"My dear Anne," said Mrs. Massey, looking up at her. "I shall call you the Big Wind, you positively create a draught in the room. The man's waiting to do your hair. Poor wretch, he has to do twenty heads after yours. Fancy having to please twenty women!"

"I'd better go," Lady Anne said, not noticing these remarks. "Mr. Randal will probably be here by seven. I can be dressed by then."

"You'll frighten the young man out of his life. You don't forget, I suppose, that Sir Richard March and his two girls and young Pulteney and my godson, Godfrey Rackhan—I always say it ought to be Rackrent—are dining here *en grande tenue*; and that dinner must be over by ten if we're to reach the Castle to-night?"

"Is it likely I should forget?"

About ten minutes to seven Mr. Hugh Randal was announced. Mrs. Massey was just about to go upstairs to make her toilette when he came in. She greeted him with a cordiality which amazed and amused herself.

"If you will take a chair, Mr. Randal," she said kindly, "Lady Anne will be down in a few minutes. She told me she was expecting you. And how is everything going on?"

"Quite satisfactorily," he said. "I have heard of a good opening. Why should not the War Office place some of its contracts with us? I believe it will as soon as we get things into order. I have almost an assurance from—" he mentioned a prominent official's name—"that they will."

"Ah! Lady Anne will be enchanted. I am only afraid that we may make a Liverpool or Manchester of Mount Shan-

don. Don't let us become too much of a commercial success. There, am not I illogical? Perhaps it's envy of Mount Shandon's superior good luck. Please excuse me, Mr. Randal, I have to go. We make our bow to the Lord Lieutenant to-night, and my maid is waiting for me."

She left him standing by the mantel-piece, holding his soft hat in his hand. He was dressed carelessly in rough homespun, but they became him, and apparently he had made a slight toilet, for the stains of travel were removed. He looked clean, alert, bright-eyed, as Mrs. Massey glanced back at him before closing the door.

"He's a bit of a problem," she said to herself as she went up the stairs. "It's difficult to know how to treat him. There was yourself, Ida Massey, you couldn't have been warmer to him if he had been that rascal, your godson. That's the worst of having for a business man a young man who is the proprietor of a small tailor's shop in a country town, yet carries Mr. Yeat's poetry in his pocket."

He was not many minutes alone. He heard the door open and glanced towards it; then advanced a step or two. He had never before seen a lady in court dress, or in any but the simplest evening dress. Instinctively he put his hand up as though to shade his eyes.

Lady Anne swept towards him, the glimmering glories of her train following her. She had dropped it from her arm as she came in and now it spread out its sheeny lustre far behind her. She was in white, her presentation dress, but there was a faint line of gold in the train. About her neck were the large moony pearls which were among the most precious of her family jewels. A string of pearls wound in and out among the ostrich feathers in her dark hair. Other strings went one after the other down her bodice, making her a stomacher of the jewels. Her beautiful arms were clasped with pearl bracelets. There were pearls in the knots of ribbon and precious lace at her shoulders.

She was magnificent in her fine feathers, so magnificent that Hugh Randal looked at her in a dazzled way.

"You see the world has dragged me into its net," she said. "I was very well content with Mount Shandon. But Mrs. Massey would have it that I was not fulfilling the duties of my state in life. So I go to Court. Now, sit down and

tell me everything. We shall be undisturbed for the next hour at least. First about the South Audley Street shop."

"It will be possible to buy the lease. I don't think we ought to let it go. I have the letters about it."

He took a pocket-book from an inner pocket, opened it, produced some letters and smoothed them out, holding them towards the light. She had taken a chair quite close to his, and as he explained the contents of the letters she leant towards him, thinking only of the things that interested her. Her laces almost touched him. He could see the pearls rise and fall on her bosom. She was like a goddess condescending to some poor mortal, so frank, so fair, so kind.

"You must have given yourself no rest," she said reproachfully. "Why, you only left Mount Shandon two days ago."

He had an impulse to answer that he could not feel fatigued in her service, but shyness restrained him. As a matter of fact, since that day when Lady Anne had come into the shop, he had thought a deal about her. He had talked a deal about her so long as he was near that most patient and sympathetic listener, Mary Hyland, the girl he had left behind him in Ardnagowan. All that day after the wonderful vision he had talked to Mary about it, leaning into the little dark office through the guillotine window with his hands rumpling up his hair. Mary had understood and had sympathized. She had often been called on for understanding and sympathy before, and had given the latter without being able to give the former. Hugh Randal had not discovered the lack. She had looked so gently at him out of her fond, true gray eyes while he read to her "The Man that Dreamed of Fairyland" and "The Folk of the Air" and "The Lake Island of Inisfree," that he had been satisfied.

But Lady Anne was something she could understand. So that was how in real life the Ladies Elaine and Iscult of her novelettes looked! She had not been satisfied with the willowy and elongated damsels she had seen in the pictures. So that was how they looked in real life! No wonder the lords and dukes and baronets were so infatuated about them!

For the first time Mary's fairy-stories really and truly lived for her. Lady Anne had paused by the window as she left the shop and had spoken to her kindly, making Mary her slave for life. Hugh's raptures on the subject afterwards only

seemed to make her own thoughts articulate. She nodded her assent with ardent eyes, and if she had not been inarticulate by nature she would have added extravagances of her own. As for being jealous of those raptures, it was the last thing in the world Mary would have thought of. And indeed there was no cause for jealousy about the young man's attitude, which was an idealized loyalty. So might the subject of a beautiful and gracious queen have felt towards her; and allowing for the difference, the essential difference in temperament and sex, Mary felt pretty well as Hugh felt.

To be sure he had seen Lady Anne many times since Mary had, and his devotion had increased with every meeting. She was too far above him to affect him, at least consciously, as a woman affects a man. That was a presumption out of sight for Hugh Randal. Even on this occasion, when her beauty was so near him, when the scent of her hair and her wonderful garments floated out and seemed to cling to him, she was a goddess and not a woman. The moony lustre of her pearls made him think of the moon, but he did not go on to think of Endymion.

Nothing in all his life had so stirred and awakened the latent poetry in him before. He had known Mary Hyland from childhood. He had always been so familiar with her looks that he could hardly have told if she was plain or pretty. As a matter of fact, she was sallow, with a longish nose and pale lips and limp, soft light hair. Insignificant, most people would have called her who had not noticed, or had no feeling for, the beauty of her unworldly eyes.

Hugh had always been so fond of her, in a way so dependent on her, that it had been easy for him to become her lover. If his love for her did not rise to the exacting ideals of his poetry, well, perhaps it was a better kind of love; and the other did not occur often, he was sure, in the humdrum, middle-class life amid which he had grown up. It would be strange if he did not love Mary, seeing the greatness of her simple belief in, and admiration for, him.

The clock on the mantel-piece struck eight. How the time had flown! He must go.

"I will write whatever remains to be said, Lady Anne," he was putting his papers away hastily, "and you will be home at Easter?"

"The week before Easter. I long to see how things have been getting on."

"We shall do our best to be well advanced with all the work."

He stood up to go.

"Won't you dine with us?" said Lady Anne. "We shall have to leave you immediately after dinner, if you will excuse that. Your clothes? Oh, well, we shall all know that you are a traveler, and excuse you."

He had not as a matter of fact been thinking particularly about his clothes. He had only a very hazy idea of the world where dressing for dinner is a law as inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. His clothes were very good clothes, so far as he knew. He had been feeling rough, uncouth, a clod-hopper, at intervals during that hour with Lady Anne, but he would have felt so if he were clad in the finest garments that ever came out of Savile Row.

He hesitated.

"Pray, stay," Lady Anne said kindly. "You don't know any one in Dublin, do you? I thought not. Then you must stay."

Mrs. Massey came in in gray poplin and Mechlin lacc. She glanced at Hugh Randal half-inquiringly.

"Mr. Randal will dine with us," Lady Anne said.

"Oh, I am very glad," Mrs. Massey answered, and felt that the speech sounded halting and insincere.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PATIENT LOVER.

It made things conceivably easier for Hugh Randal in his homespuns that the other male guests were in court dress, and the difference between them less marked than if they had been in ordinary evening attire—that is, if he had thought about it at all, which was unlikely enough.

The others of the party were too well-bred to show surprise at their fellow-guest, and perhaps his presence there scandalized no one so much as the servants. He committed no

very startling solecisms, and he was engaged kindly in conversation by Sir John March, the elderly Judge who had been the late Lord Shandon's friend, and had the manner towards Lady Anne of a father to a much-loved and rather spoiled daughter.

The conversation fell into quartets. The Judge and Hugh Randal, Mrs. Massey and Lady Anne; the Judge's daughters and the two young men were chattering gaily of the things proper to their thoughtless youth.

Hugh Randal would have been quite content to be silent and listen; but the Judge, who had been looking at him from under his heavy brows in an interested way, found out that he had things to say, and would have them said.

To be sure the rough clothes showed oddly among the velvet suits side by side with the chiffons and silks and laces. No one was conscious of the oddity, apparently, unless it might be the family butler, who had been lent with the house to Mrs. Massey, and now wore a grieved and anxious expression. The amusement Mrs. Massey derived from Dignam's face consoled her for much.

"My dear Anne," she began, as soon as they were alone in the carriage, "what did you mean by asking that young man to dine with us? He ought to have had his dinner downstairs, in the housekeeper's room, if you objected to the servants' hall. But, indeed, sandwiches and wine in the morning room would have met all the requirements of the case."

"I was thinking how very well he acquitted himself," Lady Anne said; she was accustomed to take her friend's ratings un-seriously. "Sir John found him most intelligent. He congratulated me warmly on such a find."

"They were all thinking you as mad as a hatter for asking them to sit down with him. To be sure Godfrey didn't dare raise his eyebrows, he knew I was watching him, but he raised them in his own mind. And those March girls. They did look at each other. I don't suppose Sir John thought his daughters ought to have been asked to meet this young man on equal terms. I don't think young Pulteney minded so much, being from London. They're not half so particular in London."

"They have more sense."

"Don't ask people at Mount Shandon to meet Mr. Hugh

Randal in a frieze suit at dinner. There are limits to what the county will stand, even from you."

"If I don't object, I don't see how anybody else could."

"Ah, there speaks the family pride! You are really prouder than any of us."

"But not in such little ways."

"No; I acknowledge there is nothing very little about you. Still, it might be kinder perhaps—"

She did not finish the speech, but sat silent for a moment. By this time they were in the long queue of carriages extending down Darns Street, waiting their turn for admittance to the Lower Castle Yard.

"The poor fellow," she went on then. "He is really very well-behaved. I should have boxed Godfrey's ears if he had even twitched an eyebrow. I wonder if Dignam will give notice. It would be very awkward, considering we have only a loan of him. Lady Bulteel would not be obliged."

"Dignam! Why should Dignam give notice?"

Mrs. Massey leant back in the carriage and was momentarily inarticulate. When she had recovered herself she said in a voice from which the laughter was dying away:

"I shall remember Dignam's face till I die. More in sorrow than in anger it looked. Your *protégé* cut up his asparagus with a knife and fork. I believe he managed to eat some of the stringy part. If he'd been a woman he would have watched to see how the others did it. I thought Dignam would have fainted."

"I don't think Dignam's feelings need be considered. And what does it matter how he eats asparagus?"

"Don't put him where others will notice it."

"Oh, he'll learn quickly. And I can't be expected to let him go unfed from Mount Shandon if I should happen to have some of the neighbor's dining with me. I expect he'll get a dress-suit in time."

"He may even make it."

"I don't think I shall give him time for that," said Lany Anne in a slightly nettled tone.

After all, her attitude towards Hugh Randal received its final seal and confirmation when during Easter week Dunlave-rock ran over to see Anne before she should be carried off by Mrs. Massey to Italy. At the first meeting with the young

man he was silent and reserved. At the next he talked to him. The third time he showed pleasure at hearing that he was to dine with them. Mrs. Massey happened to be present and Lady Anne could not resist turning and smiling at her. Mrs. Massey shrugged her shoulders and lifted her eyebrows. It did not make Anne's treatment of the young man more reasonable that Dunlaverock was as mad as she.

They had bought the lease of the South Audley Street shop. The preparations for opening it entailed many flying visits on the part of Hugh Randal to London. They hoped to open in June, while the season was yet in full swing.

"Will you be able to do it all?" Lady Anne asked. "I don't feel quite easy in my mind about going away and leaving it all to you."

"It will be done; you may be sure of it, Lady Anne," he answered confidently. They were on the sheltered lawn in front of the house. Lady Anne had sat down on a seat cut in a box hedge. Hugh Randal was standing by the fountain, which flung high its rainbowed waters to fall in showers on the gold fish in the basin.

She smiled at him.

"I am sure of it," she said. "It was a good hour in which Mother Patrick sent me to look for you. And that reminds me—have you found a person to take charge of the shop when it is opened?"

He hesitated a moment. The flush of gratification which her praise had called up still lingered in his cheek.

"Must we have a woman?" she asked. "Is it possible to find one with a hundredth part of your knowledge and devotion to the work?"

"I was about to speak to you about that, Lady Anne. You remember Miss Hyland? You saw her the day you came to Castle Street."

"I remember her perfectly."

"The life there does not suit her. Now that I am no longer there, there is no one to call her out into the country and the fine weather. She is, in short, fretting. She has an entire devotion to your Ladyship, and she will make a good woman of business. Will you let her manage the shop? She will do the utmost that in her lies to please you."

"On so little provocation? Why, I only saw her once."

"What does it matter?" His thoughts went swiftly to him in the "Hand and Soul," of Dante Rossetti, who grew faint in sight of sunsets and stately persons. He had been used to laugh at Mary's unlitrary reading; yet much knowledge of her character had told him that she brought something to the reading which was not there. Some glamor from her own eyes was shed on the preposterous creatures of the poor litrary hack who turned out the stories which she read so greedily. "Mary adores you. There is nothing she would not do to please you, Lady Anne."

"But—is it not too great a sacrifice? There are only ten miles between Mount Shandon and Ardnagowan. There are many hundreds between Mount Shandon and South Audley Street."

"I should not have much business in Ardnagowan. My mother has made up her mind to sell the shop to Allen, the man who is now managing for us. At her age she finds the place dull without a son coming and going. She wants to be nearer to me. So Mary would have to go back to her parents or to strangers, for she will not stay with the new owner. I shall come and go a good deal between Mount Shandon and South Audley Street once the business is established."

"I see," Lady Anne looked at him benevolently. She had as great a desire as ever had any young woman, in whose hands great power has been placed, to play Providence to her humbler fellow-creatures. Why should they not marry soon? To be sure she could not spare Hugh Randal. But presently she would give them a house on the estate. She would build one specially for them. They could be near her, those two so devoted to her. Devotion was as delightful a thing to her as though she had not had it all her life long.

"Where did you think of establishing your mother?" she asked.

"I have found nothing very suitable. There is that cottage on the glebe-land at Drumcliff. The rooms are rather dark and it smells damp. There is so little choice."

"Why not the *châlet*?" she asked. "To be sure I have a scheme for part of it. I want some friends of Miss Chevenix's to come and live there till they die. They are poor ladies; there will always be poor ladies to take their places as they go. I mean to endow it. But the *châlet* divides very com-

fortably in half. There are two entrances. There is only to lock a door or two in the inside of the house to make two houses."

"It would be delightful, Lady Anne, but I never dared to think of such a thing for my mother. The *châlet* has been lived in always by some member of the family."

"Maiden aunts and cousins. I have none who would come except Miss Chevenix, and I can't spare her. Later, when the bog is all reclaimed, and we have built houses there, your mother might move if she chose."

Lord Dunlaverock and Colonel Leonard came towards them across the grass. They had been to a distant horse-fair which was one of the events of the year in those parts. Hard on their heels followed a rout of young Osbornes. The boys who had been Lady Anne's playmates were now scattered, one administering English justice in the Punjab, another building bridges in Burma. But there were half a dozen younger ones, of whom the boys were at school, except the one who now accompanied his pink-cheeked, soft-voiced sisters, Robin, a naval cadet from the Britannia.

Amid the confusion of the greetings, for the Rectory folk were as much at home at Mount Shandon as ever Anne had been at the Rectory in her childish days, Hugh Randal quietly disappeared. It was pay day at the works of the factory, and by the time he got there the wives of the workmen, their heads hooded in shawls, would be waiting for the weekly wage that was to be turned into flour and meal and tea and sugar at the grocer's shop that had sprung up, with extraordinary prevision of business to come, not far from the site of the factory.

Colonel Leonard, who had not altogether approved of finding Lady Anne chatting to her foreman, as the Colonel called him, with such an air of friendliness, could not but acknowledge that the young man did not force his society where it was not wanted. He had heard from young Rackhan of the occasion on which the "foreman" had dined with Lady Anne's guests. It reminded the Colonel of a visit he had paid to an English Radical peer, when the son of a blacksmith—who was a much greater man than the peer, although Colonel Leonard did not know it—had not only come to lunch, but had been

treated as a person of importance. The memory made the Colonel tremble with indignation to this day.

It annoyed him when Dunlaverock, discovering Hugh Randal's absence, openly regretted it.

"Why did the fellow vanish like that?" he asked. "There were so many things I wanted to ask him about. I suppose I shall have to stroll over to the factory later on and smoke a pipe with him."

It annoyed the Colonel excessively. The idea of Lord Dunlaverock smoking a pipe with a man who had a small tailor's shop in Ardnagowan! The Colonel could have done it, but not on terms of equality; that was the difference. He had once seen in an English village the squire, who was the grandson of two Dukes, smoking a friendly pipe with the agricultural laborers whom he had captained in a cricket-match that same afternoon. Leaning against a whitewashed wall, too, like any yokel, listening to the stories of the new policeman, who was a traveled man. It was a condescension the Colonel could not have emulated. Not, to be sure, that it implied any real equality, but only the friendliness of the feudal lord established time out of mind to the humble neighbors and dependents, who had time out of mind lived by favor of his forbears. Still the Colonel was glad such things did not happen in Ireland.

It was the last evening of Dunlaverock's stay, yet he left Anne in the midst of her little court and walked across to smoke that pipe with Hugh Randal, who had a little wooden house of a couple of rooms, temporarily run up by the lake-side for his use.

When he came back he overtook Lady Anne in the long avenue of elms.

"I walked a little way with those children," she explained, and I dawdled coming back, hoping you might overtake me."

"That was good of you, Anne," he said gratefully. I suppose you remembered that we should not meet for some time."

"I don't want to leave Mount Shandon very much," she said; "yet it is going to be delightful. It is so good of Ida to take me. You know her husband and child died at Florence and are buried there. It is the first time since that she will have revisited the place. Cousin Anastasia is as excited as I am. I wish we could have taken Miss Graham and Pip-pip."

"It is going to be a really good holiday?"

"I am going to forget that I am leaving all my interests behind. In good hands, I grant you. Mr. Randal will write constantly."

The afternoon sun was full on the broad avenue of elms. As they walked along slowly her white dress was now in golden light, now in dappled shadow, for the leaves were out on the trees. The sun on her hair was as on deep waters, and as she looked up at him under her dark lashes her eyes were now golden light, now mysterious shadow.

For the first time he referred to what had passed between them more than two years ago.

"I am half way through the period of my probation, Anne," he said. "I shall be glad when it is at an end." And then jealously: "I believe the things you are interested in engross you to the exclusion of me; they push me out."

"And the things you are interested in must push me out," she answered. "One can't have two engrossing interests. Wait till the five years are up, Alastair."

"I shall have to wait," he said, "with what patience I may."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

BY RENÉ HENRY.

THE empire of Austria-Hungary is the scene to-day of widespread political agitation. It is upset by the conflict of many forces, some of which are old, some young and big with promise. So far does the conflict at times extend, that the state of the country fairly approaches anarchy. The double name itself describes the nature of the dualistic government which, since 1867, has ruled the empire.

Austria-Hungary is at present a crude mosaic; a mixture of heterogeneous elements. Though connected one with the other, and sharing in a mutually common government, these elements have kept themselves quite distinct, perpetuated themselves as separate peoples, and retained their racial and territorial individuality. Few real unions or assimilations have occurred among them and, to-day, viewed from any point, Austria-Hungary is a veritable Babel.

The empire was founded in 1526, when combinations of royal marriages and successions joined, but did not unite, the hereditary states of Austria, the kingdom of Bohemia, and the kingdom of Hungary under the sole sceptre of the Hapsburgs. Beginning with great power in the upper valley of the Rhine in Switzerland, in Alsace, and in Swabia, where it is now but a memory, the house of Hapsburg has been destined to move slowly toward the east, and to become more and more an Eastern empire. Because of this, it has reigned during four centuries over the whole of the middle Danube and its dependencies, and as such we see it, at the end of the nineteenth century, at the gate of the Balkans.

The hereditary dominions of Austria extend along the northeastern part of the Alps, to the port of Trieste, and up through the Viennese basin of the Danube. A line thus drawn is the old southeastern *marche* of the Holy Roman Empire. The independent kingdom of Bohemia includes Bohemia proper, a rich basin in which the Elbe rises, and which,

bounded on all sides by high mountains, is a natural citadel commanding the plains and plateaux of Central Europe; Silesia, or the upper valley of the Oder, an industrial region, the greater part of which was taken from Austria in the eighteenth century by the Prussians; Moravia, a large and fertile tract which slopes from the highlands that separate it from Silesia towards the Danube, bordering it between Vienna and Pressburg. The kingdom of Hungary (whose fate was shared by its very old associate, the kingdom of Croatia), extends from the shore of the Adriatic to the joint confluence of the Drave and the Save with the Danube, and the Russian border. In its territory it includes vast regions of flat land extremely fertile, the mountainous regions of the Carpathians, and the plateau of Transylvania, which bounds the plains of the Hungarian Danube and the Theiss.

Austria-Hungary has in times past also possessed countries since lost, such as Belgium, a great part of Italy, not to mention the hegemony of Germany. But, on the other hand, the empire, during the centuries since 1526, has acquired and still possesses important provinces, such as Galicia, secured in the eighteenth century in the partition of Poland; and Dalmatia, a narrow strip along the Adriatic. Bosnia-Herzegovina also are under the administration of Austria-Hungary, but, as a result of the Berlin Treaty of 1878, they own Turkey suzerain. These principalities are at once the *hinterland* of Dalmatia and the outpost of the empire with regard to the Balkans and Saloniki.

This short summary will give some idea of the veritable harlequin coat that clothes the empire of Austria-Hungary—at least when viewed from the side of history. And this is the capital view-point in the eyes of the great majority of statesmen and scholars of Central Europe, so deeply impregnated are they with the mediæval feudal spirit, so respectful and tenacious of ancient parchments and of “what has been.”

From the ethnical side, the complex and heterogeneous nature of the empire is even more striking. Every Austria-Hungarian subject belongs to a particular nationality which, too much alive to lose itself in a common nationality, exists still under its own historical and constitutional diversities. These constantly assert themselves and endanger national harmony. Simplify and arrange the map of Austria-Hungary un-

til it is reduced to a rectangle, with the greater length on the north and south; divide this rectangle into three parts by lines parallel to the north and south. Within these lines we see, passing over irrelevant details, states within states, small principalities, and groups without number, ethnically distinct. In the northern and southern portions of our rectangle are found Slavs; in the west-centre, Germans; in the east, Magyars; and still further eastward, Roumanians. The Slavs must be subdivided into many nationalities, for the term designates not one nation, but a family of nations. Among the northern Slavs, going from west to east—from Bohemia to the extremity of Galicia—Slavonic, Polish, and Ruthenian. Among southern Slavs are many Italians, as far as Trieste, then Slavonians, Croats, and Serbs.

Among the entire population of forty-seven millions, twenty-three millions are Slavs, eleven millions Germans, and eight millions Magyars. The remaining five millions embrace nationalities too numerous to mention. Every nation has its grievances against every other nation. Hatreds are begotten and grow strong.

From the standpoint of religion, on the contrary, one finds throughout Austria-Hungary if not an absolutely supreme, at least a predominant, note of harmony. Thirty-one millions of the people are Roman Catholics and particularly fervent ones throughout the Germanic countries of the Alps and among the Poles and the Croats. In Northwestern Bohemia the Catholicism of some is colored by a surviving Hussite spirit. Five millions are Greek Catholics or Uniats. They include the Ruthenians and sections of the Roumanians. Against these thirty-six millions, there are but four million Oriental Greeks (the remainder of the Roumanians and the Serbs); four million Protestants (Magyars); two million Jews, scattered principally through Galicia, Hungary, and Vienna; and half a million Mohammedans, part of the Slavs of Bosnia. But at present the religious question Austria-Hungary has not the importance in that it once had, at least with regard to home politics. In my travels through the empire, I no longer hear the old time argument maintained, that the internal policy of Francis Joseph was, before everything else, a Catholic policy. In fact, the Emperor-King has sanctioned for Austria, and later for Hungary, laws of a decidedly laicising character.

Several years ago, when national questions dominated everything in Austria, religious disputes were ascendant in Hungary and of sufficient intensity to disintegrate several political parties in the parliament of Budapest. Because of such disputes, the Catholic Ougron opposed the Protestant Kossuth, and the Catholic Apponyi the Protestant Tisza. But now the violence of the present struggle, instituted by the Magyars against Vienna, has left room for nothing but national considerations, and Apponyi and Ougron are joined with Kossuth.

But Austria-Hungary is essentially a Babel. Is it to be the scene of a dispersion of peoples? The impression that such will be the case is widespread. Austria-Hungary has been represented as a sheaf which is about to undo itself and disintegrate after the manner of irreconcilable forcés, or as an edifice of which Francis Joseph is the corner stone, and when he, the corner stone, disappears, the whole building will fall. Hence the tiresome question asked of every one who is thought to be conversant with Central European politics: "What will happen after the death of Francis Joseph?"

The assumed breaking up of Austria-Hungary has been called the "theory of dislocation," and the theory has been generally accepted as an accurate forecast. Many of my countrymen have contributed much toward spreading it. When Frenchmen maintain it, they have in mind that type of state, of which France is an example, in which all the elements have been fused and moulded under the strong and able hands of ancient kings; a centralized, unified state, which knows only one nationality—French. The great majority of Frenchmen, therefore, when they consider Austria-Hungary, a state so radically different from their own, at once determine that it cannot live. Americans much more readily understand a political composite such as Austria Hungary. They as republicans, however, must forget their democratic form of government, and reason objectively if they would understand that the keystone of monarchical Austria Hungary is not affection, more or less great, for the sovereign, but the monarchical sentiment itself, which continues to animate those nations of Central Europe, and which will outlast the life of the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph.

But what is of prime importance in the question is that Austria-Hungary is a country made for federation. Ameri-

cans understand very naturally the meaning of the word, and some of the best French political writers, Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, Louis Leger, and Ernest Denis, having succeeded in banishing individual notions and national prejudices, also understand it.

In the middle of the Danube, with its natural slope, the Bohemian bastion, and the gradual descents in Galicia, a country well constituted for the development of a great power, peoples co exist who, if isolated, would be quickly subjugated by their more powerful neighbors—the German Empire, the Empire of the Tzars, and the Kingdom of Italy. They are united and they remain so in order to live. None of them can live without the help of the others. Yet in their mutual relations, and in their common government, each refuses to allow itself to be annihilated by either the central government or one of the associated nations, since then it would forfeit its right to be an appreciable part of the whole.

Austria-Hungary tends towards a monarchical federalism. Because it has not as yet realized that form of government, the security for it of justice and of power, the empire is still agitated, and its individuals, personally, and its peoples, nationally, are unhappy. The house of Hapsburg and, above all else, the Viennese diplomatic corps, which so tardily divests itself of tradition, have not yet renounced the old and ineffective and useless policy which would make of Austria-Hungary a Germanic power. This was the dream of Marie Thérèse, of Joseph II., and of Metternich, at a time when the Viennese government wished to be able to style itself truly German in order that it might dominate Germany. Since Sadowa Austria Hungary has, on the contrary, turned, little by little, eastward toward the Adriatic and the Orient. The old tendencies, born of deceived ambitions with regard to Germany, should die, as their cause has died. When they do, the house of Hapsburg will become the impartial arbitrator of its peoples, and will at last be faithful to its ancient maxim, so expressive of that which will secure for it continued life and power: "*Justitia Erga Omnes Nationes Est Fundamentum Austriae.*"

The Austria Hungarian nations will, to all appearances, be slower in agreeing among themselves. Some of them, at whose heads are the Czechs, demand the adoption of a feudal

system that would reconcile the past and the present; the historical and the ethnical groups. Other nations, particularly a portion of the Germans and almost all of the Magyars, who style themselves the "Imperial Nations," judge that they were constituted to direct and govern. These, the Imperial Nations, are imbued with the implacable doctrines dear to Hegel, Bismarck, and Nietzsche.

Forty years ago, when the German minority realized that it was no longer strong enough to retain its hegemony and its privileges against the opposition of the others, it wielded a fire-brand and detached the kingdom of Hungary from the central government, as far as the control of its internal affairs was concerned. The German statesmen at the time said to the liberated Magyars: "Keep your own, and we will keep ours."

The Magyars long showed themselves well-disposed associates of the Viennese bureaucrats. In spite of their show of liberalism and of a perfected parliamentary system, they tyrannized and they struggled to Magyarize, even by force of law, the non-Magyar majority of the people of Hungary proper and of Croatia. Such is the German-Magyar agreement upon which rests the present unpopular dual government. The Magyars are no longer content with the great but limited liberties accorded them by Vienna in 1867.

At once, the Czech federalists, powerful through their alliance with the Slavs of the south and their understanding with the Poles and the Catholic Germans of the Alps, who expect educational and other privileges, have regained hope. The Czech are prepared to support the house of Hapsburg against Budapest, on condition that the house of Hapsburg does not, according to historical tradition, once more astonish the world by its ingratitude. The Czech demand that, by serious concessions, the house of Hapsburg should give them justifiable hope for the future reconstruction of the kingdom of Bohemia.

While the proud parliament of Budapest has been wiped out, the Reichsrath (the parliament which sits at Vienna and in which the Hapsburgian subjects who are not a part of the kingdom of Hungary, are very inadequately represented), long celebrated for its powerlessness, has already under the new ministry, headed by M. Gautsch, accomplished more

work in four months than it did in four years under the preceding minister, M. Köber.

The storm that now hangs over Austria-Hungary looks black indeed, but it is one of those spring storms, of which our vine-dressers say: "When it thunders in April, prepare your casks." At least it would be such if the difficulties of Austria-Hungary were, as I have until now supposed, only internal. But, unfortunately, in times of growth and transition one usually is weak. In the anarchical society of Europe a weakened state is a menaced state. I will briefly indicate in what measure Austria-Hungary must fear its most redoubtable and its least improbable adversary—the German Empire.

At present the German Empire and Austria-Hungary are allied. Until the present year they have been separated only by customs-barriers of no great strength. In very critical cases Germany may count on the military and diplomatic co-operation of Austria-Hungary. German merchandise, destined for the Balkan peninsular, the Eastern Mediterranean, or Western Asia, may cross without difficulty the Austria-Hungarian territory that lies between Germany and Germany's field of economic action. Towards that field a German industrial current, of constantly increasing volume, is moving. *Drang nach Osten und Drang nach Süden*. Germany's economic pressure is directed towards the southeast.

To sum up, the Germans of Austria have an overruling position in the empire of the Hapsburgs. Austria-Hungary, therefore, plays the rôle assigned to it during the second half of the nineteenth century, by ambitious and clever Germans, notably by Bismarck. The rôle was that of outpost toward the east and of a Prussianized auxiliary to the German Empire.

As long as matters remain at all stable, the German Empire will be far-seeing enough to maintain this advantageous status. Germany, in fact, sees clearly the peril of Austrian annexation. The admission into the German Empire of southern elements, which certainly are not German, and are almost all Catholic, would upset the delicate balance of combinations made for Prussia's benefit in 1871. Here the religious equals in importance the ethnical question. But German supremacy in Austria is on the decline. The Triple Alliance was not renewed without difficulties, and in answer to the demands of distressed Prussian farmers customs-barriers have been raised

between Germany and Austria-Hungary. These barriers will cause the empire of the Hapsburgs to be a serious obstacle to the German *drang*. Thus the German projects for the dismemberment of Austria and for an advance on Trieste grow more probable, and thus also the menace of pan-German societies becomes more serious. Particularly is this true of the foreign societies which, directed from Germany, endeavor to deceive the house of Hapsburg by the appearance of a separatist movement.

Having vainly endeavored in Austria to undermine Catholicism, which is regarded as a serious obstacle to Prussification, these societies continue to work under cover of what is nothing, more or less, than a religious cloak. This fact was clearly brought out in May, 1902, by Karl Kramar, in his address to the Austrian delegation, in which he denounced, as most treasonable, the hypocrisy of the noisy and fruitless movement known as "Los von Rom," "Away from Rome."

If Germany believes that Austria-Hungary is about to escape her and, reconstructing herself, inaugurate an independent foreign policy, then Austria-Hungary must be prepared to meet Germany as an aggressive enemy. The theory of dismemberment or of division holds greater probability than the theory of "dislocation." Moreover, the moment of Germany's active menace may coincide with that of a new reign for Austria-Hungary. Only in this sense is the question—what will become of Austria after the death of Francis Joseph?—not entirely devoid of sense.

The Arch-Duke, Francis Ferdinand, nephew of Francis Joseph, is the heir to the many crowns and titles of the Hapsburgs. The Arch-Duke is profoundly Catholic and is in no way hostile to the Slavs. When he accepted the presidency of the great Austrian association for Catholic schools, he stated that his action was an answer to the anti dynastic agitation of the "Los von Rom" movement. His wife, Countesse Chotek, created Princess Hohenburg, belongs to Czech nobility. The Arch-Duke is unshakable in his belief that the parvenu Hohenzollerns are not to be compared to the ancient nobility of the Hapsburgs, and he has borne with impatience the various attempts at tutelage made by William II. With regard to foreign policies, the Arch-Duke seems to be of the

same mind as was his father, Charles Louis, who throughout his life advocated the Austro-Russian alliance.

Any attempt on the part of Germany to seize the whole or a portion of Austria-Hungary could succeed only because of its suddenness. But to-day all the powers are on watchful guard. France has already been aroused. For her a certain equilibrium in Europe is absolutely necessary and on her inland frontier, where she is already seriously pressed, she must prevent, by every means at her command, the establishment of that monster power once dreamed of by Charles V. Although Russia, who is interested in working with France, is now absent from Europe, England, after a campaign led by prominent political writers, has been happily made to see that a greater Continental Germany would soon be too powerful on sea, and that the objective of the German *drang* is new commercial ports. Italy slowly begins to suspect that Germany, at Trieste and on the Adriatic, would be a greater enemy than her traditional Austrian adversary. To sum up, if the war for the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary ever breaks out, it will be a struggle in which, according to all probabilities, the house of Hapsburg will not be isolated. This leads one to believe the more firmly that the abundant energies of the German Empire will be turned toward other countries and other territory. Yet it will be difficult for Austria, ancient and necessary to Europe as she is, to rejuvenate herself by federalism without shaking all Europe; and only by federalism can Austria be saved.

FOLLOWERS OF DORCAS.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.



ALL the morning I wrote hard—an article had to be finished. In the afternoon I had a Dorcas meeting. To be candid, I much prefer to handle a pen or a pencil than a needle; for, after several futile attempts at threading it, I am obliged to admit failure. Yet with a gun I can shoot straight. But, as one conscious of her own limitations, I usually adhere to a darning needle, which has an ogling eye, and—I live in dread of a weekly exposure. Feminine women are relentless; and the sewing woman it were well to propitiate.

Therefore, though I myself hate work parties, I find, as a social worker among the poorer brethren, that a work party is not only expedient but essential. And, as a necessary consequence, I am in charge of it. The situation is not without humor to my friends.

For myself, I may confess that I dread that Tabitha meeting, as some do the bailiff. And before I have anything prepared the bell rings; after which feminine people arrive, in a thin trickle, for the rest of the afternoon. Social amenities over, I see their eyes sweeping the room for cut-out garments—the feminine women always expect everything to be cut out and pinned, on their arrival.

This instantly forces me into an apologetic attitude, which I may say is quite abnormal to me. Human life, as I venture to remind them, consists of many illusions and a few disillusion. "Which means to say?"—the followers of Dorcas are all practical.

"Which means to say," I continue, "that, as a matter of theory, the garments are all cut out and ready. But practically—" Well! it somehow transpires that the Providence which provides for the sparrow has that day spurned the Dorcas party.

"Then have you nothing for us to do?" says the party coldly.

"The case is happily not so extreme," I answer. "After all, there's always flannelette." And I indicate a gaudy pile, which, at the first sound of the doorbell, I had hastily thrown on the table.

The work party does not seem to view the flannelette with much enthusiasm.

"It is strange to think—" I pause and gaze abstractedly through the flannelette. Then I realize that every one is standing. "Oh! do sit down"; and I sort out thimbles and reels of cotton.

"What is strange?" says some one. Whereupon I sink back into my reflections.

"Well, I was thinking of the mysteries of the sculptor's art."

"My dear," says one girl soothingly, "this is a sewing party." Ignoring this remark, I continue my soliloquy.

"Did you ever realize how, for thousands of years, the Greek masterpieces lay embedded in the solid marble? And it was only when the hand of a Phidias was laid upon it, that an immortal form sprang into life—" Here some Dorcas interrupts:

"What has Phidias to do with orphans' knickers?"

"Phidias merely points the moral," I say reproachfully. "For, as the immortal god lay asleep in the rough marble, the orphans' knickers lie intact in that roll of flannelette." I fix one girl in my eye, and push over a pair of scissors:

"Emulate the Hindu," I urge, "and thus acquire merit."

She murmurs something about the superfluous human beings to whom fate has introduced her.

"Of course," I admit, "from the utilitarian point of view, Phidias pales before Dorcas, who, as you remember, was raised to life in Joppe, because she made coats for the poor."

My friend is apparently not carried away by the prowess of the said Dorcas. She merely rolls out the gaudy flannelette with a thoughtful expression.

"Pins!" is her only remark.

"Pins? oh, yes"; I gaze round helplessly into space.

"Does any one know where I put the pins?"

The work meeting sits round the table, solemn-eyed and

disapproving; but they say nothing. Hastily I feel myself all over and then prick my finger, which twinge reminds me that I had purposely stuck them in my blouse.

"I was so afraid of forgetting them," I say pleasantly. But the party with difficulty conceals its scorn. At this juncture I feel a little depressed. However, I extract the pins with care, and lay them on the table. There are three pins in all, one being bent.

"This one," I say with some feeling, as I examine the third pin, "is unfortunately suffering from some spinal complaint—possibly curvature. Some day, when I've time, I'm thinking of trying the curative effects of massage."

Meanwhile I lay the crippled pin in an easy position on its back. Then all at once I become conscious of a growing chill in the social atmosphere. The Dorcas party is grimly silent.

"Three pins," says a long-suffering Tabitha, "three pins—among six women. And this is cutting-out day!"

The party exchange glances, and I know I am being voted out of the meeting—a vote which, however silently put, is unanimously carried. Feeling that something must be done, I ring the bell and ask for the matron to send up the basket of mending. This move temporarily relieves the tension, and gives the work party something to do. I feel I am now saved from public reprobation. But just then a dear woman, whom I really love, takes from her wrist-bag a packet of needles and lays it down on the shiny mahogany table as if she were offering up a holocaust on a pagan altar.

"I knew you wouldn't have any needles," she says gently. "You never do."

At this intelligence I feel just a little pained, for though I claim no real kinship with Dorcas of happy and useful memory, still I was under the impression that I invariably did my duty by the weekly work-meeting.

"Last time you had one," said this gentle friend of doom, "it was a darning needle—with its head knocked off. Besides that, it was rusty."

On reflection, I acknowledge the truth of this awful indictment.

"But if you only knew—" Here I address the meeting in a body. "If you only knew the things that are swallowed

by the genus orphan. I assure you that the species is absolutely rapacious in its habits. Stew, biscuits, pins—anything! It is all one to the orphan."

"What it is to be a Celt, and imaginative!" The remark comes from the midst of some pink flannelette.

"I'd advise you to study the book of Solomon," says another.

"May I ask why?" By this time I am on my dignity.

"Because Solomon went so far as to say: 'Be not ready to make any manner of lie—for the custom thereof is not good.'"

"I mentioned sculpture just now," this by way of beginning a conversation again, because my friend is still cutting out. "I was once in a sculptor's studio. It was in Florence. Oh, yes; and, now that I remember it, the sculptor was an American, and he very kindly wanted to make me into a marble bust; only my father did not tell me until we had traveled so far north that it was impossible to return." I sigh dreamily at the recollection. "However," I continue in a practical tone, "the work of the studio was fascinating."

"What was it like?" asked some one.

"Well, it was rather like uncovering the dead. I mean, that when you saw it from one point of view it looked like nothing at all. Then you walked round to the other side of the huge block of marble and there, as yet half covered, was the most exquisite human face, white as death. It was Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii. She lay asleep in the protecting marble as if she knew it could shelter her throughout the ages; she seemed as if she were but awaking from some magic spell. As yet she was still imprisoned in the rough stone; but already her hands had been freed—those sensitive hands which are given only to the blind—and she stretched them out rejoicing, as if in search of to-day. It didn't seem to me as if the American sculptor had much to do with the girl, beyond digging her out from her surroundings. And you know, Tabitha"—this to the sartorial artist—"that I have the same feeling about those orphans' knickers. To my mind, they lie in that flannelette—only waiting to be dug out."

"Well, of all the ingratitude!" she begins.

"On the contrary," I hasten to say. "*Ars artium celare artem*, as the ancients say. You have the hand of an artist"; whereat the cutter-out is mollified.

Just then a charming literary woman comes in. She did not anticipate such domestication as a Dorcas party . . . and we consent to overlook the intrusion. She confesses that she felt depressed, and so she came. But after a while, possibly due to the clink of thimbles and the babble of tongues, she becomes more cheerful.

"Do you know," she says in surprise, "I always thought that social workers were gloomy to the last degree." No one takes it up, so she turns to me.

"So we are," I acquiesce, "but we don't always give way to it." She laughs.

"Now yesterday," I confess, "I was a victim to gloom—impenetrable gloom." The literary woman becomes instantly sympathetic.

"Imagine," I begin, "just *imagine*—a smart costume from a smart tailor—"

"Well! there's nothing gloomy about that," she protested.

"Listen!" I say authoritatively; "it didn't fit."

"Oh," said every one. They all knew that feeling.

"Furthermore, I paid for it on delivery."

"You reckless person!" said the Dorcas party.

"As it happened," said I, "Lady — was here. She saw the tailor's label and longed to see his creation. So I put it on."

"'Isn't it tragic?' I asked her.

"'It is wicked,' she said with finality. 'Send it back.'

"Her suggestion struck me as sound; therefore, I packed it up again. Then we wrote a joint note to the firm. It was a marvel in composition."

"Haven't you kept a copy?" asks the literary woman. I shook my head.

"I was afraid of writer's cramp. Yes; I must have written him over 3,050 words; of which three thousand were consigned to the waste-paper basket. The difficulty was to write something that satisfied us both. For my part, I urged restraint as suggestive of greater power. But Lady — didn't agree to it. Therefore letter after letter had to be torn up before we settled down to compromises.

"'Now,' said Lady —, 'what is the exact position?'

"'The exact position is this: I refuse to wear the costume and I could slay the man that made it!'

“‘Do you want him to try again?’ she asked.

“‘Heaven forbid!’ I answered. ‘I want the money back.’

“‘You won’t get it,’ she said, ‘but that’s a detail.’

“Accordingly we took a fresh sheet. We addressed the firm *en masse*. Our style was cold, but polite. We asked if they had indeed perpetrated this costume?—for to us it seemed that ‘an enemy hath done this.’ In any case, we confessed that the result was impossible; and that our self respect would prevent us from wearing it; and under these circumstances we should consider the return of the cheque as a favor; and perhaps—this being Lady ——’s suggestion—I would consider the feasibility of an order at some future date.”

The Dorcas party appears amused at the recital.

“Of course,” I conclude, “that last clause was in every sense a compromise. I only put it in for the sake of peace; for my friend wanted me to say that I might possibly give them the order for some of my trousseau dresses. But in this I was firm. ‘I’m not a candidate for matrimony,’ I said”—and here I looked sternly virtuous—“‘and I scorn to raise false hopes—even in the heart of a tailor.’”

A ripple rose up from yards of flannelette.

“What did Lady —— say?”

“She said that my principles were so unusually lofty that they unnerved her.”

At this moment there is a postman’s knock, and a registered letter is brought in on a tray. Thinking it is an editorial communication, my material mind is inwardly glad. Then, without any show of indecent haste, I open it. Instantly I hold my breath, and finally sit speechless for joy.

“What is it?” asks every Tabitha.

“He says—” I clutch the arm of the girl beside me—“He, *the tailor*, begs to return my check and dutifully hopes for the favor of my future esteemed orders. Jewel of his sex and calling!” is my fervent ejaculation. “I shall recommend that man!” Whereupon the work meeting dissolves into peals of laughter.

Then the literary woman tells us of her present hopes and failures. She confesses to having made a mistake this week. Yes; she wrote an article and sent it to the evening *Budget*. That was all right, so far. The mistake lay in the note to the editor. To him she said it must appear forthwith. Whereupon

the editor—greatly to his regret, and incidentally to hers—was obliged, owing to the urgency of her requirements, to return it.

"And now," says the literary woman, "I find the MS. won't fit into any other paper!"

This confession of impetuosity slips off her soul with a ring of pain. But though the Followers of Dorcas have pity for the poor, they have none for the litterateur, and the incident is greeted with profane appreciation. The literary woman is interesting. Her husband, an Oxford man, is an actor-playwright. His father was an intimate friend of Carlyle, Dickens, and Thackeray, whose letters my friend is now collecting.

She is about to go when she suddenly pauses and looks unhappy.

"Must I," she begins tentatively, "oh! *must* I see the orphans?"

"Why?" I ask in surprised tones.

"You do run a Children's Home, don't you?"

By her tone she seems to have misgivings that this statement may be but the figment of her own brain.

"What if I do?" is my stolid inquiry.

A sigh of relief bursts from the literary woman. She sits down again.

"I was so afraid—"

"No need," I answer, "for I myself hardly know one end of an orphan from the other end."

"Then may I ask," gasps my friend in astonishment, "what are you doing here?"

"Generally speaking," is my admission, "I emulate Mrs. Jellyby in her disregard for domesticity and her care for everything else. For instance," I continue, "I am literary adviser to a timid man of letters; a spiritual director to a young man who ought to wear a cowl; a confidante to an army of the unemployed; a prey to impostors; and a believer in the brotherhood of man. Most of these, I confess, make a point of calling upon me whenever I have to finish an article against time."

"But what of the home duties?" she asks.

"Well, of course, I have the moral responsibility," I admit. "Then I order the dinner and keep the accounts, and occasionally—very occasionally—I read the Riot Act. The house-matron sees to the rest."

"Oh!" says the literary woman. And, somewhat reassured, she takes her leave.

Meanwhile the mending of the orphans' garments goes on. Several of the busy Tabithas are social workers—Ladies of Charity, as St. Vincent de Paul ordained. One girl is the Catholic representative of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants. She is supposed to visit her district and report every month to the Central Committee. But, alas! when she is not in Devonshire, she is usually at Cowes, —and the young servants, in the interregnum, remain unbefriended. Under cover of the Dorcas meeting, she is placed in the category of damp squibs.

The next girl, when she is not practising the piano, is making "archdiocesan" garments; but she is just off to Ireland next week.

Another woman, who in a former existence was an Anglican Sister in charge of a large hospital in India, is now a "plain Roman," and does more good than any one knows. It is more of a relaxation that she comes to my party; and when there, is constrained to offer up a sacrifice of needles. She is intellectual and refreshing.

Then there is the girl in the Paris hat, who is still absorbed in flannelette—still cutting out knickers. Six months ago she succeeded to my former district in London slums, while I sank into a literary groove, together with an honorary managership. Yes; I've counted those Paris hats. She has had at least seven in six months. But she is merely playing out time. Presently she will take off the last French hat in exchange for a white cornet. In the meantime, she is to me as the salt of the earth. I wonder, as I glance across the table, how she will look in the garb of a Sister of Charity. With the scissors poised in mid-air, she now looks up.

"I don't suppose the size matters; one can always put in tucks."

"Don't bother about tucks," I say with serenity. For indeed it is a curious but rarely noted fact that most things fit an orphan. It is one of those hidden compensations that we allow to pass, for the most part, unnoticed, but one to which I, in my official capacity, give grateful testimony.

The sartorial artist now apportioned out garments to the party individually. She gives me nothing; I wonder if she

has forgotten. As the nominal head of the Dorcas party I hesitate to court a snub. I wait a while. Nothing happens. I am the only idle member. I decide to risk it.

"Now, what can I do?" I ask cheerfully.

"Do you mean as regards sewing?" The question is guarded, and the Paris hat pauses.

"Don't you think," she says candidly, "you'd better talk?"

"No"; I say with conviction, "I don't. I think it would be encouraging a racial failing." For I resent this slur upon my workmanship.

"Oh, well," says another girl in a charitable aside, "give her a seam to run up. She can't go far wrong in that." And a garment is thoughtlessly flung across the table. The action reminds me of the profane child at the zoo who throws a monkey-nut at the elephant. I couldn't do it myself. I haven't sufficient nerve. Once I tried. It was under the trees at Regent's Park where the parrots were screeching overhead. But I failed to hit the elephant, I was so afraid of hurting his self-respect. Most people don't realize that he has any. And when the modern Dorcas threw the pink flannelette seam at me, I accepted it meekly and in silence—but my soul went out to the elephant, as to the most long-suffering of beasts.

However, on the principle of turning the other cheek, I address my next neighbor in a friendly spirit.

"What did you do on Saturday?"

"Royal Academy," she says.

"Anything there?" I ask.

"Nothing. Are you going?"

"Not if I accept your verdict," is my answer. "But," I protest, "even if Leighton is dead and Burne-Jones in his grave, they can't have taken with them all the paint in England. There's still Alma Tadema who has a few tubes, and Herkomer, and—"

"Well yes, now that I come to think of it, there were a few Alma Tademas, and a couple of portraits—" Such was the flabby admission that the flame of genius still flickered among us.

Then there was another ring at the bell. This time it was a woman artist, who at sight of a Dorcas party visibly recoiled.

"What a revelation of energy!" said she. Then suddenly realizing the requirements—"give me a needle, I can sew," she ejaculated.

"You dear thing," I say soothingly, "you know you can't. And here, no one expects anything from an artist temperament. I can speak from experience," is my bitter admission.

"Well," she says, "I only looked in. No; I won't wait for tea—can't. Come and have some in my studio on Saturday." And the gold medalist of Paris fame flew off like a bird.

I was sorry she was in such a hurry because now I had no alternative but to sew. Oh! how I was getting to hate the gaudy stripes of the pink flannelette. I didn't know how it was to be manipulated and I didn't dare to ask. In vain I cast about in my mind. It suddenly became impossible to make an inquiry without exposing my ignorance. It was, therefore, with the feelings of a culprit in the dock, that I finally put out a feeler.

"Followers of Dorcas!" I begin. "What is the view of the majority? Shall I 'run and fell' it?" (I was conscious of an unlawful pride at my knowledge of technicalities.)

But the followers of Dorcas were talking hard, and ignored my signal of distress. So I sigh forlornly and sink back upon myself, much as a hop-plant does for lack of a pole.

"What would *you* do with a seam?" I ask my next neighbor.

"Depends on the selvage," says the practical woman.

"Naturally it would," I acquiesce vaguely, hoping to impel her to further information. But the woman relapses into silence.

"Oh!" says another, becoming conscious of my original inquiry. "I should be inclined to herring-bone it."

"That's an idea," I admit with some caution. "Why not?"

I look at the clock surreptitiously. Four o'clock! Then I gaze again at the hideous flannelette. I don't know how to do any more. Yet one must do something at a Dorcas meeting. Had I been an orphan, I ponder regretfully, I might have swallowed it—herring-bone and all. But, fortunately or unfortunately, I am not an orphan; so that settles it. Perhaps a day may come—here I drift away into the vast realm of speculation—perhaps a day may come, when flannelette may be raised to the dignity of a cure. For, given time, every-

thing becomes a cure. Yesterday it was mud, or at least a mud bath; the day before it was raw beef; to-day it is air—fresh air; to-morrow—well, to-morrow it may be flannelette; so many yards to be eaten sitting before retiring to rest. . . . Suddenly my reflections on scientific progress and the curative effects of gaudy flannelette are rudely interrupted.

"What *are* you doing?" It is a well-meaning but indignant Dorcas at my elbow.

I start with a certain guilty apprehension.

"Why do you ask?" I feel the situation is a delicate one.

"Why!" she reiterates. "Why! Because for the last twenty minutes, to my knowledge, you've been sewing that tiny seam, and then, at regular intervals of five minutes, you have abstracted my scissors, undone it, and sewn it up again."

Consternation falls upon the Dorcas party.

"If you don't feel well—say so." The accusing voice comes from under the Paris hat.

"Oh! as for that," I say deprecatingly, "I never felt better—physically."

"Then, then—what's the meaning of this?"

There seems no escape. I find I am hedged in by inquiring feminine eyes. The followers of Dorcas mean to get to the bottom of this business. Accordingly, I lay down the gaudy flannelette much as the vanquished knight in ancient days yielded up his sword.

"Well?"

Each Tabitha awaits an explanation.

"Don't you think," I say tentatively, "that there was more in Penelope's method than met the eye? I always believe myself that, had she known how to go on, she would never have gone back—"

A fresh ring at the bell saves the situation. It is a belated Dorcas. She appears with a huge bunch of bright nasturtiums; flame-red, and yellow, and glowing copper; glorious shades that make one feel the better for seeing them. Nay, they have power even to mitigate the horrors of a work-meeting.

"A tribute to genius," laughs the donor, as she offers the blooms.

"Provided it is not a tribute to seams" is my whispered prayer; for by this time I feel abject. Half-past four! Tea

appears. And once behind the silver teapot, I decide to remain there. For some people, indeed, it is the only safe place.

As I mentioned before, I am afraid of women—sewing women. They have a way of sticking their needles into you, which, however inadvertent, is distinctly unnerving. And when the work-meeting had dispersed, and I was left alone with my own thoughts, I came to the unalterable conviction that had I lived in the days of St. Peter, I should never have been found in Joppe, where, as we read in the Acts, many devout women stood and wept over the corpse of “Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas.”

THE CONVERT.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

The river's rose and gold—on other days
At sunrise, too, it shone; but now its glow
Seems golden-pattened, as the streams that flow
From that Great Heart set in the Godhead's rays;
There is no change in all the daily ways
Of this, his life; the friends that come and go
Are nearer, yet apart; they cannot know
The rapture in his soul where new peace stays.

He is the same to hurrying men that pass
In haste to daily work; they cannot see
The splendid bloom upon a barren rod;
They cannot know—he goes from his first Mass—
The fullness of his hidden ecstasy—
He bears, like Simeon, heart to heart, his God.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL ITALY.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,

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Department Commerce and Labor.*



It chanced to meet as travelers, at Brescia, in the garden of a Signor Malanca. The party included an Englishman, Mr. Frost, a teacher of languages at Oxford, Signor Gaffarelli, our host and myself. Signor Gaffarelli began to compare what he called Italy's backward conditions with the marvelous industrial and commercial progress of England and the United States. His entire talk was an abusive tirade against Italy. His statements were surprising. Some of them betrayed woful ignorance, both of England's history and of the conditions in his own country.

In the course of the conversation, I was called upon to express my opinion. I adopted a form of questioning, and asked Signor Gaffarelli how much coal there was in Italy. I urged him to compare the tonnage of production, when he found it, with the production in Great Britain; the coal and iron resources of both countries; and the cost of production, the selling prices, etc., in the big cities of both lands.

Signor Gaffarelli was inclined at first to consider the coal and iron problem as irrelevant to so important a question as a nation's progress. He came back, however, a day or two later from a visit to the government works in Brescia, and there he had learnt much concerning the relations of coal and commercial prosperity; that Italy, for example, was compelled to buy all its coal in England and Wales at from 25 to 45 shillings a ton, coal that cost British manufacturers from 18 to 20 shillings a ton. I had a similar experience in Philadelphia a year or two later, when the leading industrial and commercial men of the world were gathered in that city to devise measures for improving the industrial and commercial relations of the different countries. One of the ablest writers on economic subjects there expressed an opinion similar to that of Signor Gaffarelli, namely, that the Latins were a decadent race and that

Italy, industrially and commercially, was going to ruin. The ignorance of the professor of languages was innocent and excusable; that of the economist was unpardonable.

Consul-General Guenther, formerly a member of Congress, now representing the United States at Frankfort-on-Main, says, in a recent report, that "The German professor, Frech, of Breslau, stated that the industrial supremacy of a country depended largely upon a sufficient supply of coal; and industrial dominion resided with that country which possesses both coal and iron in full supply." The professor further holds, as an axiom, that "iron has to travel to coal"—this fact is well worth recording and will be of value in considering the condition of Spain—"consequently the latter (coal) is the more important material for an industrial country." As the United States has, by far, greater deposits of both coal and iron, and within easier access, than England or Germany, our supremacy as a manufacturing nation is well assured. "Great Britain," the consul continues, "has already put an export duty on coal."

Professor Frech's words are weighted with interest and with wisdom. In the face of them, according to Consul General Guenther, the Frankfort *News*, of February 5, 1905, has the following significant but dangerously deceptive remarks. After pointing out the production of iron ore and coal in the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, the report closes with these words: "The Germanic peoples produce four fifths of all the iron and steel of the world; the Latin peoples only from 8 to 9 per cent. *This difference seems to have its cause more in the character of the inhabitants than in the character of the countries.*" (Italics mine.) "Spain especially could, by greater energy, be made one of the most important iron producing countries; the Latin countries also possess a vast amount of water power that might be utilized for electrical purposes." We have said that these statements were deceptive. The facts are, that Italy has not much coal, and, moreover, has but little iron; Spain has some iron, and little coal; but, following the industrial axiom of Professor Frech, they go to England or Wales for coal.

In his *Industry in England* Gibbins says: "Englishmen seem to have had hardly any idea of the vast wealth of coal and iron that has placed them in the forefront of Europe as a manufacturing nation." He adds: "But early in the seven-

teenth century, the son of Lord Dudley began to make use of sea- and pit-coal for smelting iron. . . . Dudley sold his cast iron at \$12 a ton, and made a good profit out of it. He produced actually seven tons a week. Before the close of the century it was calculated that 180,000 tons of ore were produced in England yearly; and in the eighteenth century (1719) iron came third in the list of English manufactures; and the trade gave employment to 200,000 people."

England's deposits of iron and coal, particularly coal, put it in her power to take the lead in industries and trade. Inheriting much from Spain and the Netherlands, once a dependency of the Spanish crown, beginning with 1500, she led the commercial world for a hundred years. The dark days of Charles V. and Philip II. drove a great many of the best weavers and workers of Flanders to England. They took with them their tendencies to develop inherited skill and fondness for machinery. Backed by these the England of Elizabeth and of later years grew commercially very prosperous.

If the position of our United States is to-day in advance of all others, it is because we have the cheapest coal, iron, and limestone deposits on earth. In the Messaba, Gogebic, and Vermilion mines we have iron that can be dug out by means of steam shovels, loaded into steel cars, carried, almost, in some cases, by gravitation to Two Harbors and Duluth, on Lake Superior, or to Escanaba, on Lake Michigan, loaded into 10,000 ton steel steamers, the loading being done in a few hours, where formerly it took weeks to fill a 2,000 ton ship, and then carried by the cheapest ton mileage in the world to Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Chicago, and Milwaukee, where it is poured automatically into furnaces. This made it possible for us to produce more steel and iron in 1904 than England and Germany together, whereas fifteen years ago each of these nations turned out more than this country.

This one material, coal, has been the main cause of a complete revolution in our national industry. It is but a few generations since, by means of coal, a new motive power, steam, was evoked, and native-wrought iron was first extensively applied to mining, to machinery, and to locomotion. Now every civilized country is scored with railroads, cities are lighted with gas; coal and iron have changed, also, the character of our ships and our mariners. Before coal was used to generate steam, the sites of our manufacturing towns were determined

chiefly by the convenience of mill streams, and the woods were the seats of smelting. The forest fires are now extinguished; the making of iron has traveled to the coal-fields, which have become the most densely peopled parts of the country, and the scenes of the busiest industry.

It is only ignorance that would attribute Italy's industrial decline to the Church. It would be just as sensible to say that our success over England is due to the fact that we have four or five hundred, possibly a thousand sects, whereas England has an established church. Adams, in his commercial geography, says: "One reason why the United States can sell its iron and steel products abroad is because coal used in making iron and steel is so cheaply mined and transported." In the list of coal-producing countries, given in the same volume, Italy does not appear, although fourteen countries are named. It is curious that any one at all familiar with economic facts should be guilty of so egregious a blunder as the one contained in reports made by intelligent men, and even learned economists, about Italy's decline and the decadence of the Latins. We quote the following significant statements, showing the importance of coal in industrial and commercial life, from advance sheets of the report of the United States Bureau of Statistics:

"The world's coal production in 1903 reached the enormous total of 864 million long tons, of which the United States supplied more than any other country.

"The United States, the United Kingdom, and Germany supplied four-fifths of the world's coal product, the share contributed by these countries being, United States, 37 per cent; United Kingdom, 27 per cent; and Germany, 18½ per cent. These countries also lead in the production of domestic manufactures, and, in like rank, in the exportation of domestic products."

Among the world's great coal producers, therefore, neither Italy nor Spain has a place. These facts will show quite fully the importance of coal and iron in the industrial life of any nation.

But even with such a serious handicap as the absence of coal, Italy is fast taking a leading place in trade and manufactures. Strong forces are helping her to regain her lost industrial and commercial prestige, and the finances of the nation have not been as stable for many years as they are to-day.

Emigrants are returning and bringing to the home country much more money than ever before. Many of the peasants, who journey to foreign countries, particularly to South America, remain there no longer than is necessary for harvesting the crops. They return in time for the Italian harvest. Inasmuch as the seasons permit this, the Italian peasant is certain to have continued work and high wages. By this means much wealth is coming into the banks of the kingdom and helping to build up Italian industries. Formerly great numbers of the peasants emigrated from Piedmont, Tuscany, and Lombardy. Very few go out from these provinces now; and the bulk of Italian emigrants is from Central and Southern Italy.

Again, many of the emigrant peasants who remain in foreign lands send their savings home to the national banks to be invested in land—a vineyard or an olive-orchard.

A rolling stone gathers no moss; but it may acquire much polish. The emigrant Italians return from North and South America much better men than they were when they left the home country. Traveling trains and makes these men sensible of the situation under which their country labors. Various estimates have been made as to the average amount sent or brought back by each emigrant. The highest estimate is \$150 per capita, yearly. This multiplied by 500,000, the number going out and in, would make \$75,000,000. If we reduce this by $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent we still have \$50,000,000 as a surplus fund flowing into Italy from the outside.

The ease with which an Italian peasant may live on a very small income is widely known; and thus, by thrift and economy, Italy is regaining a great deal of what was thought to be lost beyond redemption. Another asset of the newer Italy, and what will be perhaps the most important factor in her industrial regeneration, is found in her rivers. The water power of the Alps and Apennines is being used to generate great mill power.

According to the very best records available, Italy's horse power from electricity, generated by water, was about 20,000 in 1890; in 1902 it amounted to more than 200,000 and is gaining so fast that one is loth to guess at the increase. All over the peninsular electric power is employed. In 1890 only one car-line, the Florence-Fiesole, was worked by electricity; to-day there are from 300 to 500 miles of electric railway. In 1890

about 400 towns used electricity for lighting, to-day the number is 600.

Tuscany, Piedmont, and Lombardy, because of the Alps and Apennines, are sure of a place in the world's markets. Monza and Milan, Brescia and Bergamo, Florence and Pisa, are putting forth efforts to day such as are sure to result in as remarkable a success in Italy as similiar efforts meet with elsewhere. Coal may long continue to be a valuable asset to an industrial state; but the day in which it was indispensable to those owning water power has departed. Electricity has opened another era. Beside coal, wind and water are the world's great workers.

The factors in this sudden and phenomenal success, by which everybody who contrasts the Italy of to-day with the Italy of yesterday is startled, are easy money, water power for the generation of electricity, thrift, industry, and well-directed industrial education. The story of Germany's progress since the opening of her imperial patent office, in 1878, is not more remarkable than that of Italy during the past decade. Protection may have ministered to progress and prosperity, it is true; but so, too, has the inventive genius of the people.

To any one familiar with the facts in Italy's past, with the one fact that she had no coal, the present progress and prosperity are promises that reasonably give us much hope. It looks as if the peninsular kingdom must assume a very formidable position among the commercial and industrial states that are soon to seek a settlement of their relative rights in the arenas of the world's markets. The part to be played by the streams of emigration, of money, and of water, from the Alps and Apennines, must not be ignored.

In treating of the industrial condition and prosperity or poverty of Italy, it is well to be comprehensive and fair, and not with narrow prejudice to confound causes and to misstate conditions. With regard to the subject at hand, veritable poison is oftentimes poured into innocent and unsuspecting ears by men who certainly ought to be better informed.

It is certain that Italy is destined for a great future. She has already passed the point of being able to meet the demands of the home markets. In the new era, the one upon which the world entered when electricity was discovered, Italy is to have a renaissance, a rebirth.

DANNY'S FRIDAY.

BY GILBERT TURNER.



MRS. DAVIS is comfortably off. She tells me herself that no one ever had a better or a more hard-working husband than she; and I believe her, for I never saw the said husband hanging about his home and never heard a word about his being out of work

All the other inhabitants of the house and street have their periodical attacks of slackness; Davis never; he must have a genius for work. His wife sings his praises in her own calmly lymphatic way; but she carefully refrains from imitating his example. I have been in and out of her two rooms at all hours of the day, from early morning until late evening, but I have never seen her doing anything more laborious than nurse the youngest child (number thirteen, by the way), or move the kettle when it boils over.

Her rooms, her children, and her person all bear witness to this calmness of disposition. A little energy would make them so much cleaner and pleasanter; but perhaps she would not then be so stout, so smiling, and so optimistic; I feel a great delicacy about suggesting any change. It is so cheery to find some one who never seems to want anything, that I can't venture to hint how much the rooms and their occupants need in the matter of soap and water. So I weakly hope that Davis does not mind; and I never do more than murmur that baby's face would be prettier if it were cleaner. Privately, I think at the same time that I can see enough of it, caked as it is with dirt; for the poor child has the wizened elderly face, the high narrow head, and the round staring eyes that one involuntarily connects with the lowest type of criminal. I trust I am not wicked when I hope he won't live long enough to break her heart; for she loves him and sees no fault in him.

Mrs. Davis, besides being an admiring wife, is an affectionate mother, and has brought up her numerous family on the

most approved lines of unlimited indulgence, tempered by blows and abuse only when absolutely necessary.

The last time I went to see her I inquired for Danny (aged nine) who, having run a rusty nail into one miserable little knee, was suffering in hospital from its effects.

"He's gettin' on fine, thank ye, lady," his mother reported. "They're all as fond of 'im in the 'orspital; 'e's a good boy is Danny, and that partic'lar about 'is religion, as yer know, lady. He wouldn't eat meat on a Friday was it ever so; 'is father'd 'ave somethin' to say to any of 'is children as would, and me too; and they knows it. We've brought 'em up to it."

And then she grinned comfortably, and gave me the outlines of the following story.

Poor little Danny, badly fed and ill-nourished and suffering the more from his accident because his blood was half water, had been ordered good food by the doctor; and his dinner of beefsteak, greens, and potatoes on the first day of his arrival in hospital must have been particularly tempting. But it was Friday and Danny had not forgotten it; and, all ignorant of any merciful provision by which Mother Church dispenses her invalid children from such rules and regulations, and mindful only of the precept, Danny put aside the meat on his plate and dined on greens and potatoes, in spite of the kindly nurse's protestations and commands. In the course of the following week he struck up a friendship with a young man occupying the next bed, and by the time Friday came round again they were on terms of intimacy.

"What yer leavin' yer meat for, Danny?" asked his neighbor, when the same performance was gone through. "Why don't yer eat it up? Ar'n't yer 'ungry?"

"Friday," said Danny, with his mouth very full of hot potato.

"What's Friday?" asked the young man. "Are yer a Jew?" with some vague notion, apparently, that it was only Jews who paid attention to times and seasons.

"A Jew!" cried Danny, so indignant that he nearly choked. "'Course I ain't. A Jew? No; I'm a Cawth'lick, that's wot I am."

"Oh!" said the young man blankly. "Won't they let yer eat meat on a Friday? Wot a go!"

"Let yer?" said Danny with conviction. "'Tain't lettin' or not lettin'. If yer eats meat on a Friday yer'll go to 'ell; and so I tells yer straight, No. 18," with a stern eye on his neighbor's plate, which was nearly empty.

"But I ain't a Cawth'lick," protested No. 18. "'Tain't the same for me, o' course."

Danny considered this.

"Wot's right for me's right for you," was his conclusion, "must be; we ain't made diff'runt."

"Dunno 'bout that," returned No. 18, "but I never 'eard nothin' about not eatin' meat on a Friday; so it can't be for me, 'cos I don't know it, see?"

"Yer knows it now," said Danny. "Ain't I just told yer? And I did 'ear of a man," he continued reflectively, "as eat a pound and a quarter o' steak in one mouthful on a Friday, and he was choked; and serve 'im right."

"Must 'a been off his chump," No. 18 opined. "Any fool'd know as 'e couldn't do that. It's a yarn anyway; and I don't believe it."

"It's as true as true," cried Danny. "Mr. Green, as lives next door to us, told Tommy and Tommy told me; and 'e knew the man, Mr. Green did. And yer'd best look out for yerself, No. 18, now yer knows."

But No. 18 was only amused by Danny's earnestness and conviction; and held fast to his own opinion that the matter did not concern him. They discussed the question often during the following days; and Danny tried his utmost to extract a promise of conformity to his own stern rule from this young man who was so kind and so companionable.

When the third Friday came round, Danny, watching to see what his friend would do, could hardly eat his own vegetables. And No. 18, feeling Danny's eager gaze upon him, turned himself round in his bed so as to interpose his body between his plate and Danny's eyes.

"Yer eatin' it, I know yer are!" he exclaimed vexedly. "And I told yer, No. 18."

"No, I ain't"; said No. 18 soothingly. "I'm only eating what you are."

"Ye're a liar," observed Danny, with tears in his eyes but no anger in his voice. He was too grieved to feel angry; his remark was only the strongest form of contradiction he knew.

"Ye're a rum little beggar," remarked No. 18, turning back again, but still hiding his empty plate. "Wot's it matter to you if I do eat meat and get damned?" There was genuine surprise in his tone.

But it was quite beyond Danny's power and Danny's vocabulary to explain; so the little chap only brushed the tears out of his eyes with the back of his hand and said: "Yer a bloomin' ass, that's wot you are," in impatience that his friend could not understand without being told. His own counsel of perfection seemed such a simple thing to him, but how could he be content if his friend were not safe?

The battle continued throughout the remainder of No. 18's stay in the ward; and the young man continued to eat his Friday dinner under difficulties and the bedclothes. But there came a day when he left cured; and he and Danny parted with few words and real regret.

On the first visiting day after this, while Mrs. Davis herself was sitting beside her small son, a tall young man came into the ward carrying a large brown paper parcel.

"Hullo," cried Danny, "if 'ere ain't No. 18 come back! Wot's 'e a-doin' of, I wonder?"

At that moment he was engaged in satisfying the Ward Sister that his parcel contained no contraband in the way of unripe plums or chalk sweetmeats. This done he came up to Danny.

"Wot cheer, Danny?" said he. "Not up yet? You're a-wearing out that bed and no error. 'Ow's Friday a-comin' on?"

Danny grinned and nodded delightedly.

"This 'ere's my mother," he said. In Danny's circles it is the women who are presented, half apologetically, to the notice of the superior sex, and, as it happened, Mrs. Davis had not before been able to visit Danny while he had been in hospital.

No. 18 was quite polite; he nodded affably and said: "Good day, mum." Then he planted his parcel on the bed. "This 'ere's for you, Danny; thought yer'd like sommat to look at, now yer ain't got me. We was reg'lar pals, Danny and me," he explained to Mrs. Davis. "E's a queer kid, is Danny; couldn't a-bear me to eat no meat on a Friday. Is that yer way o' thinking, too, mum?"

And then he told Mrs. Davis the story. Danny was too

excited to listen much. He had never had a parcel before in his life; and this one contained a Noah's Ark (which No. 18 explained was "religious" and therefore appropriate), a two-bladed knife, a toy pistol with a box of caps, and a packet of chocolate, which No. 18's experience of Ward Sisters had taught him was likely to pass muster.

Danny held up one thing after another for his mother's admiring inspection; and finally lay back with a long sigh of supreme content to regard his treasure with shining eyes.

"I calls it real good-natured of yer, mister," said his mother. "Say thank yer, Danny."

"'E don't want to thank me, Danny don't," interposed No. 18 hastily. "'Im and me's pals. 'E's a brick, ain't yer, Danny boy? Stands by a pal, 'e does, and gives 'im the best 'e's got. Same 'ere."

"And the nurses they all sez the same, they never seen such a good boy," was Mrs. Davis' triumphant summing up.

"No. 18 must be a good sort, too," said I.

"Yes"; asserted Mrs. Davis; "so grateful like. I dessay Danny done 'im good; but they ain't all got the sense to know it."

"Danny doesn't hide his colors," I observed.

"'Is father'd 'ave somethin' to say, if 'e did," returned Mrs. Davis, "and me too."

I did not doubt the truth of the last remark.

"I wish every boy had such a good home," I said with much sincerity, and left Mrs. Davis beaming.

THE SOWER.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

"Behold a sower went forth to sow."

Scarce has the Angel of the Dawn unfurl'd
His wings, and rais'd aloft his torch of light,
When swift the Sower hastens to his toil,
Gladsome and hopeful, in strong manhood's might.

Small earnest of a whole world's nutriment—
That seed he bears, and scatters everywhere!
And men are sleeping on, and few will rise
To ease his load; for ever *his* the care!

Bleak blows the wind and rugged are the ways;
The paths he treads are chok'd by many a thorn.
But toward the sunset sky his face is set—
He pauses not, though men and ravens warn.

What sees he, that he faints not in dismay,
In this broad field where laborers are so few?
Lo! in the valley there, a blade springs up,
And distant hills are blossoming white to view!

Life's day is brief to every son of man,
And scarcely may one hand both sow and reap;
Night's shroud enwraps the world and the world's work,
When, spent at last, the Sower sinks in sleep.

But in those Courts above, where sun nor moon
Nor dawn hath place—there, on his eyes oppress'd—
From light of God's own smile, into his dreams
Breaks the full glory of that Vision Bless'd!

BEFORE CROMWELL CAME TO IRELAND.

BY WILLIAM F. DENNEHY.



THE latest volume of State Papers relating to Ireland which has been issued by the English Rolls Commission*—so styled because its *ex officio* President is the judicial functionary known as the Master of the Rolls—contains many documents casting much light on the state of religion in that country, in the earlier years of the reign of Charles I. On the 15th of February, 1624, the Secretary of State wrote to the Irish Lord Deputy, by direction of the King, who was already beginning to realize that the turbulence of his English Puritan subjects made it desirable to secure the friendship of the people of Catholic Ireland. In this missive it was pointed out that, so far as Papists were concerned, it was "his Majesty's gracious pleasure to suspend the execution of the penal laws against them for the use of their consciences in private houses, or for not coming to church." It was, however, deemed needful to make plain that the measure of royal toleration was limited and, accordingly, it was intimated that the Lord Deputy must "depress and reform" anything in the nature of "insolencies or tumultuous and inordinate assemblies, or innovation by erecting of religious houses, holding of public or private conventions which may be dangerous to the State, scandalous, or conduce to novelty and alteration." The impression most likely to be created in the minds of those who study the contents of the volume now under notice, will be one of wonder that, despite the persecutions of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I.—notwithstanding the brief respite accorded during the reign of Queen Mary—the unfortunate Catholics of Ireland retained so much in the nature of ecclesiastical and educational organization as it is made clear they did.

Despite the evident desire of King Charles to conciliate his Irish Catholic subjects, the utmost efforts of the dominant Eng-

* Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland preserved in the Public Record Office. Edited by Robert Pentland Mahaffy, B.A. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office.

lish Protestant garrison were being directed to securing a return to the paths of persecution. Therefore it was that, sometime early in 1629, a Memorandum was laid before the Privy Council to the effect that "the number of titular Popish prelates, priests, and Jesuits increases daily by their resorting thither from beyond seas." Not only did these brave missionaries come, but it was complained that they were "picking the purses of his majesty's subjects by indulgences, absolutions, and pardons from Rome." Worse still, "these men force the people to pay tithe, etc., to them as regularly as they pay it to the ministers of the established church." To render tribute to the Protestant parson was regarded as quite fitting, but to contribute to the support of the Catholic priest or bishop was something equivalent to high treason. The fearless Papists, however, were gradually making headway in their efforts to restore the ancient ecclesiastical organization of their country. It, therefore, occurred to one zealous defender of the "new religion" to write a letter to the King informing him that "the Papists in Ireland have taken to themselves so much boldness, under color and pretence of your Majesty's articles sent over by their agents into that kingdom, that they have newly erected sundry idolatrous houses within the city of Dublin and accommodated them with postern doors through the walls of the said city; so that at all times they may let into and out of the said city what number of persons they shall think fit." In order to give some appearance of truth to the last obviously absurd statement, it was pathetically observed that "this is very dangerous!" That the Catholics of Dublin, as well as of other portions of the country, relying on the King's protection, were opening new places of worship is quite certain, but that they were mad enough to commence digging holes in the city ramparts is scarcely likely. The authorities in Dublin Castle would have promptly put a stop to any such performance and it is impossible to assert that they would not have been quite within their right in doing so.

As usual, the unfortunate King was wobbling. He was, with reason, terribly afraid of arousing the suspicions of his English Protestant subjects. Accordingly, instructions were despatched to the Irish Lords Justices warning them to have a care "that God be duly honored and served in that our kingdom, twice every day without fail as in the churches of

England,* and every church to have the Bible and Book of Common Prayer as in England." Moreover, the Lords Justices were enjoined to be "careful to suppress the Pope's jurisdiction in Ireland," and to see that "all Popish conventicles and visitations be banished." Still further, they were to see "that our subjects be eased of any charge paid to any titular archbishop, bishop, abbot, prior, vicar-general, Jesuits, friars, or any of that Popish rabble whatsoever." These instructions were sufficiently explicit, but they appear to have had small effect in warping the will of the people, who stubbornly refused to be proselytized.

The activity of the Ascendancy or Protestant party, however, bore some degree of fruit in influencing officials to the prejudice of the Catholic community. As a consequence, it became necessary for the representatives of the latter to address a Remonstrance to the King, in 1630, to the following effect:

Notwithstanding the King's order countermanding the proclamation for banishing the priests, Jesuits, and other clergy from Ireland, for which the Catholics were thankful, yet they are still persecuted in the following ways:

1. The Judges of Assize this last circuit had instructions from the Lord Deputy to present† all Catholics for not going to church.

2. Jurors were bound over to the Council table or Star Chamber, and some fined up to £20, for not presenting recusants in this way.

3. The oath of supremacy‡ was applied to all the Catholic magistrates, and such as refused to take it were deposed throughout the kingdom.

4. There was direction to suppress Catholic schoolmasters, and Protestants to be appointed to breed the children of Catholics in the Protestant religion.

5. The Catholic wards§ are constrained to be educated Protestants.

6. Process is awarded upon excommunication against Catholics, many of which are now pronounced. ||

* This old Catholic custom, of course, soon ceased to be observed in "the churches of England."

† That is, to arraign or prosecute them for not attending the Protestant religious services, held in the ancient Catholic churches.

‡ The test in question denied the authority of the Pope as the Vicar of Christ, and affirmed that the Protestant King of England was the rightful Head of the Church.

§ Legal infants, within the guardianship of the Court of Chancery.

|| The "excommunications" referred to, pronounced in Protestant churches, carried with them the infliction of secular disabilities and penalties.

These evils the King was prayed to bring to an end, but bad as things then were, they became worse when Lord Wentworth was appointed Lord Deputy.* One of the many communications which were addressed to the Viceroy after his coming into Ireland, urging him to pursue a relentless warfare against the Catholics of the kingdom, was written by a Sir Vincent Gockings, who sought to bring home to his mind realization of the truth that the descendants of the old English Catholic conquerors and settlers within its shores, were every whit as devoted to maintenance of the Catholic religion as were the native Irish amongst whom they lived and with whom they had largely intermarried, despite various statutes intended to prevent a mingling of blood and race. Gockings wrote, as the contents of his letter shows, about the time when the Catholic members of Parliament had yielded to Wentworth's demands, and voted the King several years' subsidies in advance, thus rendering his Majesty independent for a prolonged period of his Irish House of Commons. The English Commons displayed a much shrewder appreciation of the shifty character of their unfortunate monarch. Gockings told the Lord Deputy that he rejoiced at his appointment, because "from thirty years' experience here I can say that there is no country where such a distinction exists, both in religion and manners, as between us new English (*i. e.*, Protestants) and old English (*i. e.*, Catholics), inasmuch as they scorn the name, but will be Irish, and never so much as at this time; so that, were it not for the sword of justice by which we are governed, we had better have lived in the Indies than here for safety." Furthermore, Wentworth was warned not to let it "be thought by the wise that their condescending to their payments are for any love they bear to his Majesty, but rather to obtain time to see how the Austrian wars proceed, and to

* This nobleman was one of the most unjust and unscrupulous of the English Viceroys of Ireland. His main purpose was to secure the establishment of the arbitrary authority of the King, and he adroitly sought to make the religious conflict a means towards this end. He first cajoled the Catholics by holding out hopes of a redress of grievances, but when their representatives in the Parliament which he assembled in Dublin foolishly joined in voting six years' supplies to the King, he scoffed at their demands for reform. While he endeavored, by the most stern use of the powers entrusted to him, to extinguish Catholicity, he treated Protestants scarcely less unconstitutionally than he did the followers of the ancient creed. At the same time he made vigorous and largely successful efforts to develop the commerce and industries of Ireland. His impeachment by the Puritan majority in the English House of Commons and consequent execution, in May, 1641, was a just retribution for his many acts of injustice, spoliation, and persecution.

obtain a Parliament, whereby they aim not so at good laws to be made, as to get good laws repealed." The "good laws" were, of course, those in force against the Catholics.

Gockings, however, despite his bigotry, appears to have been a man of some discernment, because he proceeded to describe the condition of the Protestant church and the character of the men who had been placed in possession of the revenues of the olden Catholic sees and benefices in terms which cannot be regarded as complimentary. He said:

The bishops grow rich by sealing of sin, and their children are the pillars of pride. They let their churches fall down under their noses, and do nothing that is pious. I wish some steps were taken to investigate the matter. I am persuaded that if it were done there would be found one way or other in dignitaries' and officials' hands a mass of treasure for which they are accountable, and grown to mere merchandise. Among our clergy, if there arise any controversy between the laity and them for titles (*i. e.*, to the possession of land), then they plead their right from God. But how such wretches as now enjoy them derive their title from God is the question.

Abundant evidences exist to show that there was no exaggeration in Gockings' statement of the case. Long after his time, Dean Swift wrote nearly as harshly of the Protestant episcopacy in Ireland. Gockings' main purpose was, however, to malign "the Irish and old English," relative to whom he hypocritically remarked: "I wish I could say some good of them, but I speak from long experience." Then came his indictment, in the following words:

They are crafty and subtle, but very shallow.

They are mutinous, but cowardly.

They are very proud, but exceeding base.

They are full of words, but to little purpose.

They will promise much, but perform nothing.

They will speak fairest when they intend worst.

They will quarrel often, but fight seldom but upon great advantage.

They are bloody as a wolf when they can overcome.

They live in their houses more beastly than barbarians or Indians.

They have such an inveterate hatred to neatness, that they are afraid to touch handsomeness.

Their religion is to believe as their Church believeth, but what that is they neither know nor desire to know, but give it for granted that those that are not of the same are deceived.

Their delights are in nothing but idleness.

Now, sweeping as is this series of charges, it will be observed that there is nothing in it which can be fairly alleged to impugn the moral or spiritual character of those against whom it was leveled. It would have spoken badly for the intelligence of the people if, after years of civil war and persecution, they had not grown "crafty and subtle," or if they were over-fond of incurring massacre by fighting "save upon great advantage." That they were "bloody" in their revenges is highly probable, but there were many wrongs to weight their swords. That their habitations were wretched is as undeniable as that their olden knowledge of arts and crafts had perished during centuries of conflict and misrule. The peasants were idle, because their tyrants condemned them to idleness. Even their harvests could scarcely be called their own, prey as they often were of marauding English soldiers, of rapacious landlords, and of the tithe-gatherers of the ministers of the "new religion." What the "Irish and old English" seemed to be in Gockings' eyes was precisely what they might have been expected to become under the domination of men like himself. Even in the midst of their humiliation, poverty, and suffering, they still, as he put it, "believe as their Church believeth!" The bigoted old knight's testimony will not, after all, be ungrateful to the descendants of those whom he sought in vain to traduce.

About July, 1634, Wentworth summoned the Protestant archbishops and bishops of Ireland to meet in convocation at Dublin, when they adopted a series of resolutions, evidently drafted by the masterful Lord Deputy, in which they pledged themselves to use their utmost efforts for the suppression of the Catholic religion. Amongst other things, they promised: "We will for ourselves and our suffragans, so far as in us lies, promise to observe a uniform order for the suppression of Papistry and plantation of religion." This, however, was only the preamble. It was further resolved that:

We will inquire as to who the people are in our dioceses who receive, relieve, house, or harbor trafficking Jesuits and seminary priests. We will present the names of the priests and the harborers, adding our advice and endeavors in the matter of their apprehension.

We will have a special care for the erection of free schools in our separate dioceses, according to the statute in that behalf. We will not allow any Popish schoolmen to teach scholars privately or publicly within our diocese, and if any offend in this point we will discover the offenders to the Lord Deputy.

We will be careful to reclaim recusants from their superstition and idolatry, and teach and instruct them in the principles of true religion, if they will come to hear us. We will in this matter follow the course of the archbishops and bishops in England, whose courses are well known to some of us.

Despite the display of energy and extirpation promised in these resolutions, the work of uprooting Popery did not proceed apace. Evidence to this effect is to be found set forth under the hands of individual bishops a few years later. For instance, George, Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin, reported in part, in 1641, to the Lords Justices, who were governing Ireland while Wentworth was facing his doom in England, as follows:

There are titular bishops or, at least, vicars-general in both these dioceses. Matthew Roch in Leighlin and — in Ferns. They exercise jurisdiction by foreign power and should be impeached.

The increase and insolency of priests, friars, and Jesuits are great. They gather infinite sums of money by Masses, dirges, oblation, indulgences, etc., and by legacies.

Popish schoolmasters abound. They disregard summonses to appear and, when legally excommunicated, fly to other dioceses.

This was a sorry tale to have to recount, viewed from the aspect in which it must have presented itself to its narrator and those to whom it was addressed. The case of Connaught was, however, even more grievous than that of Leinster. Robert, Lord Bishop of Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, was obliged to inform the Lords Justices, relative to the doings of the Papists, that:

The priests and friars and that faction use more policies than can briefly be expressed to hinder the Protestant ministers from producing good effects for reformation by preaching, catechising, or conference. They take away his glebes in order to prevent him from residing or keeping up his rank.

Then they do positively propagate their own superstition by infusing of diabolical and sinister conceits of our persons and doctrine even from the cradle by the freedom of the Popish schools, which the bishops cannot suppress, their jurisdiction being contemned and writs de excom. capiend. either not issued or never executed by the sheriff, who is for the most part a Papist.

The condition of things was terribly embarrassing to the unhappy Bishop of Clonfert, and he simply threw up his hands and wailed in despair. Bemoaningly he told the Lords Justices that: "There are in every parish a Popish priest and in most places a public Mass-house, whither the people publicly resort every Sabbath-day and holyday. Superstitious idols are placed there and tithes and customs exacted." Even more deplorable than this was the fact that, according to his lordship, there was: "free and public profession of convents of friars, whither oftentimes the children are forced without parents' consent, and to affront the clergy the more do come abroad in their habits publicly to beg corn, sheep, etc., to the great impoverishing of the subject." Then came a list of the principal abodes of the ravening friars.

The poor bishop, however, had even a more terrible fact to relate. He went on, and we can imagine how he angered as he wrote: "There are no nunneries in these dioceses we know of, but yet diverse women go under the names of nuns and religious women, dwelling near unto the said friars or in some farms abroad in the country, who keep houses to entertain the priests and friars in their travel or when they go abroad to beg." Such a country and such a people were plainly past praying for!

The case of Robert, Lord Bishop of Killfenora, was scarcely better than that of his brother of Clonfert. This poor man had to lament that: "We have in our diocese one titular bishop who can and doth command more than myself, and to this purpose has more priests fixed parochially by the gentry than my poor diocese can bear by many degrees of our own

ministers." A Dissenting minister, one Henry Bell, preacher, had even worse things to recount, in a memorial which he forwarded to the King, and in which he charitably sought to open his Majesty's eyes to the defects of the Episcopalian Protestant clergy and prelates. Bell declared that: "The churches are numerous. If in fair weather ministers sometimes read divine service, the rotten walls are his auditors. The people go in their ignorance to the ignorant friar and priest." Truly deplorable was it that: "The wives and children of ministers go to Mass," and even: "The bishops match their children with Papists." According to Bell, the composition of the Episcopalian ecclesiastical organization was as bad as it well could be: "Insufficient and cruel men are substitutes for bishops. They break contracts and marriages for money. If a poor man die worth forty shillings they will take ten shillings on proving his will, unless it be by entreaty rebated. Men of no degree in any university are archdeacons. Chancellors have two, three, or more benefices. Ministers have parsonage, vicarage, and as many as eight curates' places, and never even read divine service in most of them." All the canons of the church had fallen into desuetude. "The Popish schools everywhere kept, infect children with their dregs." It is to Bell's credit that he did not hesitate to denounce the exactions of the landlords, many of whom were, however, Catholics. He went on to inform the King that: "The poor tenant alloweth one workman every week in the year to the landlord called 'blackwork,' that is to say having neither meat nor wages. The tenant reapeth the landlord's corn, maketh his hay, his turf, tilleth his ground, bringeth home corn, hay, and turf, and all without wages. He carrieth the landlord's carriages (?) so oft and so far as it pleaseth the landlord, being allowed neither meat, drink, nor wages. Israelites' servitude in Egypt compared herewith may be deemed freedom." There is no reason for supposing that Bell's narrative was, in the least degree, exaggerated.

Among the other documents included in the "Calendar of State Papers" is an undated and unsigned report which bears instructive testimony to the obstinacy with which the Catholics of Ireland, depressed and oppressed though they were, clung to the old faith. The missive in question described: "The cursed practices of Romish Jesuits, seminarians, and priests who

do swarm in the country, causing the people to swear to be true to the Church of Rome, and in no case to be obedient to the King's laws." Needless to say, the "laws" referred to were those prohibiting the profession of Catholicity. Against the "Jesuits, seminarians, and priests," it was alleged that: "They have so possessed the women that they declare they will as soon bring their husbands to the gallows as to our church." Could anything be more shocking? In July, 1627, the following mandate from King Charles was addressed to the Lord Deputy:

We are informed that the late dissolved Abbey or Monastery of the Franciscans in or near the town of Dundalk, in County Louth, has several mills, lands, etc., which are concealed and the rents thereof unjustly detained from us.

Here follows a list of many other chantry lands.

Anxious to increase our revenue in Ireland, we order you to appoint a Commission to discover our title to the premises by inquisition, record, or other means; the inquisitions and other records to be returned and filed in the Court of Chancery. You shall make Endymion Porter a grant of the dissolved Abbey and Monastery of the Franciscans, and the chantry lands of St. Mary, St. Katherine, etc., as above. He shall hold in common socage, and pay such rent as the servitors in Ulster pay. He shall also have a grant of such rents, etc., as are in arrear on these lands, etc., and are due to us; and for these he need not account to us.

There were many adventurers of the type of Endymion Porter on the prowl, seeking to pick up fragments of the lands of which the priests and friars had been dispossessed. It is simply marvelous how splendidly, in spite of adverse circumstances, the poor, persecuted Catholics were holding their own. The reports of the Protestant officials, both lay and clerical, on this point were always to the same effect. They could make nothing of a people, the fervency of whose faith and the consistency of whose devotion set at naught the utmost efforts of their tyrants. How matters stood in numerous cases is shown in a "Memorandum concerning the clergy of County Clare, and particularly of those in the Baronies of Bunratty and Tullagh, always esteemed to be half of the county." This official re-

port appears to have been prepared for the information of either the Lord Deputy or the Lords Justices. It was to the following effect :

From Limerick to Killaloe, 8 miles, where there are the bishop of the diocese and one chaplain.*

From Killaloe to Tomgreeny, 7 miles. Here is one Higgins, a convert† friar, of ill fame.

Tomgreeny to Ennis, 16 miles. Here is one Lawson, a very weak man sent out of England by Lady Henrietta O'Brien.

Ennis to Killensullagh, 7 miles. Here is the Vicar-General, John Hawkins, Esquire.

Killensullagh to Kilfenbuan, 6 miles. Mr. James Vandellure, a very young man.

Kilfenbuan to Limerick, 6 miles, belongs to the Dean. No church or minister.

Wherefore, is it to be noted that in 48 miles of circuit there is but four clergymen and but three churches—except the bishop and the chaplain aforesaid—who are both young and weak men. Their charge or living extends 6, 10, or 12 miles in length. They do not constantly reside or provide sufficient curates, but very much neglect the same.

Not a school in all that tract of land but Popish. The Mass read in all the parishes by the proper priests every Sunday and holyday. Friars gathering into convents, teaching school openly.

Catholic Clare was Catholic still, and despite the coming and going of Cromwell and all the persecutions of succeeding years remained faithful, securing for its unlettered peasant freeholders the glory of striking the resounding blow for freedom, which resulted in the return of O'Connell to Parliament and the passage of the Act of Emancipation. Clare is, happily, as boldly and as nobly Catholic to-day as it was in the days when Charles I. still clung to his tottering throne.

* It may be necessary to point out that the clergy referred to in the Memorandum were Protestant and that its object was to show the inadequacy of their number.

† Pervert, of course, and of "ill fame!" The report was honest.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

THE eighth volume of *The Cambridge History of Modern Europe** covers the period of the French Revolution down to the fall of the Directory and the accession of Napoleon to the consulate. Its general characteristics are those of the preceding volumes. In style it affects the cold, severe, impersonal type which has become the ideal of the historical student. The most tremendous scenes that occurred in the "red fool fury of the Seine," important battles like Aboukir, thrilling episodes like the bridge of Lodi, are related with conscientious endeavor for accuracy and lucidity, but with scarcely more appeal to the imagination than is to be found in Kant's *Critik*, or Burke's *Essay on the Sublime*. We all remember Macaulay's picture of the perfect historian, who besides showing us the camp, the court, "shows us also the nation":—He "considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images in every line." There is very little of this kind of writing in the history before us, or indeed, in any history of to-day. The ascendancy of German ideals of research and scholarship has made the historian sacrifice the picturesque to accuracy, wealth of detail, and systematic analysis. The aim to-day is not to produce a picture, but to conduct, in the most scientific fashion, a *post-mortem* examination. The present-day historian is not a painter, but an anatomist.

* *The Cambridge Modern History*. Planned by the Late Lord Acton. Vol. VIII. *The French Revolution*.

I.

The volume opens with a chapter investigating the influences contributed to the genesis of the Revolution by the best of philosophic, philanthropic, and economic writers who immediately preceded it. The writer, Mr. Willert, of Oxford University, exhibits a power of reasoning, and an insight into his subject, such as are not apparent in some other contributions to the work. Opening with a citation of the contradictory views of Mallet du Pan and of Mounier, the former of whom ascribed the entire origin of the revolution to philosophy, "who may boast her reign over the country she has devastated," while the latter minimizes the influence of the *philosophes*, Mr. Willert examines all the *great* prominent writers of the seventeenth century, and some minor ones, who contributed, or are alleged to have contributed, to the principles of 1789. He affirms that many of these principles were employed in the sixteenth century by both Catholic and Huguenot theologians as weapons against the claims of the Crown. He cites particularly Father Boucher, and the well-known apology for tyrannicide advanced by the Jesuit Mariana. Montaigne's scepticism, he considers, contributed, but only slightly; while Bayle, "although there may be, at first sight, but little of the spirit of the eighteenth century in his writings," had an extensive influence. Hobbes with his political works, and Locke's *Treatise on Government* and *Letters on Toleration*, were potent factors in preparing the way. The former of Locke's works, Mr. Willert rightly points out, was the inspiration for the *Contrat Social* of Rousseau, while the latter gave an impulse to Voltaire's attack upon authority. So "at the end of the seventeenth century 'principles' were not wanting to which the French people might appeal, should a time come when they were no longer satisfied with the existing social and political conditions."

That time came in the close of the eighteenth century. The finances had been ruined, the peasantry were in a condition of extreme poverty, the Jansenist controversy, the conflict between the hierarchy and the Gallican *Parlement* over the Bull "Unigenitus," dealt a severe blow to religion. Intercourse with England introduced knowledge and high appreciation of the democratic features of the English constitution. At this point Vol-

taire's *Letters on the English* introduces that writer to Mr. Willert's tribunal. The sentence passed upon him is not unduly severe. He aimed at religion and the Church, rather than at the throne. He exerted a powerful but not indispensable influence: "He did nothing that others also were not attempting, that, left undone by him, they might not have accomplished. His work was negative. He cleared away the obstacles which dammed back the rapidly rising flood, but his hand was only the most active and unerring of many engaged in the same task; and even unassisted the impatient stream would have overflowed and borne away the impediments to its course."

Here the author goes back to take up the thinkers and writers who addressed themselves primarily to the political and economic side of the condition of France. Those who wrote against the abuses, in the last years of Louis XIV., such as the Comte de Boulainvilliers, did not achieve much; but every effort, however small, helped to start the avalanche. Montesquieu, by his satirical *Persian Letters*, helped to discredit religious and, to a lesser extent, secular authority, while his *Esprit des Loïs*, of whose intrinsic value Mr. Willert expresses no very high opinion, further stimulated the growing longing for a constitutional government as a remedy for existing evils.

The works of Rousseau receive lengthened consideration. Although Mr. Willert, as well he may, finds enough idle imagination, baseless theory, and extravagant sentiment in Rousseau to justify those who catalogue him as "the great professor and founder of the philosophy of vanity," nevertheless the Revolution lived on the ideas which he preached: "those clear and precise dogmas of natural equality and freedom, of inalienable popular sovereignty, and their corollaries; that every government not based on popular consent is a usurpation; that the people can at any moment dismiss their rulers; that the nation being an aggregate of equal and independent units whose will can only be discovered by counting heads—if, owing to the size of a country, a representative body is necessary, this assembly must represent, not classes or interests, but individuals."

The verdict with which this chapter closes is: Even if we believe that the philosophers did not cause the Revolution, nor

originate the ideas which determined the form it was to take, we must allow that they precipitated it by giving a definite shape to vague aspirations, by clearing away the obstacles which restrained the rapidly rising flood of discontent, by depriving those, whose interests and position made them the defenders of the old order, of all faith in the righteousness of their cause, and by inspiring the assailants with hope and enthusiasm."

In the treatment of his problem Mr. Willert evinces considerable power of analysis and of lucid exposition, along with commendable freedom from prejudices which have so often rendered studies of this subject mere special pleadings for an interest or a party. Occasionally, however, the reader will require to control Mr. Willert's estimates, and more frequently some of his passing observations, by falling back upon Catholic principles.

II.

In the second chapter, Mr. Montague, to whom falls, as well, a large share of the subsequent narrative, undertakes an exposition of the system of government and judicial and military administration that prevailed in France immediately before the Revolution, and of the constitution and relative position of the various classes that made up the French nation, the clergy, the nobility, the *bourgeoisie*, and the peasantry. The extent of the Crown's prerogative, the function of ministers and of intendants of provinces, the origin and gradual decay of the Provincial Estates, or petty parliaments, are successively traced. The most striking inherent weakness of the system was, says Mr. Montague, that there was no intermediate unit of organization between the province, which might contain two millions of inhabitants, and the village of a score or two. Municipal institutions scarcely existed and were subject to arbitrary interference from the Crown. The highly intensified bureaucracy, exempt from public criticism, falling into all the evils of formalism, or, to use the colloquial expression, red tape, and permitted by the Crown to exercise, especially in the person of its higher functionaries, arbitrary caprice, aggravated the structural faults of a bad system, and weighed heaviest on the peasantry, the class which was least able to stand any increase of their already overwhelming burdens.

The nobility, although their extensive privileges, which here are enumerated at length, bore heavily on the tillers of the soil, had their own grievances. They, as a body, possessed scarcely any political power. A great number of them were poor, and obliged to live a life of isolation on their estates. The more powerful ones were attracted to court, there to lavish their wealth in extravagant living. "As a class they had become useless; their proprietary rights very generally took a form which hindered the progress of husbandry; their obsolete prejudices debarred them from lucrative callings, and the jealousy of the Crown excluded them from public life. Arrogance, isolation, and futility, rather than any enormous wickedness, seems to have been the causes of the ill-will felt towards the French nobles."

The middle class, the *bourgeoisie*, which more than any other promoted the Revolution in its early stage, was the most fortunately situated of all. Confined almost exclusively to the towns and cities—for there were scarcely any large tenant farmers, or proprietors corresponding to the yeomen class in England—it was made up of well-to-do traders, manufacturers, lawyers, and doctors; nearly all lucrative employments were filled by men of this class. It supplied the great majority of lawyers, judges, and civil servants, the contractors who reaped a rich harvest in every war, and the financiers who farmed the indirect taxes. "If the *bourgeoisie* had little land, they possessed nearly all the capital of France, held the bulk of the public securities, and counted many a noble and prelate among their debtors." With the exception of Mirabeau, Lafayette, and a few others, all the leaders of the Revolution, even of the Terror, sprang from the *bourgeoisie*. This class it was which read and digested the philosophers and had been most deeply impressed by them. It lost reverence; it saw the evil effects of the bad fiscal system; and it feared for its own funds and incomes; it chafed under its exclusion from the army, the navy, and the diplomatic service. "Such feelings had not been sobered by any experience of public life, or by any provident fear as to what might ensue were the old order too roughly assailed. The *bourgeoisie* were not yet aware of any danger from below; nor could they divine that, in no long space of time, they would be the theme of invective as bitter as Diderot or Champaign had ever poured forth against kings and priests."

The clergy were the only class that enjoyed anything like self government in France. Externally, says Mr. Montague, they still held the position which was theirs in the Middle Ages, and, as a body, were possessed of immense riches. He estimates, upon grounds which he gives, the number of the secular clergy at about 70,000; while he hesitates to compute the number of religious, which had been rapidly shrinking during the eighteenth century, he submits Taine's view that, under Louis XVI., the number of monks and friars was about 23,000, of nuns, 37,000. What was the amount of the Church's wealth? This question cannot be answered with confidence. Estimates vary from 170,000,000 *livres* to 200,000,000 *livres*. This wealth excited envy, not merely because of its vast extent, but even more because it was almost exempt from taxation. Its unequal distribution was another cause for dissatisfaction. The Church abounded in highly paid offices and lucrative sinecures. The stipends of the archbishops and bishops varied greatly; the average might be set down at £2,500; and the wealth of the powerful ones was often doubled by rich abbacies which they were allowed to retain for themselves. The tithes were diverted from their proper object, with the result that the parish clergy were shamefully underpaid. The authors contrasted pictures of the two classes of clergy, the "superior" and the "inferior," which are solidly justified by the evidence available, teach us that the sweeping denunciations of the Church and clergy as a whole, at this period indulged in by many writers, are as inaccurate as great generalizations upon large bodies of men usually are. "The superior clergy," writes Professor Montague, "taken in the gross, were courtiers and men of the world. Some notoriously disbelieved the religion which they were supposed to teach, and some were dissolute in their conduct. Yet the majority, even under Louis XV., observed outward decorum; and, here and there, was to be found a prelate of sterling piety and benevolence. Nor need it be denied that the pride of birth, and the feeling of assured independence, together with the tradition of Gallican liberties, gave to the French prelates a certain breadth and firmness of mind, and helped to save them from some failings which have been noted in their far more zealous successors. Professional talent and learning, it is true, were seldom found in this class, nor did any of them, in the age preceding the Revolution, gain glory by controver-

sial or apologetic writings. They were silent and ineffective, while argument and wit and rhetoric were untiringly exerted against the character of the clergy and the doctrines of Christianity."

The inferior clergy, writes Mr. Montague, offered a glaring contrast to their chiefs: "Drawn mostly from a humble middle class, or even from the peasantry, since their office had so few worldly allurements, and condemned to poverty and a monotonous routine, they were rarely men of wide culture or polished manners; but they were usually regular and edifying in their lives. In spite of occasional scandals, such as will occur in every large body of professional men, the parish priests appear to have enjoyed and deserved the good will of their flocks. They felt for the people from whom they sprang, and amid whom they labored; and they often entertained democratic opinions. They had, indeed, their own grievances, and they might be pardoned if they felt some bitterness in reflecting on what stamp of divine the richest preferments of the Church were so often lavished. Many of them regarded the Bishop as the common soldier regarded his noble colonel, and as the peasant regarded the lord of the manor. The abuses of the French system tended to alienate those whom both duty and interest should have drawn together; and the privileged orders, a mere handful among discontented millions, were themselves rent into hostile factions."

III.

After a fairly exhaustive chapter on finance and economic conditions, from another pen, the narrative proper is taken up in Chapter IV., at the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. and pursued, on a very detailed scale, through the election to the States General, the appearance of the National Assembly, the promulgation of the Constitution of 1791, by Mr. Montague, whose work is brilliant and striking, though somewhat lacking in depth, and characterized by a tendency to hasty generalization.

In Chapters VIII., IX., XII., and XIII., with Mr. Moreton-Macdonald, who possesses a power of laying bare the inner springs of action in a higher measure than his confrère, we follow the course of internal events in the Legislative Assem-

bly and in the National Convention, the fall of the Gironde, the rise of Robespierre, and the Terror, the promulgation of the constitution of the year three, and the close of the Convention in the insurrection of Vendémiaire. Of the interjected chapters, by other writers, one is on the foreign policy of Pitt at the outbreak of the war with France. It is remarkable only in that it adopts a view of Pitt that most Englishmen have now come to look upon as vitiated by partizanship. The other is an endeavor, hardly sufficient, to carry on the story of concurrent European politics. In Chapter XIV. we go back to the beginning of the Revolution to take up the account of the general war of the Republic, opening with the campaign of Dumouriez and the battles of Valmy and Jemappes. The naval war, the Directory, the extinction of Poland, Bonaparte's conquest of Italy, the Egyptian expedition, the struggle for the Mediterranean, the second coalition, the fall of the Directory and the institution of the Consulate are so many separate stones worked out by various hands to make up the mosaic.

With one exception, beyond painstaking fidelity and unflagging industry which gathers in every scrap of fact that can be crammed into the work, there is nothing remarkable in the treatment of the subjects. And the devotion to detail seems to have been carried too far. If we are to study history for the lessons that it teaches, and the light that it affords, we only want facts so far as they assist us to a comprehension of the underlying truths; and any fact that does not contribute to this end were better passed over in silence. Adherence to this rule would have very considerably diminished the size of this solid volume. The reservation that we have made above refers to the chapter on the events of Brumaire, contributed by Mr. Fisher, of Oxford, whose masterly handling of Sièyes and Bonaparte, in our opinion the best piece of work in the volume, shows him to be gifted with the qualities of a genuine historian.

The distribution of work, too, has not been without serious drawbacks. In his famous address on the study of history delivered at his inauguration as Regius Professor of History in Cambridge, Lord Acton expressed the guiding principle of the modern scholar; mastery is acquired by resolved limitation. Whoever would become a master in any branch of historical study, to-day, must, indeed, confine himself to a narrow field.

The enormous increase of material with which the present-day historical student, as compared with his predecessors, has to wrestle is but dimly suggested by the fact pointed out by Lord Acton in the following passage: "Every country opens its archives and invites us to penetrate the mysteries of State. When Hallam wrote his chapter on James II., France was the only power whose reports were available, Rome followed and the Hague; and then came the stores of the Italian States, and at last the Prussian and the Austrian papers, and partly those of Spain. Where Hallam and Lingard were dependent on Basillon, their successors consult the diplomacy of ten governments."

In order to obtain the best results, Lord Acton, in planning the *Cambridge History*, determined that each topic should be intrusted to the man who, presumably, should have a claim to be considered an expert on it. But, in order that this method may succeed, the general subject must lend itself to dismemberment. This advantage was enjoyed by those who collaborated on the second volume dealing with the Reformation. Though, as far as the great lines were concerned, the Reformation was a homogeneous movement, yet its course in each country that it entered was, in a great measure, independent and distinct. It was like a campaign of separate armies acting against a common foe, but pursuing no combined tactics, and employing various weapons. Hence, when each writer covered completely the ground assigned to him, there was no danger of any part of the whole being neglected.

But the task undertaken in the present volume is, for the most part, of a different character. The various phases of the Revolution were too closely correlated, through the forces at work, and the men who played the leading parts in the mighty drama, to permit of it being treated properly by several writers, contemplating their work from as many different standpoints. It was not within the competence of editorial skill to make a division of the task that should assign to each worker a naturally or logically distinct part. The result is that the division, instead of being a skilful, anatomical dismemberment, looks more like a violent, clumsy mutilation. Events closely associated are to be looked for by the reader in different chapters. Separate, fragmentary, presentations of personages are met with instead of a complete sketch or picture, and sometimes a historical character, as in the case of Carnot, falls to one hand, while the op-

erations whose conduct made him important falls to another. We are frequently provoked in the course of the narrative on being told that some matter which ought to find its place in the sequence "is treated elsewhere." Finally, the old adage, that what is everybody's business is nobody's business, is amply illustrated in the inadequate attention paid to some subjects that fall within the purview of two or more of the collaborators, each one of whom seems to have been afraid of encroaching on the preserves of the other.

We must not close without referring to one admirable chapter, an equivalent for which the English reader will find nowhere else. We mean the one dealing with French law during the age of the Revolution, by M. Paul Viollet. This eminent scholar, who is a devoted Catholic, has, as the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* may have learned from its book reviews, recently published some able pamphlets treating of the extent of Papal infallibility. He demonstrates how, under the wild and criminal excesses of individuals and parties, there developed an unconscious trend towards better things, in the legislative efforts of the Revolutionary era: "The good lawgiver has not, indeed, more wit than Voltaire; but more good sense, more knowledge and true legal spirit than Montesquieu; and this lawgiver is—all the world." French legislation, he adds, because it has been a collective, universal work, the result of historical forces, not an artificial creation or a mere invention, has wielded a far-reaching influence in the century just passed.

Current Events.

Russia.

The making of peace between Russia and Japan is, of course, not only the most interesting, but also the most important of recent events. The bringing to an end of a war in which there has been unparalleled carnage, greater suffering, and battles fought upon a scale larger than ever before, must be a matter for thanksgiving to every lover of his fellow-men. This thankfulness must, however, be alloyed with regret and disappointment that such a war should have been possible in these our times, so often vaunted as those in which the human race has attained its greatest perfection, and in which civilization has advanced to the loftiest height. That the chief ruler of one of the parties in the conflict was the proposer of the Hague Conference for the promotion of universal peace, and that his adversaries were heathens and pagans, and yet that they defeated in an almost unbroken succession of victories a power which makes a more open profession of Christianity than any other nation, are circumstances calling for thought and reflection. Some explanation of the mystery may be found in the Lord's words "not every one that calls me Lord." It is not sufficient to profess, it is absolutely necessary to practise Christianity if benefit is to be derived from it. And when we remember, what no one acquainted with the facts can question, the utter mendacity which characterized Russian procedure before the war broke out, their unjust violation of the rights of other nations, the trainloads of wine and women which formed a part of their commissariat, it is not hard to see why religious ceremonies, however numerous and ostentatious, do not bring a blessing when the weighty matters are neglected. On the other hand, if one thing has been more characteristic than another of the Japanese, it has been the simplicity of their life, not merely their willingness, but their eagerness to shed their blood for their country and, strange to say, the tender care which they have taken of the sick and wounded. For one of the most successful of the institutions which the Japanese have imported from Christian countries is the Red Cross Society for the mitigation of the horrors of war. This Society owes its origin to

Christian faith and charity, and yet the Japanese branch is by far the strongest and the best organized in the world. It has no less than 920,000 members; before the war began its funds amounted to nearly four million dollars, with an annual income of more than a million. Thus success is due to philanthropic impulses, to imperial patronage, to the highly organized methods which have been adopted by Japan in everything which she undertakes, and to a certain discrete condescension to the love of decorations which is shared by all men in every part of the world. Certainly it is a phenomenon worthy of consideration that we have an institution owing its beginning to Christianity, but which has flourished and attained its greatest development among non-Christians. What is meant by this, and by so much besides that has been revealed by the war, must be left to the wise to ponder upon and to decide. The matter is the more difficult because the Japanese are far from possessing all the moral virtues. They are, in fact, remarkable for dishonesty in business and for impurity in social relations.

Which of the two powers has secured the greater advantage by the Treaty just made is a question which the future must decide; for the use which will be made of what each has secured, and the fidelity (or its opposite) with which the Treaty is observed, no one but a prophet can tell. In circles where cash is the decisive point—the test of all excellence—Japan may seem to have been discomfited; for the waiving of the claim to a sum of six hundred millions is, to those who value money above everything, a mark either of folly or weakness. But it must not be forgotten that Russia, while paying no indemnity, has surrendered territory, has been defeated in all the aims and objects of her Far Eastern efforts for the last forty years, has given up Port Arthur and Dalny, upon which immense sums had been spent, has lost a large part of the railway built through Manchuria, and has no longer a prospect of exercising any influence in Korea. The whole of Manchuria is to be evacuated. A certain number of soldiers per mile may, however, be retained in order to guard that part of the railway which Russia retains. What use she will make of these soldiers will form a crucial test of her future policy, for they will afford a temptation not to relinquish the disastrous methods adopted in the past. The clause which gives a year and a half for the evacuation of Manchuria will, we fear, offer the occasion for double dealing, in

the event of either of the parties being so disposed. - With every wish to hope for the best, several considerations render it impossible to be sure that the peace will be stable. The reception which the treaty has met with, both in Russia and in Japan, makes it evident that a large number of each nation is dissatisfied. As to its stability we have, therefore, no temptation to be guilty of the most gratuitous form of folly—prophecy. In favor of the permanence of the peace (and, in the opinion of some, this is the real reason which determined the Emperor of Japan to forego an indemnity) must be placed the new Treaty which has been made between Japan and Great Britain. The exact terms of this Treaty have not yet been published; but there is good reason for believing that it secures Japan from being left alone, should she be attacked by even a single Power.

What effect will the conclusion of peace have upon the quasi Constitution which has been granted by the Tsar? Fears have been entertained that peace will be disastrous to this proposal—that the Tsar, in the plenitude of that autocratic irresponsible power which he cherishes as the apple of his eye, will either openly or virtually take back the little which he has given. For, after all, he has given very little. The powers of the new *Duma* are, when closely examined, found to be so limited that the most that can be hoped for is that they will afford the basis for further developments. The exercise of those powers, the election of representatives and the entire organization and administration of the body, are placed under the control of the very bureaucracy which has proved so great a curse to Russia. All hope for Russia consists in the subjection of the bureaucracy to the people whose well-being it has for so long a time sacrificed to its own selfish interests. The coming *Duma*, however, is subjected to the bureaucracy. What this bureaucracy is capable of doing is shown by the fact that, on the publication of the Tsar's manifesto, the Governor of Moscow refused to allow even the private sittings of the *Zemstvo* conferences to be held, or any discussion of constitutional questions in private meetings, or even at meetings of the *Zemstvos*; and this because the question of constitutional reform has now been finally closed. All privileges granted by the Ukase of March 3 were declared, by the same authority, to have lapsed, in view of the reforms granted

by the Manifesto of August 19. Such are the uncertainties of personal rule. The most that can be hoped for is that the meeting of the *Duma* will allow scope to the creative forces of the country, if any are to be found uncrushed after so long a period of despotic rule. It may become an organic centre for the people and an interpreter of their wishes. It may lead to the formation of that public opinion to which in our generation all must bow.

The apprehensions, that the ending of the war would lead to the abandonment of the promised *Duma*, have not so far been justified. Some Russians expect that, as to all appearances the Far East is now cut off from practical politics, Russia will cast off Eastern lawlessness and become a Western nation, subject to law and free from arbitrary personal rule. All minds are said to be directed to the coming *Duma*. Elections are to be held in December. The total number of the members of the first *Duma* will be 500. It is expected that a Ukase will be issued granting for electioneering purposes the right of public meeting. For the time being the press is being allowed the widest measure of freedom. The present Committee of Ministers, with M. Witte as president, is to be completely remodelled so as to become a Cabinet—the purpose for which it was formed by Alexander I. Notwithstanding the prohibition to which we have already referred, the *Zemstvo* Congress has been allowed to assemble at Moscow. The well-known authority on international law, Professor de Martens, who accompanied M. Witte to Portsmouth, has expressed his confident belief that Russia will not brood over what is past, but that she will gather all her forces for a new great struggle; not on the battle-field, but in the fields of productive work and social and political progress. Other students of the situation think that Russia's dreams of predominance in Asia lie buried in the bottom of the Sea of Japan, and even think that it is only a question of time when the Empire will become bankrupt. This anticipation is based on a careful and exhaustive study of the financial state and resources of Russia, a study which we cannot reproduce here. Readers interested in the matter will find it fully discussed in a work written by Herr Rudolf Martin, an official in the German Statistical Department, entitled: *The Future of Russia and Japan. Shall Germany pay the Bill?*

The adversities which the Russian government has experi-

enced have, as we have mentioned before, led to an amelioration of the lot of Catholics and of the various dissenters from the Orthodox Church. The same adversities have doubtless been the reason for restoring to the Armenians the schools, churches, and property which were appropriated a few years ago. At all events, this restitution has, as a matter of fact, actually been made. It has, however, come too late to bring peace to the part of the Empire in which large numbers of Armenians dwell. Many provinces of Russia have been disturbed; but in the Caucasus it looks as if a civil war had broken out. The Tartars hate the incoming Armenians and have given practical expression to this hatred. Hundreds of lives have been lost and millions worth of property destroyed; and the end has not yet come.

Germany.

The anxiety felt by many in France and England about the schemes of aggrandizement entertained by many Germans, and by (as it is thought) the German Emperor himself, has been somewhat relieved of late. Circumstances have been too strong and do not favor the realization of these plans. The Peace has restored Russia to European activity and influence, and, as a consequence, France will not be left alone to be browbeaten any longer. The Baltic, so far from being closed, as was demanded by a portion of the Berlin Press, has been visited by a British Fleet, and the British officers and men have been entertained in an appropriate manner. There was, of course, nothing like the *empressement* which characterized the visit of the British Fleet to Brest or of the French Fleet to Portsmouth. But the proceedings were decorous and polite. The Kaiser ordered the German Fleet to suspend its manœuvres and return to port in order to meet the visitors. Crowds of Germans came from many parts of the Empire to inspect the ships. In fact, the visit may be utilized by the Emperor to promote that increase of his own navy which he so much desires; for the sight of the English ships will have impressed upon his subjects, more forcibly than anything else could have done, the formidable character of the enemy which it is thought by many the German Fleet will before long have to encoun-

ter. For the conviction is deep and strong in the minds of many that Great Britain is Germany's sworn foe. On the other hand, many Englishmen believe that the keystone of Germany's foreign policy is hostility to Great Britain, and that the Emperor's object and strongest desire is to form an alliance with Russia and France against England. This accounts for his action in Morocco, which was mainly directed against the *entente* between England and France. His efforts have resulted not merely in failure, but have rendered possible and even probable the formation of an alliance between the two countries. Hope even is entertained that England and Russia may lay aside their differences and come to an understanding with each other and with France. But even if this is not realized, it is not too much to say that chronic want of success has become a note and mark of German diplomacy. Even its victory over M. Delcassé has contributed to the rousing of the national spirit of the French. Of late there had been growing up in the minds of not a few in France a leaning towards Germany. The *revanche* had for them become a thing of the past; those who were responsible for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine having passed away. A new generation without the same bitterness of feeling has arisen. But the Emperor's action has revived the old feelings; at least it has dissipated the trust that was beginning to be felt, and has made the German sympathizers see that, given an opportunity, Germany was still an enemy.

The ill success which has attended German diplomacy has been shared by the colonial efforts in both Southwest and East Africa. The revolt which has been going on for so long a time in the former is far from being suppressed; and in the latter outbreaks of the natives have taken place which cause both trouble and expense; they are not, however, of so formidable a character as in Southwest Africa. The general in command of the troops in this part has issued a remarkable proclamation, in which he set a price on the heads of the Hotentot leaders. This proclamation met with the universal condemnation of the German people. "The great general of the Mighty Emperor," as he styled himself, declared, in a second proclamation, that he would not take over (as prisoners presumably) any more women and children; and that he would

either drive them back to their people, or have them fired on, and that every Herero within the German frontier, with or without a rifle, with or without cattle, would be shot. A storm of indignation was aroused by these proclamations, and the author of them was superseded as soon as the German public became acquainted with them; especially as he had ventured, in a colonial newspaper, to attribute the renewed activity of the rebels to the fact that the Imperial Chancellor had ordered the recall of the proclamation. It is satisfactory to see that even in Germany, where the influence of the army is so great, military methods have to give way to the supremacy of the civil authority.

Morocco.

Both the place where the Conference of the Powers on the reforms which are to be made in Morocco

is to be held and the time when it will meet are still uncertain. In consenting to a Conference at all, France suffered a diplomatic defeat. This has rendered her all the more determined not to allow all her relations with Morocco to be made the subject-matter of discussion at the Conference, especially the matters which have already been settled by the agreements with England and with Spain. To secure this point, France has been discussing in writing beforehand what are the definite matters which are to be brought before the Conference. She had to wait a long time for Germany's reply, and it is not yet quite certain what is its character; although it is reported to be conciliatory and to a large extent in agreement with the wishes of France. There are some who think that Germany is no longer so anxious for the Conference as she once was, and that she would be willing—for a consideration—to abandon it and let France have her own way in Morocco. What renders this not improbable is the likelihood that Germany will scarcely find a single Power to support her demands in the Conference.

Meanwhile the Sultan of Morocco has been emboldened, by the support afforded to him by the Kaiser, to arrest and imprison a local Kaid, who is an Algerian and a French citizen. This constituted a violation of the Capitulations. The arrest was justified by the Sultan on grounds which were even more

aggressive than the act. The Sultan declared that he would recognize no Mussulman who resided within his dominions as a foreigner, nor grant to him the privileges enjoyed by foreigners, and refused at first to release the prisoner. In this matter Germany made common cause with France, for the rights of all nations were involved. Ultimately the Kaid was released, as an act of favor, the Sultan declared. This did not satisfy France, who demanded the release as a right, and insisted upon reparation being made for the wrong done. In the end the Sultan yielded. Throughout Morocco there is a very bitter feeling towards foreigners, and deep resentment is both felt and manifested at any possible interference with the right divine to govern wrong which the Moorish authorities claim. It is pitiful to see how the antagonism between the Christian Powers enables the Moors to make good this right. Not merely does open antagonism exist, but what looks like bad faith seems to have been practised. If not expressly, yet tacitly was it agreed that nothing should be done in Morocco by either France or Germany to alter the *status quo*. Yet concessions are reported to have been made to German subjects and a loan has been granted to the Sultan, the effect of which would be to place Morocco under the wing of Germany, to the prejudice of the other powers concerned and especially of France. These assertions have been met with denials of the responsibility of the German government in the matter. The effect of these reports, however, has been to impair the mutual confidence that should exist between the two governments on the point of entering into friendly arrangements.

France.

The affairs of France have been so interwoven with those of Germany and of Morocco, that there is little more to say about them, especially as the Senate and the Assembly are in recess. The visit to Portsmouth of the French Fleet has ratified the *entente cordiale* with Great Britain, and the warmth with which the French sailors were received seems to show that it has that support of the people which is required in order to give it such stability as political arrangements are capable of possessing. When it is remembered that

this *entente* has been made between two peoples who have been nearly always in opposite camps, everywhere competitors and rivals, even in modern times, to say nothing of the Middle Ages, at war with one another, both at land and on sea, for some two hundred years, great satisfaction must be felt at the new state of things; and hope may be felt that the good work which has been begun, notwithstanding this multitude of difficulties, may be permanent and fruitful. The Anglo-French Agreement of April 8, 1904, not only disposed of all actual points of conflict between the two Powers, but also prepared the way for the removal of possible causes of friction. The spirit in which England has supported France against Germany in the question of Morocco has given an additional strength to the Agreement. France finds herself at the present time, especially after the conclusion of peace between Russia and Japan, in a relatively secure position. She is allied to Russia, and the war, so far from having weakened the alliance, seems to have strengthened it; she is on the best of terms with Italy, friendly with Spain, and still more so with England. Germany wanted to enter into an alliance with her, but asked too high a price. The conduct of the German Emperor has dissipated the dream of an *entente* between the two countries, and has caused a revival of the national spirit which had been slumbering. Whatever France may have been in the past, at the present time the supreme desire of the vast majority of the people is for peace. They cherished the notion that they had only to have the desire and the result would be secure. Now they have come to see that they are not alone in the world, that there is another nation whose desire for peace is not so strong. The affair of Morocco has revealed the real nature of the situation. The country is pulling itself together and preparing for the worst.

Norway and Sweden.

The unwonted event of two nations who have been united for a long time agreeing to separate without going to war seems to be about to take place. At the beginning it was taken for granted that there would be no war; but as the negotiations proceeded a question arose

which seemed likely to bring it on. Whether through the good sense of the statesmen and people of Norway and Sweden, or through their willingness to listen to the friendly counsels of others, the danger has been averted by a compromise. The point at issue was the dismantling by Norway of certain forts in which she had spent large sums of money. By the terms of settlement some of these forts are to be dismantled, while others are left as at present. A very remarkable feature in the series of events which has led to the separation is the fact that it has been the weaker power which has been the most peremptory and self-assertive. Yet not with passion. Norway seems to have been deliberate and cool and yet determined. It is very doubtful whether history records an instance in which such perfect unanimity existed as Norway manifested for the separation. And yet there are many dangers involved and, to outsiders, few advantages to be gained. Both powers are weaker and each may become more easily the prey of more powerful neighbors. That a union of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark may be brought about seems the best thing for the well-being in the future of each of the three.

Austria-Hungary.

The settlement of the differences between Austria and Hungary seems no nearer; in fact, the divergence of views seems to have grown. The Fejervary government seems to have tried to "dish" the Coalition—if we may use Disraeli's expression. In place of the restricted suffrage which now exists, it proposed to introduce universal manhood suffrage on an educational basis, the vote to be extended to all Hungarian citizens, irrespective of race, who can read and write in any language. The object of this proposal was to provide a popular anti-coalition campaign platform and to dissolve with this as an election cry, thus diverting the attention of the people from the issues which have given to the Coalition its strength. The Magyars have been so far unwilling to make so great an extension of the suffrage. The Socialists and the non-Magyar races gave a hearty assent to this programme. But the government seems to have reckoned without the Emperor. He has refused to listen to such a proposal, and the government in con-

sequence has resigned. The outlook is even more serious than before. The Coalition has entered upon an illegal course—it has constituted itself in place of the government into a Committee of Public Safety. Among other things it has instructed the County Assemblies to pay officials, who have been suspended by the government for violation of duty, out of the taxes collected for other purposes. Passive resistance is being made throughout the country, both in regard to the payment of taxes and to the enrollment of recruits. Altogether the prospect is very dark.

Spain.

Spain has been the scene of some strange and lawless proceedings.

Owing to a failure of the crops large numbers of the peasants in many districts are starving. The farms have been attacked and cattle carried off; much private property has been destroyed. In many districts flocks of sheep were carried off by night. When arrests were made, all the peasants in the neighborhood hurried to the police and declared that they were all equally guilty. They were in fact all eager to go to prison, for there they were sure of having food. The prisons became so full that there was no more room. The government then, at last, took measures to keep the starving alive.

New Books.

LETTERS OF ST.
CATHERINE.
By Scudder.

In the preface to her admirable biography of St. Catherine of Siena,* written some eighteen years ago, Augusta Drane took occasion to lament that neither the Dialogue

nor the Letters of the Seraphic Virgin had yet been put within reach of English readers. In 1896 Mr. Thorold presented us with an excellent version of the famous Dialogue; this present year witnesses the publication of a volume of the Saint's Letters, Englished by Vida Scudder; and among the numerous valuable additions made to our spiritual literature by authors and translators within the last score of years, these two books—perhaps Miss Scudder's volume in particular—must be assigned a place of the very first importance.

To become familiar with the three books just mentioned—*The Life, The Letters, and The Dialogue*—is to have largely made up for lack of acquaintance with the original sources from which knowledge of St. Catherine must be drawn by the historian and the student. The three authors write from three very different points of view. Miss Drane—who was a Dominican nun, in fact, a superioress—constructed a history which is admitted to be one of the completest and most generally satisfactory hagiographies in the language. Mr. Thorold, a student of Catholic mysticism, extended to the reader an exceptionally good opportunity to become familiar with the details of St. Catherine's inner spiritual experience. And from the non-Catholic professor of literature in Wellesley College we now receive a volume of which we may say that it is an almost indispensable supplement to the work of Mother Drane.

To ponder carefully the contents of these three books should be a labor of love to every Catholic appreciative of the spiritual possibilities entailed by the Christian vocation. Probably, even on the mere human side, the lessons to be learned, and the inspiration sure to be received, would well repay an earnest effort to enter into the mind and heart of this extraordinary woman. What Miss Scudder has gained from St. Cathe-

* *St. Catherine of Siena as seen in her Letters.* Translated and Edited with Introduction by Vida D. Scudder. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton [& Co.

rine is in evidence on every page of her book. And the fact that she has thus profited by contact with the subject of her study may well be a motive to readers for the undertaking of what, under other circumstances, might be regarded as an impossible task, namely, to gather light and strength and courage for our twentieth century struggles out of the recorded thoughts and deeds of an Italian mystic of five hundred years ago.

The introduction, prefatory notes, and tables with which the present collection is enriched, form a very welcome aid toward an intelligent appreciation of the saint and her teachings. Catherine's interests were wide in their sweep, and wide is the view of her life which the editor presents for our contemplation. "She was a woman of personal charm and of sympathies passionately wide, and she gathered around her friends and disciples from every social group in Italy, not to speak of many connections found with people in other lands. She wrote to prisoners and outcasts; to great nobles and plain business men; to physicians, lawyers, soldiers of fortune; to kings and queens and cardinals and popes; to recluses pursuing the Beatific Vision; and to men and women of the world plunged in the lusts of the flesh and governed by the pride of life. . . . Temperaments of every type are to be met in her pages—a sensitive poet troubled by 'confusion of thought' deepening into melancholia; a harum-scarum boy, in whose sunny joyousness she discerns the germ of supernatural grace; vehement sinners, fearful saints. Religious recluses deceived by self-righteousness, and men of affairs devoutly faithful to sober duty. Catherine enters into every consciousness" (Introduction, pp. 3-4).

And it is bare justice to add that into this many-sided mental life of the saint, Miss Scudder has been able to enter with such intelligent sympathy that even in this land and age her success deserves to be called remarkable. We dare say that of those within the fold who receive illumination from the scene of Catherine struggling vainly against insurmountable obstacles to the progress of the religious ideals so dear to her soul, many will be indebted in no little degree to the discerning sense and the outspoken style displayed in such passages as the following:

"It has been claimed that Catherine, a century and a half later, would have been a Protestant. Such hypotheses are always futile to discuss; but the view hardly commends itself to the careful student of her writings. It is suggested, naturally

enough, by her denunciations of the corruptions of the Church, denunciations as sweeping and penetrating as were ever uttered by Luther; by her amazingly sharp and outspoken criticism of the popes; and by her constant plea for reform. The pungency of all these elements in her writings is felt by the most casual reader. But it must never be forgotten that honest and vigorous criticism of the Church Visible is, in the mind of the Catholic philosopher, entirely consistent with loyalty to the sacerdotal theory. There is a noble idealism that breaks in fine impatience with tradition and audaciously seeks new symbols wherein to suggest for a season the eternal and imageless truth. But perhaps nobler in the sight of God—surely more conformed to his methods in nature and history—is that other idealism which patiently bows to the yoke of the actual and endures the agony of keeping true at once to the heavenly vision and to the imperfect earthly form. Iconoclastic zeal against outworn or corrupt institutions fires our facile enthusiasm. Let us recognize also the spiritual passion that suffers unflinchingly the disparity between the sign and the thing signified, and devotes its energies not to discarding but to restoring and purifying that sign. Such passion was Catherine's.

"The most distinctive trait in the woman's character was her power to cling to an ideal verity with unfaltering faithfulness, even when the whole aspect of life and society around her seemed to give that verity the lie. To imagine her without faith in the Visible Church, and the God-given authority of the Vicar of Christ, is to imagine another woman. Catherine of Siena's place in the history of minds is with Savonarola, not with Luther" (Introduction pp. 15-16).

Miss Scudder's translation is finely made; and, in the passages we have compared with the original, is perfectly faithful. A more readable version could hardly have been attempted. The omission of all indication as to the sources drawn upon is, to some extent, excusable in a book intended for the general public rather than for the critical student; yet, on certain points, there is a dearth of information apt to embarrass even the ordinary reader. It would have been well, for instance, to make known that the letters here published constitute but a third of the whole number extant. And if, as may be presumed, it is the classical text of Gigli which the translator used, it would seem fair enough to expect a mention of his

name. Again, since in some minor details Miss Scudder's judgment differs from that of Burlamacchi, to whose notes every student of *The Letters* is so largely indebted, the present edition ought to indicate the extent to which it does or does not depend on the labors of the learned Jesuit. We make these suggestions, while at the same time keeping in mind that the work done on this translation has been both painstaking and effective, and our words are dictated less by the wish to be exacting than by respect for the class of conscientious scholars to which Miss Scudder herself belongs. Indeed, we sincerely hope that no future student of the great Sieneſe ſaint will fail to attribute to the preſent editor that well earned meed of remembrance and honor which, according to our ſuggeſtion, ſhould have been a little more in evidence for thoſe earlier laborers in the ſame field.

HEALTH AND HOLINESS. An eſſay * on an aſcetical ſubject by the poet Francis Thompson is an event to arouſe great expectations. And the reading of the

eighty pages, which is the too narrow compaſs of the little work, answers thoſe expectations, leaving abundance of delight over and above. Full of ſuggeſtion, overruled by ſanity and ſenſe, and ſo charmingly written as to make one deſpair of ever turning an Engliſh ſentence well for the reſt of one's life, it is nothing ſhort of a gem, and very little ſhort of a classic. Its theſis looks dangerous at firſt; for it is a plea for lenient dealing with the body in modern aſceticism. But as one perceives the underlying thought, one comes to underſtand that theſe ſeductive pages are not a feeble wail for the beggar's alms of laxity, but rather a ſound claim of common ſenſe on behalf of ſtrong wills and clear heads which can hardly inhabit bodies of diſeaſed nerves and deranged ſtomachs. Mr. Thompson's ſarcaſm is not only keen, but, what is better, it is juſt, when he ſhows up the unwiſdom of imitating what holy folks of three, five, or ten centuries ago were in the habit of doing. This he calls "red-tape aſceticism"; the ſort that makes no allowance for changes in phyſique, temperament, cli-

* *Health and Holineſs.* A Study of the Relations between Brother Aſs the Body and his Rider the Soul. By Francis Thompson. With a Preface by Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

mate, or civilization, but blindly adopts penances which had no harmful effects on the "giants in those days," who did not know the existence of nerves, but which nowadays produce frequently enough anæmic bodies and giddy brains wherein, sooner or later, it will be hard for cheerfulness, charity, patience, and good-nature to dwell. There is in this some truth that needed telling, is there not? Mr. Thompson would have us turn our ascetical potencies toward the strengthening of the will. A most excellent counsel and one that we regret he did not develop at greater length. If in later editions he will add a few pages to this side of his subject—the constructive side, after all—he will put us under obligations that we should find it hard to meet. We wish a wide reading for this brochure, both among lovers of literature and lovers of prayer.

THE BYZANTINE CHURCH. Père Pargoire's historical sketch of the Byzantine Church* is as readable a volume as one could well pick up. It deals with the religious life of the Eastern Empire during the three momentous centuries from Justinian to St. Methodius. It is not an inspiring period of history, whether civil or ecclesiastical. Decadence had settled upon the East; patriotism was dead there—never was it a strong Byzantine virtue; heresy threatened; superstition invaded. But throughout the people remained the same; care-free, luxurious, prone to lasciviousness—the Parisians of the Orient. P. Pargoire fills this stage with very life-like figures and invests with genuine human interest a rather mournful drama, that for most readers of history is a by-play seldom glanced at. Every element that bears upon religious conditions finds a place in the book; Mass, the divine office, monasticism, the sacraments, prayer, heresies, the clergy, the struggles with paganism and Islam, the place of the Roman See, and many other topics. Each is treated rather briefly, of course, but nevertheless with enough detail to give one a fair impression of the subject, and with sufficient references to the sources, to enable one to follow up the matter more extensively if one should so wish.

True spiritual religion had hard work to maintain itself in the Byzantine world. Gross superstition was forever at its

* *L'Eglise Byzantine de 527 à 847.* Par le R. P. Pargoire. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

heels, and grosser worldliness and fleshliness were not far off. Think of a congregation raising a riot in church because Mass was sung too slowly; or of profligates telling you that they felt safe because they had ducked their heads so many times to an icon! Yet such as these were not uncommon occurrences, and even worse symptoms of unhealthiness could be cited. But, on the other hand, there were many who understood the true, spiritual meaning of prayer, and lived in that decaying society, as illustrious witnesses to Christ. How life went on, good and bad, serious and silly, under the successors of Constantine, is a strangely interesting study with many a side-light on Eastern conditions, and especially religious conditions of to-day. P. Pargoire has put us in his debt for describing it so acutely and with so much of the old-fashioned chronicler's wit and charm.

THE GRACE OF SACRAMENTS.

By Alexander Knox.

The Anglican Archbishop of York has edited two treatises,* one on Baptism, the other on the Eucharist, written a century ago by the Irishman, Alexander Knox. Knox was a layman, but devoted a rather solitary life chiefly to the study of theology, and wrote much in exposition and defense of the Church of England. His patristic reading was extensive; his style stately; his piety sincere. In the two studies comprised in this volume he holds to much more of Catholic teaching than most of his fellow-churchmen do to-day probably; but there are, of course, many "Roman" views from which he strongly dissents. Students of historical theology will find the book useful and suggestive.

MORALITY IN FRANCE.

By Clodius Piat.

This little brochure † of fifty odd pages has for its ostensible purpose to prove that the atheistical attempt to destroy the Christian bases of morality in France must prove injurious to the nation. An easy task, and as useless as easy. *Cui bono?* All

* *The Grace of Sacraments.* Being Treatises on Baptism and the Eucharist. By Alexander Knox. Edited, with a Preface, by William Maclagan, Archbishop of York. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *La Morale Chrétienne et La Moralité en France.* Par Clodius Piat, Professeur à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

Christians are convinced of this truth, and nobody dreams that the cohorts of infidelity will pay any attention to argument. Accordingly, we look for some ulterior purpose prompting Professor Piat's pen. We find it in the end of his pamphlet, where he becomes eminently practical. With the circumspection which prudence dictates, he tells his fellow-clerics that it is false and foolish to point to the malice of the enemy as the total cause of the unfortunate present condition. There is a correlative cause within: "What has ruined, for a time, the cause of religion, is that the clergy, relying on its past, has not soon enough realized the necessity of renovating and strengthening the exposition of religious doctrine." There has been no notice taken of the progress of science, and the few defenders of the Church who were alive to the situation have been treated as disloyal to the past. The most crying need of the hour, in any effective opposition to the forces that are overwhelming religion is, argues the professor, "a revolution in clerical studies that will ensure to the clergy a thorough modern education"; at all costs this must be realized, "unless we wish to see Catholicism utterly lose its hold and dwindle into liturgy."

ETHICS OF FORCE.

By Warner.

This earnest little volume* is, in revised form, a series of papers, read by the author to the Ethical Club of Washington, about the time of the Spanish-American War. Mr. Warner, a veteran of the Civil War, lodges a protest in the name of reason and of Christianity against the lawfulness of war. In his initial chapters he examines, from the evolutionary standpoint, the part which physical courage, as far as it prompts to offensive and defensive combat with our fellows, has played in the drama of human development. He points out that the field for the play of this quality, and the concomitant appreciation of the heroism of which it is the main constituent, has been gradually restricted with the advance of civilization; and this process of depreciation will go on till at length the popular admiration still bestowed upon it will entirely cease. Patriotism has hitherto been fostered chiefly by this admiration of physical courage, and both together have, along with selfishness, contributed to

* *The Ethics of Force.* By H. E. Warner. Published for The International Union. Boston: Ginn & Co.

the estimate that war is a necessary and an honorable, as well as, frequently, a profitable, function of national life. With the advance of enlightenment, however, this narrow patriotism will widen into something larger and nobler—"Let us call it fellowship, if you please, brotherhood, humanism, enthusiasm of humanity, civilization, Christianity, for it will be the fruition of that Christianity taught by the Master." Examining the question, Can war be defended by the authority of the Master, Mr. Warner shows that war is opposed to the spirit of the Gospel. When, however, he seems to conclude that war is always wrong, he does not keep in view the fact that to present an ideal and to absolutely prohibit everywhere, and always, something that could not co-exist with the realization of that ideal are two different things. Although the book is somewhat academic in tone, it is worth reading; and no reader will fail to experience a response to the purpose of the author, which is "to provide some stimulus for further effort and fresher hope for the race."

**STUDIES IN POSITIVE
THEOLOGY.
By Batiffol.**

Mgr. Batiffol's work* on the Holy Eucharist is one of the most important studies from a Catholic pen that has appeared in recent years.

It deals with a subject which is not only in itself of grave importance, but has been of late the centre of a remarkably energetic controversy among students of the New Testament and the apostolic age. For, let us say at once, Mgr. Batiffol studies the Eucharistic mystery as it is found in the New Testament, and as it appears in the history of theology down to the final formulation of Transsubstantiation. What happened at the Last Supper? is a question that critics like Hoffmann, Holtzmann, Spitta, Wernle, Weizsaecker, and Jülicher have been trying to answer for the past five years in articles, brochures, and reviews without number. From a purely critical point of view the question is beset with the most harassing difficulties, owing to the variations in the sacred record. The very day on which the Last Supper took place is exceedingly hard to determine. And then the questions of what is the primitive tradition; what is

* *Études d'Histoire et de Théologie Positive*. Deuxième Série: *L'Eucharistie, la Présence Réelle, et la Transsubstantiation*. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

the result of redaction; what is free elaboration; what help can we get from the notion of the pasch; what is the connection of the Eucharist with our Lord's death; in what relation does it stand to his second coming; and a score besides of similar queries throng about the student as soon as he begins his investigations, and may well baffle and perplex him. In the course of the researches made by modern critics, many extravagant and untenable theories have, of course, been advanced, and these Mgr. Batiffol treats as they deserve. When, for example, a serious man will put forth the opinion that our Lord did not institute the Eucharist, but that St. Paul invented it as an adaptation from the Eleusinian mysteries which he had observed near Corinth, it takes all the charity one can summon up to deal with so outrageous and unfounded a view with patience. Wild conjectures of this sort it is which have cast suspicion upon the noble science of biblical criticism. Let us hope that we shall soon have an end of them.

Of Mgr. Batiffol's scholarship we need not speak. He is a man of eminent attainments in New Testament and apostolic history, and his place is among the best of the specialists in that line. He is thoroughly critical in method, and has a rare command of the vast literature of his own and cognate subjects. We found him a very satisfying author in all but his treatment of the eschatological side of the Eucharist. To what do the words "*non bibam amodo de hoc genimine vitis*," etc., refer if not to the Parousia? And if they refer to the Parousia, they have an importance far greater than this work allows them. This is too grave a matter to be put off with the question: "Even supposing that the expectation of the Parousia is the essential element in primitive Christianity, why should this faith have to be expressed by a common meal?" And in answer to Hoffmann, who says: "*La foi eschatologique au Messie Jésus est la cause et le but du repas; on vent attendre ensemble la parousie du Seigneur*"; we have words that do not fit in well with the general dignity of this work. We think that Hoffmann's statement is a bit clumsy, and perhaps does not exactly express his mind; still it should not be met with: "*A ce compte, les premiers Chrétiens auraient dû rester éternellement à table.*"

In pursuing the history of eucharistic doctrine and theology, from the *Didachè* to Paschosius Radbert, Mgr. Batiffol

gives us work of splendid merit. It is an immense field to cover, but his condensation is masterly and his objective attitude beyond reproach. There is not in the history of dogma a more interesting chapter than this which tells of the various formulations through which this doctrine has passed. Now it is stated in terms of realism, now of symbolism, in one Father monophysically in another diphysically, until the Lateran Council of 1215 canonized, so to speak, the term Transsubstantiation, and fixed the language of theology fast and firm. And few dogmatic terms ever brought peace to a more agitated or long-continued debate. We recommend Mgr. Batiffol's book cordially. Every student of theology or church history should have it and should study it.

STORIES ON THE CREED. Miss Fogg's little volume of stories and incidents illustrating the articles of the Apostles' Creed *
By Fogg. deserves a very cordial welcome.

Our Catholic literature in this field is so scant that we do not now recall any similar work in English; although there is perhaps nothing that catechists feel a greater need for than attractive works which convey dogmatic truths under forms of the imagination. We remember to have once read the Anglican Archdeacon Neale's stories on the Creed, and we feel sure that his book, which had a widespread circulation, is inferior to this charming volume before us. These sketches are short and simple; they skilfully suggest the doctrine to be inculcated; they are vivid and compel attention; and, best of all, they are pervaded with a delicate and unobtrusive piety which gives to this book the unusual merit of allowing the heart its proper share in the understanding of Christian faith. The use of a work like this will provide older children with several happy illustrations of the main points of belief, will suggest arguments suited to their years for even defending their religion, and will move them to be more devout in practising it. In external appearance the book is so beautiful as to furnish a lesson in good taste to every child that reads it.

* *Credo; or, Stories Illustrative of the Apostles' Creed.* By Mary Lape Fogg. Boston: The Angel Guardian Press.

JULIA.

By Katharine Tynan.

In this pleasant, entertaining story of contemporary Irish life* Mrs. Hinkson departs from conventional lines. In it we breathe an air of cheerfulness, unmarred by scenes of poverty, hunger, or strife. The malevolent influences that mar the smooth course of true love in it are provided by no more tragic factor than the slanderous gossip of a spiteful woman. There are, of course, the landlord, the agent, and the tenant. But the agent is an all-round good fellow; and we are almost as much interested in the love of his daughter for her big, generous Englishman, as we are in that of Julia, the heroine, for her distant kinsman, Sir Mortimer. Julia, a tenant-farmer's daughter, marries the titled young landlord, who is a heretic into the bargain. Yet the county families do not treat the match as a *mésalliance*; and, more wonderful still, it has been promoted by the parish priest—an admirer of the late Father Dolling, by the way—although the young lady had already “entered” the convent in the hope of a black veil. “He had never,” to be sure, “been one for urging girls into convents. Like most priests, he desired rather that they should marry and give children to the world, and souls to the Church.”

Under the cunning hand of Mrs. Hinkson the story develops so easily and plausibly that these seeming improbabilities never tax the credulity of the reader. All the characters, too, are drawn with strong individuality, while everywhere one notices the deft touches which indicate that the writer, in her portrayal of her people and their manners and ways of thought, is not serving up second-hand experience.

REFORMATION AND RENAISSANCE.

By Stone.

The very title of this volume† will suggest to even the casual reader of history questions, movements, causes, and effects almost without number. They are questions and movements that for almost the last four hundred years have been the bitterly debated ground, not only of history, but also in great measure of religion. Happily the ground is being cleared little by little. Claims once most obstinately advanced

* *Julia*. By Katharine Tynan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

† *Reformation and Renaissance*. By J. M. Stone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

and defended, because they were thought to be essentially allied to fundamental truths, and hence *à priori* must be defended, are found untenable in the light of absolute historical truth. Proud boasts, long and loudly heralded as legitimate protests, by the advocates of certain religious tenets, because it was only on such protests their religion could rest, must now be hushed, for truth has shown that they have no place. Workers on every side are bringing the past before present eyes, and the past contains both rich and glorious treasures and worthless and merely earthen vessels.

Among such workers we may include, with a note of enthusiastic praise, the author of the present volume. Miss Stone is well known through her excellent *Mary the First, Queen of England*, and the present volume deserves an equally encouraging recognition. Covering such an extensive period of time—1377–1610—and dealing with so many world-wide movements, that have not yet by any means exhausted themselves, the volume must be deficient in many ways. It is necessarily limited in its treatment and innumerable volumes have been written on what here are chapters. Nevertheless, correct historical estimates are not necessarily a matter of pages. For the vast majority of human kind historical events and historical men must be presented definitely, in small compass, and Miss Stone's work is a book for the majority. This does not mean that it is carelessly done or incorrect. Rather it is accurate, it is scholarly, it evidences a most extensive reading in unquestionable authorities, and it presents a question or an individual in a fair, unprejudiced way.

The author's treatment of the Reformation and the Renaissance are quite distinct. By the distinct treatment which she is necessarily compelled to give them, it is shown that one was not the outcome nor the result of the other; that Protestantism was not the outcome of, nor demanded by, the new learning; that Catholicism was not aided or necessarily depraved by it.

The beginnings of the unfortunate days of schism and heresy, for the Church, are placed from the time of the seizure of Rome by Louis of Bavaria and the residence of Clement V. at Avignon. That exile and captivity of the Papacy, and afterwards the schism of the West, threw its shadow over all Europe, and, practically, was never to be lifted. "Wyclifism," we are told, "is certainly coeval with the rise of Protestantism in Eu-

rope." Yet England, in spite of her complaints against many of the actions of the Holy See, complaints oftentimes amply justifiable, was never illogical enough to confound two orders of truths. Here Miss Stone expresses very well a judgment similar to that given by Abbot Gasquet in his latest volume. Miss Stone writes:

But in the midst of much general confusion, ideas were nevertheless clearly defined on certain points, and no amount of discontent with the levying of taxes argued opposition to any doctrine of the Church or revolt from the spiritual authority of the Pope. Heresy was practically unknown in England until the middle of the fourteenth century, and appeals to Rome were frequent, as to the highest tribunal on earth. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that England at any time previous to the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, was ever anti-Papal. The freedom and rights of the English Church had been guaranteed by Magna Charta, and remained unfringed until they were taken away by Henry VIII. Often tried almost to the snapping-point, the dissatisfaction of Englishmen with the temporal administration of the papal government had nothing whatever to do with their belief in the Pope as supreme head of the Church on earth, and to them the *temporal* occupant of the Holy See, so often accused of treating England as a "milch cow," was a distinct personage from the Successor of Peter, holding the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The distinction, of course, must be handled delicately, for the man in the street is oftentimes ruled by feeling and not by reason and—the bonds did snap.

Tendencies and movements are illustrated and made plain by their principal representatives. Wyclit's most well-merited title, according to Miss Stone, is that of "Morning Star of the Reformation," and this not only for England, but also for Europe. His doctrines were brought by Jerome of Prague into Bohemia and defended and propagated there by Hus. They spread to Germany also. The need of reform in the Church, both in England and throughout the Continent, is clearly shown by the author, both in general statement and in the detailed pictures presented, which oftentimes speak volumes. That the power of reformation was within the Church herself is shown by the saintly men and women, the eager reformers, who not

only lived, but who worked energetically, to achieve it and in part succeeded.

Riches do not necessarily imply corruption, but it must be confessed that with growing opulence the monks had acquired generally a taste for refinement and luxury altogether at variance with the spirit of their founder. A prince-abbot in armor, attended by armed retainers in camp and at court, was a distinct contradiction of the idea and intention of St. Benedict, no less than the sight so often presented to the public gaze of a monk dressed like a fine gentleman, and surrounded by pomp, splendor, and magnificence. Nevertheless, if the picture is a black one, the purple patches are singularly brilliant in places, and a general survey of religious communities in Germany, before and at the time of the Reformation, reveals a condition of things, if not exemplary, yet not exceptionally bad. . . . Physicians were not wanting to lay their fingers on the wounds and to say "Thou ailest here, and here."

Among these physicians were, in Germany, such men as Geiler and Wimpfeling. The former's sermons and instructions are of particular value in learning what was then popularly taught concerning faith and indulgences.

Such men as these would hardly be popular favorites in any age, but all the best and noblest among their contemporaries understood and valued them as they deserved. To themselves they seemed to fail, and it is true that all their efforts were unavailing to avert the catastrophe which overwhelmed their country a few years later. But it is impossible not to see in each Catholic reformer that principle of vitality ever at work in the Church, producing men of the necessary fibre to testify to her divine mission in every crisis of the world's history.

Savonarola in Italy was another reformer, and

if the calm reasoning and stern appeals of a Geiler von Kaisenburg had been almost ineffectual to rouse the dormant sense of religion in the Teuton mind, Savonarola's eloquence worked wonders on the more sensitive Tuscan temperament.

The catastrophe came, caused by moral laxity in places high and low, social injustices that begot poverty and unrest and

anarchy; the spirit of revolution to seize property and make it one's own. Luther in Germany; Henry VIII. and Elizabeth in England; Knox in Scotland; Calvin in France; are all extensively treated. We are tempted to give further quotations, but space does not permit of them. But we must add the conclusion of the chapter on "The Catholic Revival:."

Arts, crafts, and inventions of all kinds are a means not an end in themselves, and the Church is not pledged to Mediævalism, or to the Renaissance, or to any phase. But she takes all phases as they come before her, and uses them inasmuch as they serve her purpose. She has a work to do for the souls of men as they pass through the world to eternity, and she is straitened till that work be accomplished. Creatures of a day criticise her at the bar of their own particular judgment, judging her by the blurred lights of their private judgment. And the generation that has judged her passes away, and is succeeded by another, which, as often as not, cancels the verdict of its predecessor and substitutes one equally fallible; and so on through the ages. Meanwhile all the generations of men disappear, and the Church remains to the end of the world, because she is the pillar and ground of the truth, is informed by the Spirit of God, and is the earthly tabernacle of the Holy Ghost.

We trust that this notice will lead our readers to procure and to study this important and very useful book, and if they are not able to get it for themselves, at least that they use their good offices to see that the local library procures the volume for its patrons.

THE CONGO QUESTION.

By Wack.

To the polemical literature that has come into being because of the Belgian administration of the Congo, Mr. Henry Wellington Wack, a member of the New York Bar, contributes a large and in many respects an important volume.* Mr. Wack holds a brief for the Belgian side, and while in some places he brings to his case a temper too warmly partisan, still in all fairness it must be said that his work successfully disposes of all the charges

* *The Story of the Congo Free State.* Social, Political, and Economic Aspects of the Belgian System of Government in Central Africa. By Henry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

brought against the Belgians, and closes a controversy which had its origin in rival commercial interests and anti-Catholic bigotry.

But apart from its value as a plea for the equity and wisdom of King Leopold's administration, the book has an interest which makes a strong appeal to the general reader. It is the story of the foundation and development of what promises to be a great state, a state unique in many ways and big with possibilities. Out of a group of savage tribes, many of whom were cannibals, and all warring with each other, holding sway over regions that in the aggregate had been known simply as the "Dark Continent," has been evolved this wonderful, peaceful, and united dominion, the Congo Free State. The regeneration, political and economic as well as religious, of this vast region has been accomplished in a little more than three decades by the indomitable perseverance, patience, and sagacity of the Belgians.

The men chosen by Leopold for this great work have shown themselves on the whole capable administrators and generally worthy of the confidence placed in them. Some mistakes were made in the beginning, and some of the officials were found to be cruel or incompetent; but these mistakes are all but inevitable in the beginnings of any great enterprise, and it is to the credit of Belgium that not one of these unworthy officers was retained in the service of the state, when the charges against him were established. And it is only on such grounds that a few merchants in the rubber trade in Liverpool, aided by the bigotry of people of the Exeter Hall type, have stirred up the muddy waters of controversy, that at one time threatened to become world-wide.

Mr. Wack has given careful study to every detail in the story of the marvels created in the Congo. Though he had not the advantage of personal acquaintance with the region and its conditions, he has been for over seven years a close student of affairs in the Congo Free State, and prepared himself for the writing of its history by several years of special research in all the documents relating to his subject. The archives of the Administration Office at Brussels were opened to him, and as a result, and quite apart from the controversial side, he gives the reader a wonderfully graphic picture of the upbuilding of a great state.

Africa is the "land of contrasts"; it might also be called the "land of the surprising." But we put this book down with the conviction that the work of the Belgian in the Congo is certainly among the first of the wonders, not alone of Africa, but of modern civilization. It is only equalled, perhaps, by what Lord Cromer has accomplished in Egypt and the Soudan, when for the first time in history, or rather, authentic history, English rule and English methods have made Egypt a solvent state, and accomplished this, too, with not greater, but largely diminished taxation. The fellah is no longer the prey of the tax-gatherer and the money lender; and this marvel is due entirely to the English condominium in Egypt. But justly equal to this wonderful achievement is the result already wrought by the Belgians in a region where civilization had to begin with its alphabet. And Mr. Wack has worthily written its history.

These two books* will be welcomed by all who are seriously interested in matters pertaining to ecclesiastical music, and particularly to the present discussion on plain chant.

For a number of years back, and more particularly since the issue of the *Instruction on Sacred Music*, in November, 1903, the Solesmes School of Plainsong has attracted much attention from choirmasters and music theorists. The claim this school makes of furnishing the most authentic copies of ancient chants, and the undisguised approval which his Holiness has given to it, by entrusting the preparation of the Vatican Edition of the Chant to the monks at Appuldurcombe, have led many musical scholars to investigate the principles and methods which guide the researches of these zealous Benedictines.

Plain Chant and Solesmes lets the reader into many of their secrets. The collaborateurs, Dom Cagin and Dom Mocquereau, have succeeded in producing a most interesting little volume. The former gives an historical sketch of the work accomplished at Solesmes since it was inspired and inaugurated there by Dom Guéranger; the latter takes for his theme the School of Solesmes, considering in turn, Its Critical Method; The History of a Neum; Evolution in Taste and Tradition. We heartily

* *Plain Chant and Solesmes*. By Dom Paul Cagin, O.S.B., and Dom André Mocquereau, O.S.B. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. *Grammar of Plainsong*. By the Benedictines of Stanbrook. London: Stanbrook Abbey, Worcester.

recommend this book to all who have been seeking light on the Solesmes methods.

This book, *A Grammar of Plainsong*, does not differ materially from the other grammars which have been already reviewed at some length in recent issues of this magazine. Perhaps it is not quite so bewildering as some other "clear and concise" grammars of plain chant which have come from the pens of Solesmes experts. But Solesmes notation, psalmody, and rhythm will always be confusing to the beginner; we think that much which is found in Solesmes books about these matters could be profitably omitted. An irrelevant chapter on the pronunciation of Latin consonants according to the Italian method is introduced. More instruction on the accompaniment of plain chant might be expected in a manual of this kind, but, withal, the work may be said to be useful and not altogether unworthy of the school it represents.

Old Times in the Colonies is the latest of the Educational Briefs published by the Superintendent of Parish Schools, Broad and Vine Streets, Philadelphia. The pamphlet was written by the Rev. H. T. Henry, Litt. D., and is reprinted from *The Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*. It is a criticism on a notoriously unfair book, *Old Times in the Colonies*. This criticism persuaded Dr. Brooks, Superintendent of the Philadelphia Public Schools, to withdraw the volume from a catalogue of books, proper for reading in the public schools, in which he had placed it. We hope it will persuade others, who read or give advice on what to read, to form a similar judgment. The pamphlet evidences extensive reading by the author, and is a little mine of information. Copies may be had without cost by writing to the Superintendent of Parish Schools at the address given above.

The Report of the Sixth Annual Meeting of the International Catholic Truth Society includes, besides a general review of the Society's labors for the past year, the complete address on "Truth and its Responsibilities" delivered at the meeting by Very Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, D.D.

The Pioneer Forecasters of Hurricanes, by Rev. Walter M. Drum, S.J., is an interesting and instructive pamphlet dealing with the astronomical, magnetic, and meteorological work of the Royal College of Belén, in Havana, since 1857.

We have received from the Northern Pacific Railway *Wonderland*, a book that reveals in prose and pictures the wonders of the Northwest. The book, we are informed, may be obtained by sending six cents to A. M. Cleland, St. Paul, Minn.

A series of reports worthy of special notice has been sent to us by the Association of Catholic Charities. The reports are encouraging and even inspiring, for they show in a very practical, evident way how Catholic charity extends to every channel of life. Here are included reports from Committees on Prison Work, Settlements, Girls' Clubs, Day Nurseries, Auxiliaries to St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, Hospitals, Sewing Classes, etc. Our own words of praise and encouragement go out to these enthusiastic workers.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of Brooklyn, has issued a special Golden Jubilee Report—1855-1905—which tells a most heroic story of charity.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has issued a copy of the famous photograph "General Grant and Party at Fort Sanders, Wyoming." Its time is 1867. The picture is remarkably good and exceptionally interesting. The Union Pacific offers to present it free to any one who applies for it.

"The Hard-Hearted Man," a play of merit by Seumas MacManus and Thomas O'Concannon, is published by M. H. Gill & Son, of London, in both English and Irish. It will interest English readers, and doubly interest those who are conversant with both English and Gaelic.

The Angel Guardian Press, of Boston, Mass., has issued an attractive hand-book entitled *The Christian Maiden*. The book is a translation from the German of Matthias von Bremscheid,

by the Young Ladies Sodality of Holy Trinity Church, Boston. The preface is written by Bishop Stang. The volume is particularly suitable for young girls.

The Macmillan Company has published in a small size, yet with large, clear type, an edition of *Danish Fairy Tales and Legends*, by Hans Christian Andersen. The translation is done by Caroline Peachey and H. W. Dulcken; the biographical and introductory notes by Sarah C. Brooks. The same company has issued a similar edition of *Longfellow's Hiawatha*. This includes extensive biographical and explanatory notes by Elizabeth J. Fleming. Both books are specially edited with a view to make them of educational value to the young.

The original complete Italian text with page-for-page English translation of the famous *Magellan's Voyage Around the World*, by Pigafetta, is soon to be published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio. The work is translated and edited with extensive notes by James A. Robertson, who assisted also in editing *The Jesuit Relations*. The advance sheets show careful and painstaking work in the translation and publication of this important historical document.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (19 Aug.): Dr. Felix de Backer publishes the first of a series of papers entitled: "Lourdes and the Doctors." The writer is a scientist of eminent European distinction. Dr. de Backer introduces his subject with a commentary on the proceedings of the Free-Thought Congress held recently at Rome. The "Miracles of Science" are discussed and the scientific outlook is shown to be most promising. However, in considering the growing man and his increasing glory, the Doctor asks, is man the principal or only the accessory? With Lamarck, with Bernard, Pasteur, and "all workers who think," he replies: "Naught has any value apart from its maker. The vessel is in the hands of the potter who formed it."—The spread of the missionary spirit among the Catholics of the United States is noticed as a welcome indication that a much needed work is being effectively undertaken.

(26 Aug.): An interesting account of the Catholic Missions in the Tonga or Friendly Islands is given by Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B. The progress made by the missionaries is shown, also the obstacles placed by a hostile legislation imposed upon the natives by Methodist political agents. Grant the Church full liberty of action, says the writer, and she will tell a story of future victories. —Dr. de Backer points out the differences between the miracles of Science and those of Faith. He hails the numerous, convincing, and startling cures performed at Lourdes and takes pleasure in substantiating these facts with medical recognition.

The Month (Sept.): Father Sidney F. Smith concludes his attempt to furnish a solution to the problem of evil.—Regarding the Benenden volume of Tudor songs and music, a great part of which is from the pen of Henry VIII., Mr. Rhys Pryce offers a conjectural explanation of how the book got to Benenden, in Kent, where it was discovered; and, in a half serious way, he finds in some of the pieces, an index to Henry's character in the earlier years of his reign, when, though already immoral,

he was still pious.—Mr. Karl Cherry gives a slight sketch, based on Father Louis Le Conte's *Memoirs and Observations*, of the Portuguese Jesuit, Father Verbiest, who, in the palmy days of the Society, became "President of the Mathematick," at the Imperial Court of Pekin. —The autobiographical paper of the late F. B. Lord, reviewing the path which led him from Anglicanism to Rome, is concluded.—The Countess de Courson summarizes the methods pursued in the anti-religious campaign of French Freemasonry, whose power and inclination for evil are such as would scarcely be credited by those "who belong to countries where Freemasonry is a philosophical and philanthropic institution."—The reviewer has some hard things to say about a devotional work on the Blessed Virgin, recently published in New York: "We can," he writes, "conceive hardly anything more likely to tell adversely, in the long run, upon devotion to the Mother of God than books of this class."

The Church Quarterly Review (July): An article on the late Canon Liddon gives an attractive picture of Liddon's candor of mind and earnestness of spirituality. He was grievously troubled in his later life by the progress of higher criticism within the Church; although, with characteristic nobility, he recognized the good faith and good will of the men devoted to such views.—A study of the fourth Gospel takes issue with Wendt's theory of the composite authorship of the Gospel.—A biographical sketch of Burne-Jones is interesting.—An essay on the early Christian Society discusses the inner life of the first Christian communities. The "breaking of bread" was a "feast of thanksgiving, a Eucharist, and one of the visible signs of the unity of the early Christian body."—The Anglican Church in Ireland, according to another paper, has recently been confronted with a serious financial embarrassment, but the recent formation of an "auxiliary fund" promises to relieve the situation.—The other articles are on Anglicanism in Newfoundland, George Ridding, first bishop of Southwell, and on some features of recent English history.

Études (20 Aug.): Victor Loiselet tells what the Church thinks of public debates on religious topics. First comes an

historical review of the most famous meetings of this nature, *viz.*, St. Augustine in discussion with the Donatists, St. Dominic in Languedoc, the Diet of Worms, and the many colloquies that followed during the sixteenth century. Upon these the writer says the Church has not looked with favor. Alexander IV. prohibited the laity from arguing on matters of faith under pain of excommunication. In 1625 colloquies with the heretics were entirely forbidden. This decree of the Congregation of the Propaganda was brought up a few years ago to prevent debates between Catholics and the Socialists of Italy, the latter being regarded as heretical on account of their erroneous views of marriage, rights of property, origin of authority, etc. The writer is rather distrustful of all these discussions, and thinks it a wise plan to follow carefully the rulings of Church authorities in all such matters.

La Revue Apologétique (16 Aug.): "The Duties and Rights of the Apologist," by A. de Lapparent. The writer first points out in what way science affects religion. He protests against the various attempts made in the name of science to tear away all religious belief, and with equal force condemns churchmen who have been too eager in their attacks against true science. The apologist's first duty is to be well-informed; secondly, to have a tolerant and judicious spirit. The rights of the apologist do not remain exclusively in the defensive field. He must occasionally act on the offensive, in correcting error, in pointing out the truth, and in making use of science in the cause of religion. The science of apologetics has become a necessity, the writer maintains, from the fact that religious truth has not shown itself to be susceptible of rigorous intellectual demonstration as are the theorems of geometry or algebra; consequently, it is the aim of this science to point out incentives and motives that will lead men to a rational belief in God and religion.

La Quinzaine (16 Aug.): Imperialism, according to G. Blondel, as it appears at the present day, has two elements, psychological and economic. The former appears in the eager desire of all nations to extend the boundaries of their possessions and acquire new territories. The eco-

conomic element which is becoming the more important may be seen in the intensity of industrial productions and in the necessity of finding new markets for these productions. England exhibits most strongly the eagerness to gain more possessions and to keep them all under control of the home government. In the vast industrial struggle the United States leads, and is so far in advance that Europe, and especially France, should be awake to the situation.

(1 Sept.): Maurice Beaufreton makes a plea for a more practical education of French girls. He suggests that the duties of mother and wife be more deeply impressed on the coming generation of girls. They should be taught how to cook healthy food, to look after the economic side of married life, to nurse the sick, to give their children proper physical and moral training, and for this last work, nothing will be of more use to them than a good course in pedagogy.—Henri Brémont reviews at length a novel by the Catholic novelist, Baron de Handel-Mazzetti. The book relates the adventures of a young Lutheran who, after many struggles and oppositions, renounced the faith of his parents and entered the true fold.

Revue Thomisté (Aug.): Summarizes from the *Revue du Clerge Français* an article by Ch. Urbain on the confessional. The obligation of secrecy was not always so rigorously understood as at present. The earliest commentators on the law of annual confession extended the divine obligation of secrecy not to every confidence given in the confessional, but only to the avowal accompanied with sincere repentance and made in view of absolution. Nor was it extended to crimes projected, and not yet committed. Sins entailing a diriment impediment and sins of heresy did not come under the law of secrecy, according to the earlier opinions; but little by little these opinions vanished. Some authors made an exception for the crime of *lèse-majesté*, and held that a priest should denounce a penitent guilty of it. On occasion of the Gunpowder Plot and Father Garnet's execution, the French theologians taught that he should have revealed the conspiracy without naming the conspirators; and in 1612 the Jesuits of Paris declared themselves in con-

formity with the teaching of the Sorbonne on this point. In 1594 Clement VIII. by decree suppressed the opinion of those who held that a superior could remove an official from his post in view of the latter's delinquencies revealed in confession.

Razón y Fe (Sept.): P. Villada publishes a retrospect of the work done by the review during its four years of existence and thanks its subscribers at home and abroad, especially in America.—P. Murillo writes on the Bible and says: The problem of the divine inspiration of the Bible is the centre toward which tend, and by means of which disappear, all conflicts between faith and science. If the Bible is an inspired book, every one of its assertions involves an affirmation of infallible truth, and every scientific position opposed to it is false. The Bible is, then, not a brief summary of passages strictly religious and dogmatic, but a vast field where, in addition to religious truths, there are whole sections of considerable size pertaining to every branch of human science. Twenty-five years ago Catholic writers agreed about the traditional opinion on biblical inspiration and its extension to every categorical sentence of the canonical writers. Since then some have attempted to restrict the extent of the inspired truth in Sacred Scripture. These, however, can be met both with arguments and with ecclesiastical decisions.—A reviewer comments unfavorably upon Dr. Künstle's discussion of the Three Witnesses passage, and says the discussion remains where it was left by Richard Simon and Franzelin. Criticism has added nothing substantial to Simon's statements, nor answered the arguments of Franzelin, and the apologists have not improved upon the position taken by the illustrious Cardinal.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Aug.): Exilon, discussing the proposition made by a Protestant Congress to omit from the course of biblical instruction the story of the Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, and the Tower of Babel, shows how by the new method of interpretation all the facts related in Scripture become so reasonable and instructive that no Protestant need ever consider it necessary to eliminate them from the programme of studies.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

PATRONS of the Study Club, which is one form of the Reading Circle Movement, have a kindly remembrance of the valuable service rendered to all workers for self-improvement by the State Librarian, Melvil Dewey. From his office at Albany, N. Y., many books have gone forth according to his plan of providing the traveling library for special studies, together with pamphlets containing suggestive programmes covering a wide range of subjects. Not less than three hundred study clubs were thus grouped together to strengthen the movement for university extension, and for the first time many inquiring readers began to examine the benefits presented by the sagacious management of the New York State Library. In other parts of the United States the same plan was adopted, so that librarians have been brought into more friendly relations with their readers, whether following lines of individual research or combined together in study clubs.

The Hon. Andrew S. Draper, LL.D., Commissioner of Education in the State of New York, discussed recently the educational purpose of the American nation before the National Educational Association. His address, now printed in pamphlet form, should be carefully considered on account of his commanding position as well as for the intrinsic merits of his argument. While Catholic citizens will accept with some legal reservations, to be settled only by a court of final appeal, his declaration of "fraternal regard" for denominational schools, they can fully appreciate his desire to bind together all the moral forces and all the intellectual activities of the different sects and parties for the upbuilding of the nation. In accordance with the policy already approved by his superior officers in the Board of Regents, Dr. Draper wishes to advance the intellectual welfare of the multitude by generous public aid for libraries and study clubs. The following quotation shows the broad range of his thought:

We hold all endowed institutions of learning as part of the public educational system of the country. We look upon private and proprietary institutions, if moved by correct influences and managed by proper methods, to be deserving of aid and commendation. We give to sectarian and denominational schools our fraternal regard and professional co-operation. We express our regret that any may think it necessary to decline the privileges of the public school system and maintain schools at their own expense, on conscientious grounds. If we cannot accept their thought, we will recognize sincerity wherever it is convincing. We will articulate, as far as we may, with every educational activity calculated to quicken the nation's moral sense or uplift the nation's intellectual life.

It is the overwhelming, and we believe the settled, American opinion that neither the federal power nor that of any state can sustain a business relation with, or give financial aid to, or divide its responsibility with, any class or interest not common to every citizen and every section; but that affords no ground for irritation between any class or sectional interest, on the one side, and any phase of the state or federal power on the other. Indeed, if the state cannot give its money to expensive work which enters into the building

of the nation, it may well give to that work the fullest measure of moral encouragement which may be welcome. In a word, we can give special aid to none as against another, but we will go to the verge of fundamental and constitutional principles, with all toleration of opinions and all true heartedness, to bind together all of the moral forces and all of the intellectual activities of all sects and parties for the further upbuilding of the nation.

We recognize the public obligations to afford information, to extend culture, and to aid self-improvement outside of the schools. There has been no more radiant sign of encouragement in our history, none, indeed, in any history, than the manifest eagerness of the adult masses for knowledge. We hold that sound policy will give to libraries and study clubs and all the means for study at home, an unstinted measure of generous public aid and encouragement. Whatever adds to the real enlightenment of the multitude, adds to the happiness, the strength, and the security of a republic which rests upon the common intelligence and equality of rights for all.

• • •

The ordinary reader of a newspaper seldom realizes the duty of writing to the editor of his favorite sheet, especially when there is reason to think that notable Catholic events have been slighted or entirely ignored. Some editors of New York City have shown a disposition to welcome criticisms of Catholic schools, even when anonymous, but never invite a competent writer to furnish a reliable and signed statement on a question requiring correct information with some knowledge of constitutional rights. Leading members of Catholic societies are expected to take a share of responsibility in this important matter by demanding a fair discussion of their convictions. The advice given by Archbishop Farley to a class of college graduates last June should be remembered for many days to come. His words were:

My presence here implies, I believe, the duty of saying a few words to you, and I will take your discourses as a text.

The first speaker, whose subject was "The Literature of Fact," the press, very properly reminded you and me that we are partly, at least, responsible for the character of the newspaper. We are told that the newspapers reflect in a great measure the lives we live. I am sure that if we made it plain that we did not relish certain kinds of matter, and that it was offensive to us, the papers would not print it. There is a duty upon you to correct this crying evil. The press of New York City is copied throughout the land to the lasting disgrace of this kind of literature.

I suggest that you take a stand against all that you think is offensive, that you let the editors know that you do not want it, and they will not print it. How can you let them know? In every parish of this city there are societies, each with hundreds of members. How easy it would be for the president or secretary of such societies to inform these editors that they will have none of it. If no attention is paid to such protest, then drop the subscriptions. Thirty years ago a paper attacked the Church, and within a short time lost 100,000 subscribers. From that time until now that paper has treated the Church fairly. You must protect the morals of your children and family by refusing support to such papers as offend our morals.

Young men, persevere in all that is good and honorable and don't fear

the sneers of those who say that Christian education has no place in the life of the world to-day. We say to them: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" You have learned of the objections brought against the Church, but her position on the question of education is now being taken up by those who tried to crush her. Non-Catholic colleges are making it to-day a condition of matriculation that students should have a knowledge of the Ten Commandments and of certain books of the Bible. This is due to the vigor of the Catholic Church.

Another question treated in one of your discourses was the sacredness of the marriage tie. Outsiders are realizing to-day, not, of course, as fully as we Catholics realize it, that divorce is corrupting the country. A continuance of this evil must surely lead to the downfall of the whole fabric of society. Our President, of whom we have a right to be proud, who holds in his hands the trust imposed in him by the 90,000,000 people of the United States, has come out strongly against divorce, and deplores the awful condition of society in this regard. I will go further and say that no President has ever had such a beneficial effect on family life as President Roosevelt. Not only does the President preach of the sacredness of the marriage tie, but he exemplifies it in his own life, and his own family stands as an example of what he thinks and says on this subject. Not only has the President agitated against the divorce evil, but the Cabinet has taken the question up. When the heads of our Government take up a problem of this grave nature, there can be no need for the people doubting that the question must be gravely considered, and we feel that much good will be done if effort is properly directed.

• • •

Constantine the Great is the latest in the Heroes of the Nations series, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, the thirty-ninth of the world's great men, specially dissected by quite mediocre writers. Except the *Christopher Columbus*, by Washington Irving, there is not one of the series so far that is not open to serious criticism. The aim in this series seems to have been to have each subject treated by some writer not an enthusiast and not likely to be too partial. The result is nobody will be enthused by any of them, nor accept them as standards. This *Constantine* is palpably written by a Protestant for Protestants. Indeed, in the preface he naïvely tells us he records the facts of the Council of Nice and the Arian Controversy "as I have seen them," and then tells he went for his view to Canon Bright's *Age of the Fathers* and to Grosvenor's *Constantinople* and the French works of Allard, Boissier, and Duruy. There are not many serious misstatements of facts, but the protest against the Church (which protest is the soul of Protestantism) is there in every chapter, and gives a good strong spurt in the closing paragraphs when Mr. Firth, of Oxford, coolly talks of the Church's antagonism to education and liberty, and after a medley of "ifs" and "buts," that is the refuge of writers who hedge and haggle with the truth, he ends with this burst of applause for the old spirit of rebellion to the truth that he had pictured as harassing the Church all through the ages:

The old spirit was not wholly dead. One may see it revive from time to time in the various heresies which split the Church. But it was always ruth-

lessly suppressed and humanity had to purchase back its liberty of thought at a great price, ten or more centuries later, when the world realized that her ancient deliverer had herself become a tyrant. Nevertheless, etc.

If Protestant readers like that kind of logic or history they are welcome to it. It blows hot and cold and puts the rebellion of Luther in its proper place with other heresies and rebellions.

* * *

Among Catholic readers the late Coventry Patmore may now become better known in the United States through the new volume by Edmund Gosse—price one dollar—published by Charles Scribner's Sons. As an exponent of Catholic thought and sentiment he has a distinct claim on his coreligionists. The following appreciation of his life and work is taken from the New York *Evening Post*:

Coventry Patmore was born in 1823, at Woodford, in Essex. His father, Peter Patmore, himself a man of letters, had gained an unpleasant notoriety as second in a duel between John Scott, the editor, and Lockhart's friend, Christie. These duels of literary men were generally bloodless—with Moore on two occasions they ended in a warm friendship, his opponent being unable to withstand the poet's fascinations at such short range; but the elder Patmore, in a moment of unaccountable bloodthirstiness, insisted that his principal should make no concessions, with the result that Scott was mortally wounded. Peter Patmore was dropped by his literary friends, and the blot on his father's name, and the isolation of his family, had a decided effect on the youth of the poet.

For his early life Mr. Gosse had to depend on the poet's reminiscences. Now, Patmore's memory was of the imaginative type, with which we are all familiar. "His memory amplified quantities before they could reach his lips in words," says Mr. Gosse. He was, in fact, subject to megalomania. When a mature person of this disposition tells us that he was an agnostic until the age of eleven, and at nine was "Love's willing page," we know that his imagination has got the better of his memory. But Coventry Patmore must have been a strange, precocious, self-centred child, spoiled by his father, who from the first treated him as a budding genius, snubbed by his mother, a severe Scotchwoman, who resented this claim, and to the last refused to look at her son's poems. This is how Peter Patmore describes his son at twenty:

See! his lithe, fragile form is bending over a book that is spread open on his knees, his head drooping towards it like a plucked flower. The pale face is resting on the clasped hand, over which, and all round the small, exquisitely modelled head, fall heavy waves of auburn hair, concealing all but one pale cheek—pale and cold as marble, but smooth and soft as a girl's.

On reading this, one is inclined to sympathize with Coventry's mother, and to forgive the more normal British parent's profound distrust of the artistic temperament.

Patmore was spared the university, and, after a desultory education and a residence in France, settled down in London to the literary life. His first volume of poems (1844) shows the influence of Tennyson in such a stanza as this from *Tamerton Church Tower*:

'Ere summer's prime that year the wasp
 Lay gorged within the peach;
 The tide, as though the sea did gasp,
 Fell lax upon the beach;

and there are clear imitations of the manner of Elizabeth Barrett, with whom Patmore had much in common. Mr. Gosse quotes from an unpublished letter of Browning: "A very interesting young poet has blushed into bloom this season." Patmore's welcome came chiefly from poets; the critics detected the influence of Keats and would have none of him. About this time his father withdrew to the Continent, and Coventry was told that he must for the first time support himself. Tennyson was his intimate friend, and they used to wander through London together, Patmore following the elder poet "like a dog" as he would say of himself with scorn in the later years of their estrangement. He was in a fair way to starve when Monckton Milnes secured him the post of assistant in the Library of the British Museum. When, in 1864, his second marriage with a woman of fortune enabled him to leave the Museum, he was, as an obituary note expressed it, "in a fair way to become Keeper of the Printed Books."

In 1847 he married a woman who was almost worshipped for her beauty in the circle of young pre-Raphaelites with whom her husband was intimate. Woolner made a medallion of Emily Patmore's head; Millais in 1851 painted her portrait; and finally Browning immortalized her beauty in a famous poem. It was admitted that when she laughed her charm was eclipsed, and the fact had not escaped Browning:

If one could have that little head of hers
 Painted upon a background of pale gold
 Such as the Tuscan's early art prefers,
 No shade encroaching on the matchless mould
 Of those two lips, which should be opening soft
 In the pure profile; not as when she laughs,
 For that spoils all . . .

No wonder that when he had won this beautiful wife, Patmore himself determined to compose a poem in her honor, *The Angel in the House*. Meanwhile he had contributed some poems to the pre-Raphaelite organ, the *Germ*, and had published a second volume called *Tamerton Church Tower* (1853). At this time Tennyson, the Brownings, and Matthew Arnold had produced or were producing their best work. Patmore had dreamed for years of a great poem consecrated to marriage before, in 1854, he published the first part of *The Angel in the House*. It was like him to say at the start that he meant to make it "bigger than the *Divina Commedia*." Tennyson, in an unpublished letter to Aubrey de Vere, said that, "when finished, it will add one more to the small list of Great Poems." It is at any rate safe to say that few long English poems have been so eagerly read by the crowd. When in 1887 it was issued at threepence, a million copies were quickly sold, and it is still in great demand. It has never had any such vogue in the United States, where the apotheosis of the home and of woman in her purely domestic aspect fails to secure the instant response that it meets from every Englishman.

Here is a real international difference. Put it down if you will to the unfailing British appetite for the sentimental, the appetite that was fed by Tennyson's "May-Queen" and "Dora" and a good deal of Wordsworth. At any rate *The Angel in the House* could have been written only by an English poet; and, *mutatis mutandis*, such a poem would have a fair chance of a similar success to-day. The modern poet would not frankly tell the story, as Patmore does; he would compose a sonnet sequence, but the English ideal has not changed, and we doubt if it ever will.

The Angel in the House is a narrative poem of middle-Victorian manners. The hero is just such a young man as Trollope delighted to describe, and his love story reads like a few chapters of Trollope put into verse. The setting of the courtship, the clothes of the young people, the food they ate, the trains they took, the parties they gave, the chairs they sat on—Patmore lets you have it all. His generation welcomed that sort of verse, and liked Patmore's lines on the furniture of the deanery, the

Dim rich lustre of old oak
And crimson velvet's glowing gloom,

as it liked Tennyson's—

She left the novel half uncut
Upon the rosewood shelf;
She left the new piano shut,
She could not please herself.

Or this, by another popular poet of the day:

Lady Anne Dewhurst on a crimson couch
Lay, with a rug of sable o'er her knees,
In a bright boudoir in Belgravia.

There were fewer novels in those days, and poetry must serve both its own purpose and the purposes of fiction. This sort of poetry has been labelled by Mr. Stedman, in his *Victorian Anthology* the "Composite Idyllic," and that is perhaps as near as one can get to a definition. It would be unfair to Patmore to dwell on the glaring faults of taste, the lack of humor, that mar his longest work. That there are in it touches of genuine poetry, moments in which the poet rises above the bourgeois comforts of the deanery, no reader of the poem can deny. Carlyle called one section of it, "The Espousals," a "beautiful little piece; high, ingenious, fine, managed with great art, *thrift*, and success," while Landor wrote: "Never was anything more tender." Yet the true admirer of Patmore bases his admiration on the later poems in the volume called *The Unknown Eros*, published in 1877. The Eros whom he had celebrated in *The Angel in the House* was certainly not "unknown." In the later volume the mysticism that was so strong an element in his temperament is given full play.

He had entered the Roman Catholic communion in 1864, after the death of his first wife, and remained for the rest of his long life in the closest sympathy with the doctrines of the Catholic Church. His second marriage, with a Catholic lady of considerable fortune, transformed him into a landed proprietor, and he proved by his admirable management of the estate in Sussex

that a poet can be an excellent man of business. Patmore made his estate pay, and, a few years after its purchase, sold it at a profit—a rare achievement for an English landed proprietor. He spent his last years at Hastings, where he built a Catholic chapel, and at Lymington in Hampshire, where he died in 1896, in his seventy-fourth year. His portrait, painted by Sargent in 1894, is now in the National Portrait Gallery in London. Patmore sat to Sargent for the prophet Ezekiel in the decorations of the Boston Library and for a second portrait, so that there is no danger that his strange, inspired head and attenuated figure, with what Mr. Gosse calls “its aspect of a wild crane in the wilderness,” will be forgotten. In the *Oxford Book of English Verse* are three of the best of Patmore’s short poems—“The Toys,” “If I Were Dead,” and “Departure.” But if we wanted to convert the sceptic to the admission that Patmore is not to be judged by his apotheosis of “honorable domesticity,” we should ask him to read first the ode “Azalea.”

Mr. Gosse was the intimate friend of Patmore, and, as intimate friends feel that duty demands, he has drawn the poet’s portrait with an unflattering pen. But, while he does not spare the foibles and eccentricities of Patmore, he writes with a genuine appreciation of his much misunderstood genius; and though he says too little about Patmore’s prose essays, which have singular merits of style, his attractive little volume, with its excellent illustrations, can be recommended to all to whom the more exhaustive Life by Mr. Champneys is not accessible.

* * *

The budding author, who is anxious to know what he should do with his manuscript when he has it completed and is expecting it to be accepted, will appreciate Mr. Charles Welsh’s little pamphlet, *Publishing a Book*. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. This gives some shrewd hints on the preparation of manuscript, on the correction of proofs, and on the arrangements that may be made with the publisher. There is a glossary of terms used in printing offices, and there are some wise notes on the question of punctuation. The pamphlet is small enough to go easily into an author’s pocket. It will do him no harm to take it with him when he goes on a journey, especially if the journey is to end at a publisher’s door.

Mr. E. L. Shuman has written a book entitled *Practical Journalism*. Practical journalists are usually wary of anything in book form or school form that proposes to teach the actualities of the business. Mr. Shuman’s work is one sure to surprise the suspicious practical journalists. It is one of the few that is worth reading.

It is written by one who certainly has seen much, has understood, has analyzed, classified, and from it all has written a book that cannot fail to be of value to all who want to find out what newspaper work of the day actually is and what it requires in those who would follow it as a vocation.

The young man who has an idea of entering the business could do no better than read Mr. Shuman’s book to find out what has been almost impossible to learn except by actually getting into the harness. It would be excellent reading in a well-directed school of journalism, and nine-tenths of the newspaper men, especially country editors, should find it of great practical worth. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., New York:

Kristy's Surprise Party. By Olive Thorne Miller. With Illustrations by Ethel N. Farnsworth. Pp. 251. Price \$1.25. *Rose o the River.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated by George Wright. Pp. 177. Price \$1.25.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. By Samuel Dill, M.A. Pp. xxi-639. Price \$4 net. *The Life of St. Patrick and His Place in History.* By J. B. Bury, M.A. Pp. xv.-404. Price \$3.25.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Man and the Incarnation; or, Man's Place in the Universe as Determined by his Relations to the Incarnate Son. By Samuel J. Andrews. Pp. xxvi.-309.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

Questions of the Day. Thoughts on Biblical Questions. By Very Rev. Alexander Macdonald, D.D., V.G. Price 60 cents net. Postage 8 cents extra.

D. VAN NOSTRAND COMPANY, New York:

The Book of Daniel Unlocked. By W. S. Auchincloss, C.E. Introduction by A. H. Sayce, L.L.D. Pp. 125.

MCGRAW PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

The Letters of Petrus Peregrinus on the Magnet, A.D. 1269. Translated by Brother Arnold, M.Sc. With Introductory Notice by Brother Potamian, D.Sc., 1904. Pp. v.-xix. 1-41. Price \$1.50 net.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston, Mass.:

Credo; or, Stories Illustrative of the Apostles' Creed. By Mary Lape Fogg. Pp. 82.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

Catholicity and Progress in Ireland. By Rev. M. O'Riordan, Ph.D., D.D., D.C.L. Pp. xvi.-506.

HEROLD DES GLAUBENS, St. Louis, Mo.:

Der Familienfreund. Katholischer Wegweiser für das Jahr 1906.

THE TRUTH SOCIETY, Chicago, Ill.:

Father De Smet. Reprinted from *The Messenger.* Pp. 24.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:

The Priests of Holy Cross. By the Rev. John Cavanagh, C.S.C. Pp. 203. Paper.

ART & BOOK COMPANY, LTD., London, Eng.:


Rex Meus. By the author of *My Queen and My Mother.* With Preface by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hanlon. Pp. ix.-183.

LIBRAIRIE DE P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris, France:

L'Histoire, le Texte et la Destinée du Concordat, de 1801. Par l'Abbé Em. Sevestre. Pp. xxiv-702. Paper. *L'Année des Malades.* Tome Premier La Vie du Malade. Pp. xvi.-232. Paper.

BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD., Dublin, Ireland:

Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ. In Usum Adolescentium. Seminarii Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Mellario Concinnata.—Volumen III (Pars Prior) Theologia Naturalis. 1905. Pp. iv.-233. Price 2s. net.



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PROFESSOR BURY'S LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.*

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.



F Dublin Castle is the symbol of English domination in Ireland, Trinity College, the citadel of Protestant ascendancy, the beneficiary of thousands of acres of the lands wrested from the ancient Catholic owners, and the most extensive recipient of tithes wrung from the peasantry to support a creed which they detested, is the grandest monument that exists to typify and perpetuate the memory of the ruthless spoliation which the Irish Church suffered in days happily no more. So thorough was the policy of the plunderers that the Irish Catholics were allowed to retain little of their inheritance except St. Patrick himself.

One day a worthy Fellow of Trinity, Dr. Todd, as if struck by the idea that it were a pity to leave the record of Trinity incomplete, resolved to rob the Irish Papists of their sole possession, so he wrote a learned life of the saint; proving to demonstration that the Apostle of Ireland never was a Roman Catholic, but a true-blue Protestant, born, like St. Paul, a little

* *The Life of St. Patrick and His Place in History.* By J. B. Bury, M.A. Formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Regius Professor of Modern History, and Fellow of King's College, in the University of Cambridge, etc. New York: The Macmillan Company.

out of due time. The learned world politely suppressed a smile, and gravely thanked the doctor. The Catholics laughed outright. Nobody took Dr. Todd's mare's-nest seriously. Well, it would be more correct to say, hardly anybody. Occasionally some Anglican divine, desirous of finding, by hook or by crook, a non-Roman source for British Christianity, made much of Dr. Todd's view. And, now and again, it has been exploited from some American pulpits, for the glorification or consolation of that most hyphenated body of our citizens, the "American-Scotch-Irish," on the Sunday preceding, or following, the seventeenth of March.

Now another and a more distinguished son of Trinity has, with a graceful apology for the mistake of his reverend predecessor, returned St. Patrick to the Papists. If one could, by any stretch of the imagination, associate Trinity with the idea of shamefaced sorrow, we might fancy her making the act of restitution in a spirit of tardy repentance. It would, however, be more consistent with her character, though not with the honorable fashion in which her present representative has fulfilled his task, if she returned the stolen property only because she found that, to use a stock phrase of the enquirer after missing goods, it is absolutely valueless to anybody but the rightful owner.

When Catholic readers begin to perceive how unreservedly Professor Bury has satisfied the claims of justice, they almost feel that they are implicitly bound by the condition usual in such transactions—no questions asked—to abstain from all querulous criticism. A few reservations, however, must be premised before we can proceed to testify to the high excellence of the work which the brilliant Cambridge professor has produced.

In the first place, the biography is not a saint's life in the usual sense of the term. It does not pretend to be one. It is an account and an appreciation of the man and his work as they fall within the range of the purely secular historian, who concerns himself, not with the supernatural, but with the natural, with the kingdoms of this world, rather than with the kingdom of God. Professor Bury's outlook is that of one unconscious of anything that implies the existence of the eternal. Evidently a work which represents that point of view must be esteemed essentially incomplete when the subject is a great apostle whose labors or character cannot be viewed in their proper medium

when the supernatural is excluded as an unnecessary hypothesis. "But," it might be objected, "cannot we study the course of events, the doings of the man, the means that he employed, his success or his failure, the permanent results of his life, his ethical character, just as they appear to the carnal man in the categories of time and space?" Perhaps. But our present concern is not with what might be done, but with what the present writer has done. Certainly Professor Bury has conscientiously striven to produce an absolutely impartial, objective, biography with the above scope. In his Preface, after remarking that Todd's work is vitiated because "he approached a historical problem with a distinct preference for one solution rather than another, and this preference was due to an interest totally irrelevant to mere historical truth," Professor Bury observes that the business of a historian is to ascertain facts. "There is," he continues, "something essentially absurd in his wishing that any alleged fact should turn out to be true or should turn out to be false. So far as he entertains a wish of this kind his attitude is not critical." To this profession, which enunciates the guiding principle of the modern scholar, Mr. Bury has not been intentionally unfaithful. He is entitled to claim that "the justification of the present biography is that it rests upon a methodical examination of the sources, and that the conclusions, whether right or wrong, were reached without any prepossessions." We may grant, too, in all cheerfulness, that his "interest in the subject is purely intellectual."

But besides deliberate bias, there is a bias that is indeliberate, and, therefore, all the more likely to escape the notice of the person who entertains it unawares. It is the personal equation that refuses to be eliminated. One of Professor Bury's former critics, himself an eminent historian, reminded the Regius Professor of Cambridge that history, after all, is not and cannot be a pure science. Its subject-matter cannot be approached in the serenely impersonal frame of mind with which the mathematician faces his problems. Be as scientific as one may in the discovery, collection, and classification of facts, the interpretation of them involves a subjective personal factor. And Mr. Morley affirms, and everybody must agree with him, that the historian's interpretation governs, from first to last, his collection and classification. Mr. Morley points for confirmation of his statement to the various historians of the Papacy: "The an-

nals of the Papacy are one thing in the hands of Pastor, the Catholic, another thing to Creighton, the Anglican, a third to Möller, the Lutheran, and something quite different to writers of more secular stamp, like Gregorovius or Reaumont." "Talk," he well says, "of history being a science, as loud as we like, the writer of it will continue to approach his chest of archives with the bunch of keys in his hand." One key which Mr. Bury keeps constantly in his hand—applying it not alone to unlocking a considerable number of particular incidents, but also the entire meaning of Patrick's life—is the assumed principle, not that the miraculous lies outside the purview of the historian, but that there is no miraculous. He does not merely ignore the supernatural, he denies it. If the denial is only implicit, it is, for that reason, all the more uncompromising, since it permeates and colors the entire work. If he has shown himself superior to partizanship in the case of Catholicism *versus* Protestantism, in the wider contest of Rationalism *versus* Christianity he is so completely pledged to one side that he does not even pay the other the compliment of noticing its pretensions. His whole intellectual temperament places him uncompromisingly on one side in the wider and more important conflict between the Christian and the rationalistic attitudes towards the problems of life. And his prepossessions are sufficiently manifested when he uses such terms as "superstition," "superstitious," "old Jewish tale," in reference to Christian doctrines and Christian rites.

These shortcomings, however, reflect principally upon the value of the book, when its claims to being considered a satisfactory life of a Christian saint are under consideration. They do not afford grounds for imputing to the writer any failure to employ all due diligence, and to exhibit all the rigid impartiality expected of the historian, in the execution of the task, according to the plan which he proposed to himself. There are, however, some other blemishes, which, had he taken the measure of pains that his own reputation, as well as respect for his readers, made incumbent on him, would not have appeared to mar the fair face of his work. In a section devoted, rather gratuitously, to Pelagius and his doctrine, we are informed, with iteration, that the Church teaches that unbaptized infants are condemned to eternal suffering; also, that the doctrine of original sin implies a denial of the freedom of the will. One-

tenth of the labor which Professor Bury must frequently have spent on fixing a date, or extracting from a myth its basis of fact, would have saved him from falling into these glaring mistakes. In extenuation, however, of his inaccuracy, it may be observed that, probably, Professor Bury's range of studies in matters ecclesiastical and theological have made him more familiar with St. Augustine than with our modern doctors.

II.

However sharply one may feel prompted to animadvert on the foregoing imperfections, he will find that their presence affects only slightly his general appreciation of Professor Bury's work. Its excellences compel us cheerfully to turn away our eyes from the faults. The biography is a splendid piece of work. It is admirable alike for its method, for the highly artistic quality of the narrative, for the acute, judicial criticism which fills its extensive appendices, and for the wide and sure scholarship which has focussed upon this obscure, and, in many places, perplexing subject, every scintilla of knowledge that could be brought to bear upon it.

Apparently to set himself right before some critics who interpreted some statements made by him, in an address which he delivered as Regius Professor, to mean that he considered history to be entirely a science and nowise an art, the writer has, to the great advantage of the reader, divided his work into two distinct parts—the text, and a set of critical appendices embracing an examination of the sources and subsidiary authorities, and several excursus on various disputed points. For the author “these appendices represent the work which belongs to the science of history; the text is an effort in the art of historiography.” Thus the reader is spared those continual digressions and exasperating parentheses which in many works destroy his enjoyment of the narrative. Here it flows on in an easy, even course, which carries the reader along without asking an effort on his part. All the hard work, and there is plenty of it, is packed into the appendices, which contain much more printed matter than does the text. Any one who desires a lesson in the methods of scientific history has only to study these appendices. He will learn there with what industry the trained worker gathers his materials from all quarters of the intellectual horizon, with what perseverance he

searches the most heteroclite fields, and with what analytic skill he makes his accumulation yield up the tiniest grain of information that was, perhaps, immersed in a great mass of irrelevant dross. He will see how it is possible so to bring two obscurities to bear on each other as to furnish mutual illumination, how theories are tested from various points of view, and, when certainty is unattainable, how nicely the measures of probability may be fixed.

The introductory chapter, on the diffusion of Christianity beyond the confines of the Roman Empire, contains a luminous conspectus of the relations which existed in early times between Ireland and the continent. It does away with the popular conception that, previous to the fourth century, Ireland was beyond the pale of Roman influence. "It is absurd to suppose," writes the professor, "that the Celtic conquerors of Britain and of Iverne burned their ships when they had reached the island shores and cut themselves off from intercourse with the mainland. And we may be sure it was not they who first established communications. We may be sure that the pre-Celtic peoples of South Britain and the Ivernians, who gave its name to Ireland, knew the waterways to the coasts of the continent." He proceeds to show that it would be hasty to conclude, from the silence of Roman annals concerning any relations with Ireland, that the Roman governors in Britain had not taken into account their western neighbors. Elsewhere he adduces evidence to prove that before the fifth century the Latin alphabet had made its way into Ireland. Hence "it will not amaze us to find, when we reach the fifth century, that men go forth from Ireland to be trained in Christian theology."

The beginning of the conversion of Ireland to Christianity (we are in the second chapter) had been noiseless and dateless; the child who was to organize it so that it could never be undone was born, a Roman citizen of Britain, about the year 389 A. D. His father, Calpurnius, was afflicted with the dignity of a Roman decurion. Every landowner not of senatorial rank was obliged to be a decurion, and on them fell the obligation of delivering to the imperial treasury the amount of taxation levied on their community; a burden so crushing that the Emperor Maxentius sometimes punished Christians by promoting them to the dignity of decurion. Calpurnius called his son Patricius. "But if Patrick talked as a child with his father

and mother the Brythonic tongue of his forefathers, he bore the name of Succat." He was thus double-named, like the Apostle Paul, who bore a Roman, as well as a Jewish name from his youth up. But another Roman name, Magonus, is also ascribed to Patrick; and possibly his full style—as it would appear in the town registry when he should come of age to exercise the rights of a citizen—was Patricius Magonus Succatus. And, says Professor Bury, Patrick felt all his life, as his writings testify, the sentiments of reverence and veneration, for the empire, that was shared by every citizen, and the same conviction of its indestructibility that was entertained alike by its citizens and by the barbarians who were undermining its integrity. Where was Bannaventa, the place named as the birthplace of Patrick? "The only Bannaventa that we know lay near Daventry (Northampton), but this does not agree with an ancient indication that the village of Calpurnius was close to the western sea." Professor Bury, without assuming a dogmatic tone, inclines to think that it lay somewhere along the lower waters of the Severn, and in a critical appendix he shows reason why the opinion favoring Strathclyde, that is, Dumbar-ton, is to be rejected.*

In Chapter II., after relating how during a foray of Irish freebooters, in the reign of Niall, approximately about A. D. 405, Patrick was captured and carried to Ireland, Professor Bury falls back upon Patrick's own writings for what knowledge is to be gained concerning all that befell in his captivity. Consequently, he rejects a local tradition which claimed the Pictish county, east of Lough Neagh, as the scene of Patrick's captivity. The saint himself declared in his *Confession* that his master lived in the "ultimate land," "nigh to the western sea," near the wood of Fochlad, that is, somewhere in that part of Connaught at present known as the barony of Tirawley. The text relates Patrick's subsequent escape, his arrival at a seaport which Professor Bury conjectures to have been Vartry, near Wicklow, his embarkation on a ship of traders, part of whose cargo consisted of dogs, bound, it seems probable, for Nantes or Bor-

* The author states in his Preface: "Since the book was in type I have received some communications from my friend, Professor Rhys, which suggest a hope that the mysterious Bannaventa, St. Patrick's home, may, perhaps, be identified at last. I had conjectured it should be sought near the Severn or the Bristol Channel. The existence of three places named Banwen (which may represent Bannaventa), in Glamorganshire, opens a prospect that the solution may possibly lie there."

deaux. Professor Bury, bringing what light he can to bear on Patrick's exceedingly vague and undefined narrative of his landing, followed by several days' travel through a wilderness, and his subsequent escape from his rough and dangerous companions, concludes that the escape occurred in Italy, whence he traveled to Lérins.

The residence of Patrick at Lérins, his return after some years to his British home being briefly disposed of, we are introduced to the name of Pelagius, for, in Professor Bury's opinion, the teachings of this monk served, by antithesis, to draw attention to the Church's doctrine concerning the fate of the unbaptized and unbelieving. The dream of Patrick resulted from the intense impression made upon him by reflecting on the forlorn condition of the pagan Irish destined to eternal perdition: "I fancied that I heard the voice of the folk who were near the wood of Fochlad, nigh to the western sea."

Apart from its theological inaccuracy Professor Bury's speculations upon the part played by the doctrine concerning unbaptized infants in determining Patrick seem somewhat strained, and we leave them willingly to enter on one of the most interesting parts of the book, treating of Patrick's residence at Auxerre, the mission of Palladius to Ireland, and the subsequent consecration of Patrick. Here Professor Bury is at his best. He finds a connection between the despatch of St. Germanus to Britain, for the purpose of crushing Pelagian tendencies there, and the mission of Palladius to Ireland. That the Pope did send a bishop is considered a conclusive proof that in Ireland there were already communities of Christians; * and a further conjecture is hazarded that the step was taken in response to a request of some orthodox Irish who perceived an infiltration from Britain of Pelagian influences. Assuming that some Irish Catholics sent such a petition to Germanus in Britain, A. D. 429, Professor Bury finds reason to believe that friends urged the claims of Patrick as the right man for the mission. But Rome set aside the local choice in favor of a man better known to itself, a proceeding which Professor Bury accounts for on the ground that "the first and chief consideration of Celestine was the welfare and orthodoxy of Irish believers, not the conversion of Irish unbelievers," and Palladius had

* Professor Bury quotes the dictum of Celestine: "Nullus invitis detur episcopus" (Ep. iv. Migne, P. L. I. 434).

already signalized himself as a staunch opponent of Pelagianism. But God willed otherwise; for, within a year of his arrival, Palladius was dead, and Patrick, who was already preparing to set forth with some coadjutors to labor under Palladius, was immediately consecrated successor to the defunct bishop by Germanus of Auxerre.

At this point arises the question of whether or not Patrick was a Roman missionary, and whether, consequently, the ancient Irish Church was Roman Catholic, or—Heaven and Dr. Todd know what. If any one, after having read the present volume, can still retain the shadow of a doubt concerning Patrick's quality of Roman missionary, we must cherish him as a valuable illustration of the influence exerted by the will over the intellect. The opinion of Todd could be entertained only in a mind that ignored the entire historical conditions of the day, as well as the considerations which all round common sense suggests on the problem.

Professor Bury, indeed, maintains that the story of Patrick's consecration by Celestine—a story invented to add a halo of dignity to the national saint—will not hold water. Nevertheless, Patrick's credentials and authority were derived from Rome. After reviewing briefly the troubles connected with the See of Arles, and pointing out that it would be a grave mistake to infer from them that the bishops of Gaul had ceased in any way to acknowledge the older claims of Rome or to reverence it as the head of Christendom, the professor proceeds: "When a new ecclesiastical province was to be added to western Christendom, it was to Rome, naturally, that an appeal would be made. It was to the Bishop of Rome, as representing the unity of the Church, that the Christians of Ireland, desiring to be an organized portion of that unity, would naturally look to speed them on their way. His recognition of Ireland as a province of the spiritual federation of which he was the acknowledged head, would be the more direct and effective means of securing for it an established place among the western churches." But if Patrick was not despatched directly by the Roman pontiff, how can he have been a Roman missionary? Very simply. Palladius was, everybody admits, sent by Celestine to the Irish, and "once this step was taken, once the Roman bishop gave his countenance and sanction, it was a matter of indifference who consecrated the successor. There

was significance in the consecration at Rome of the first bishop of the new province; there would have been no particular significance in such a consecration in the case of the second any more than in the case of the third. It was an accident that Patrick was consecrated in Gaul. If Palladius had not been cut off, and if Patrick had proceeded, as he intended, to Ireland in the capacity of a simple deacon, he might afterwards have been called to succeed Palladius by the choice of the Irish Christians, and received episcopal ordination wherever it was most convenient." "The essential point," Professor Bury emphatically adds, "is that, by the sending of Palladius, Ireland had become one of the western churches, and therefore, like its fellows, looked to the See of Rome as the highest authority in Christendom. Unless, at the very moment of incorporation, they were to repudiate the unity of the Church, the Christians of Ireland could not look with other eyes than the Christians of Gaul at the appellate jurisdiction of the Roman bishop, and the moral weight of his decretals."

Besides, if Patrick did not go to Rome to be consecrated by Celestine, he went, Professor Bury is careful, elsewhere in his narrative, to show, on another occasion to Rome to pay his obedience to Celestine's greater successor, "the majestic Leo." In what year this journey took place is a disputed question. Our author believes that the evidence points to the year after Leo's accession, that is, when Patrick had been bishop in Ireland for about eight years. "It was in the year after his (Leo's) elevation that Patrick, according to the conclusion to which our evidence points, betook himself to Rome. No step could have been more natural, and none could have been more politic. It was equally wise whether he was assured of the good will of Leo, or, as is possible, had reason to believe that his work had been misrepresented. To report the success of his labors to the head of the western churches, of which Ireland was the youngest, to enlist his personal sympathy, to gain his formal approbation, his moral support, and his advice, were objects which would well repay a visit to Rome, and an absence of some length from Ireland. It is, indeed, hardly too much to say that nothing was more likely to further his success than an express approbation of his work by the highest authority in Christendom."

Again in the admirable recapitulatory closing chapter, en-

titled, "Patrick's Place in History," Professor Bury insists upon Patrick's introduction of the Irish into the *Unitas ecclesiæ*, as the achievement which, more than any other feature of his career, establishes his historical position. Furthermore, he shows very clearly that the subsequent partial estrangement of Ireland from Rome in the seventh century, especially the paschal question, and the form of the tonsure, and the somewhat eccentric development which manifested itself in ecclesiastical organization, furnish no argument against the existence, nor diminish the historical importance, of the bond which Patrick established between Rome and Ireland.

The ineradicable instinct of tribal independence, and the powerful attraction which the Irish found in monasticism, resulting in a monastic development which tended to override episcopal authority, along with the great continental changes which prevented the Roman pontiffs from giving much care to distant affairs, are, we are told, sufficient to account for the eccentricity of the Irish Church in the sixth and seventh centuries. Nor was it Patrick, Professor Bury argues, who was responsible for the non-Roman tonsure and paschal calendar. He established the Roman usage in these two particulars; but after his death there occurred a reversion to observances that were in vogue among the scattered groups of Christians who preceded him.

If the professor were a Catholic apologist he could not show more care than he does for placing Patrick's orthodoxy beyond all doubt. Instituting a comparison between Patrick on the one side, and on the other, Wulfilas, the Gothic apostle, Cyril and Methodius, the Slavic, and Boniface, the German, he notes that Patrick did not translate the sacred books of his religion into the vernacular as did Wulfilas, nor establish a national religious literature as did Cyril and his brother; nor was he in such frequent and close communication with Rome as was Boniface. But he did make Latin the language of ecclesiastical Ireland; and thereby established a powerful force for conservation of the *Unitas ecclesiæ*. It may be interesting to note, here, the value which Professor Bury assigns to the benefits that have accrued to the Church from her maintenance of a universal language: "If Gaelic had been established by Patrick as the ecclesiastical tongue of Ireland, the reformers who, in the seventh century, sought to abolish idiosyncracies and

restore uniformity, might have caused a rupture in the Irish Church, which would have needed long years to heal. The Latin language is one of the *arcana imperii* of the Catholic Church." It may not be out of place, here, to bow our graceful acknowledgments to Professor Bury for indicating, by the indiscriminate way in which he uses the terms, *Roman Catholic* and *Catholic*, that he considers them convertible.

The limitations of the space at our disposal forbid us even to glance at the interesting chapters in which are detailed the labors of the great apostle in the island plain close to Strangford Lough—the place of his predilection—in Meath, and in Connaught, the exceedingly instructive accounts of the church discipline and ecclesiastical organization established by Patrick, as well as the history of the codification of Irish laws, known as the *Senchus Mór*, effected by the labors and joint authority of Patrick and Loigaire. We must reluctantly pass over also in silence the professor's vigorous delineation of King Loigaire, who is shown to have been a statesman of respectable ability, very different from the bloodthirsty, wild-eyed barbarian of some Patrician writers. Everywhere, indeed, Professor Bury evinces in a high degree the essential qualities of the historian—power to reconstruct the past in vivid color and definite outline and ability to interpret the actions of the figures that pass across the stage, according to the standards and modes of thought that prevailed in their times.

Although, as we have seen, the professor is absolutely beyond suspicion of any religious bias in favor of his hero, he gives us a picture of Patrick which may be called sympathetic. He lingers, with a trace of pathos, over the sorrowful yet manly complaint which the old man makes in his famous *Confession* against his detractors, who, Irishmen will be glad to know, were not, in the professor's judgment, natives of Ireland, but British ecclesiastics who, jealous of Patrick's fame and success, spread abroad evil tidings about the way things were going in the Irish mission. It will be less flattering to the national pride, however, to find that one of the reasons offered in support of the authenticity of the *Confession*, once, but now no longer, disputed by the eminent Celtic scholar, Professor Zimmer, is that if Patrick had been addressing Irishmen, he would not have spoken of his residence in the country in a tone that betrays the exile in a foreign, uncongenial, inhospitable

land still yearning for his beloved home. The mention of Professor Zimmer's name calls for the further observation that the entire basis of his theory, identifying Patrick with Palladius, and diminishing the figure of the saint almost to the vanishing point, is very completely torn to pieces in a special appendix devoted to the German professor. With one citation, which would require to be supplemented by many passing observations found through the volume, containing Professor Bury's estimate of Patrick's character, we must bring to a close this very inadequate notice of a book that will live long to furnish instructive, no less than interesting, study on a subject that will never cease to possess a fascination for the historian of the Church. "The writings of Patrick do not enable us to delineate his character, but they reveal unmistakably a strong personality and a spiritual nature. The man who wrote the *Confession* and the *Letter* had strength of will, energy in action, resolution without over-confidence, and the capacity for resisting pressure from without. It might be inferred, too, that he was affectionate and sensitive; subtle analysis might disclose other traits. But it is probable that few readers will escape the impression that he possessed, besides enthusiasm, the practical qualities most essential for carrying through the task which he undertook in the belief that he had been divinely inspired to fulfil it." How one finds borne in upon oneself the truth that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him, and he cannot know them. With what clearness Professor Bury perceives that the drift of the *Confession* is to publish, in a strain "so humble from first to last that it almost leads itself to a misconstruction," the mighty things that God chose to operate by means of one who felt himself unworthy of such a mission! And he yet fails to catch its spiritual significance.

THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.



THE modern equivalent for the traditional widow's cruse provides scant food and clothing for a growing boy, as Gregory Warden knew. So, having gone through the Grammar School and, later, the High School of their small town, he would at once have sought paid employment. But the widow desired greater preparation for life's opportunities to be given her boy with the steadfast eyes and resolute ambition.

"I have so many music pupils now," she declared brightly, "I will see you through college."

"Not so," said Gregory, with his arm about her, "my scholarship takes me through the first year. After that I work my way."

"Your grandfather was a Yorkshireman," she laughed, "and they have a proverb: 'It's dogged as does it.'" But there was a break in her voice, thus giving him up to himself.

He was now in his second college year, and "scuffling along somehow," as he expressed it. His time was fairly divided between study and working for the means to study, which, if he had known it, was a blessing in disguise.

"You have a big pull," said Van Ambler, a classmate of pretentious but poor family, "in going in for athletics too. Your muscle and six feet one got you that vacation class in the Gym, and those fellows you taught to row. Then you pick up languages easily and you've had a lot of pupils, Spanish and German, and so on. Not that I envy you going down to that beastly 'little Europe' to get 'em. Not an acquaintance that's possible in the whole quarter."

"You remind me," said Gregory, dryly, "of a man I knew who said he was glad he was born a snob, for it had kept him out of much bad company. Perhaps you would envy me still less the society of Mike the janitor's friends, whom he brings to spend an occasional hour with me. I am—for value received

—what Orientals would call their scribe. But don't you try that trade, Van, or your poetic fancy would attenuate their messages to a point they wouldn't stand. I began a letter for a coachman the other day at his express direction: 'My dear, beloved, kind, Miss, Madam.' Yet his fair one had the ingratitude to request in the answer, which I read to him, that he would get 'another man' to write his letters for him, 'this here' one not being affectionate enough. The Simkins' butler was so good as to add a postscript to his last, stating that it 'was wrote by a very nice person.'"

"It's hard lines," said Van Ambler discontentedly, "that, while lots of the fellows drive their traps and give wine suppers and run along on velvet to their degrees, you and I and a few others should find the road so rough. 'The hall-mark of a gentleman,' my father calls a college education; but he can't afford the hall-mark, and it's robbing the kids at home. Making ends meet here gives me no time to breathe."

"You seem to have plenty this afternoon," said Gregory, unkindly and with cheerful inhospitality. "Suppose you go now and let me do this Sophocles. If the conscience of what you call—inexplicably—in America, an 'Anglican' will allow you, come in on Sunday after service, and I'll take you to row."

"Oh," said Van Ambler in the doorway, starting on a new grievance, "will you believe it? The dean has given me notice to have no more services in my oratory. Just because at my last little vesper function—the one you wouldn't come to—I forgot and left the candles burning, and a lace curtain blew into the flame. He said my incense was enough to endure, but he wouldn't have the wing burned down! I got that incense at a bargain—if it *is* a little queer. Can you wonder that so many are driven into agnosticism?" Grumbling thus, he ran into the arms of a stout and florid little man attempting to enter.

"Beg pardon," said the little man, whom therefore both friends classified as a tradesman; "are you Mr. Warden?" He was referred to Gregory, who laid down his lexicon with reluctance. "Beg pardon," said the little man again, "but is the other gentleman Mr. Van Ambler? Yes? It will save me a call at his room if I can speak to both gentlemen together. May I sit down? Thank you. Well, gentlemen," when all had settled to attention, "I have called to—ah—present a little

proposition to you. You are aware of the—ah—may I say—heterogeneous character of the population of a university town. This one is—so to express it—more—ah—varied and changeable than most, owing to the fact that it is also a health resort. The—ah—salubrity of the air and good society bring here many invalids hoping to regain their lost strength. Unfortunately, they wait too long before coming; many, indeed, being in the last stages before they arrive, which is a sad, sad thing.”

Nature had given the visitor a jovial cast of countenance, but this was carefully corrected by artificial gravity. He shook his head and sighed deeply, and Gregory received, with perfect accuracy, the impression that he was an undertaker.

“Well,” said he, reviving, “these poor people are in some cases far from their homes, with few relatives, perhaps, or even none. I frequently receive letters and telegrams requesting that they may be buried in our beautiful cemetery here, in which case the necessary attendants are furnished by me. But, gentleman,” with feeling, “I am a man whose heart is in his business; who wishes to give it those touches of—ah—fine art, I may say, which—ah—relieve its gloom. In short, the men I engage for mere mechanical service are not fitted for the pall-bearers’ serious and gentlemanly duties. They neither act, dress, nor look the part. ‘Act well your part,’ as—ah—the Good Book says. One of them actually came in tan colored gloves and had the audacity to tell me he had no others! Another laughed audibly on entering the house, for which I promptly discharged him. Now, my idea is this. I understand that there are a few of you young collegians who are not absolutely—ah—of inflated means; who are, so to speak, of tastes and ways and—ah—aspirations larger than—ah—your actual income; who are not, in fact, independent of profitable occupation.” This with factitious sprightliness in face of Gregory’s size and grimness.

“Go on,” said the latter.

“I was told,” continued the undertaker, more rapidly “that these gentlemen increased their resources by taking pupils, and in other—ah—most creditable ways. If you would consent to assume the office I have—ah—indicated, and select at your pleasure four others who would also agree, you would find me liberal in all respects.”

"Wait," said Van Ambler, interposing before Gregory could speak, "if you will leave your address we will think it over and send an answer."

"By all means," said the little man, depositing a bit of cardboard on the table. "If your reply should be favorable, I make but one stipulation; that you select no one who laughs at inopportune times. Gentlemen, good-day," and he was gone.

Then the friends looked at each other. Said Gregory, with a long breath: "This is the most astonishing thing that ever I knew."

"You needn't utterly toss it away," said Van Ambler, "until you consider it a bit. I was as much shocked as you at first. Then it came to me that it was not such an untenable proposition after all. See here, now. These unfortunate invalids that die away from home and without friends, ought to be properly and respectfully attended. Gentlemen would do it with decent gravity, at least. And, Warden, it's really a pious duty. One of the works of mercy, you remember. You know the works of mercy?"

"I am as intimately acquainted with the works of mercy as any other Christian who doesn't practise them."

"Well, bury the dead's one of them. There are—let me see—Brown, Hicks, and two or three other men in this house, impecunious as we and steady enough fellows. Even if we refuse the office we ought to pass it on. I'll have them up in my room to-night and talk it over. And see here, Warden, it's rather a fine thing—this Burial Society. Sort of—ahem—Brotherhood, you know."

"You seem to have caught the fat little man's cough."

"Oh, bother! listen; there's one in Rome, you know, Brethren of the Misericordia, they call them; an historic order founded in the Middle Ages during an epidemic of the plague or something. Rich and poor, prince and peasant, all join alike in bonds of charitable works. No one knows his fellow-member, and all go masked."

"Those two last points appeal to me strongly," said Gregory. "We might consult the undertaker about their advisability in our case."

But the outcome of it was that they formed a club to which Gregory gave the name of "The Sorrowful Six," and the motto: "Act well your part." The impressionable Van Ambler

had by that time worked himself, by his own eloquence, into a contemplative and monastic frame of mind, which induced him to go about after any funeral at which they officiated with an exalted and ascetic expression. He tried to get the others to call themselves—privately—Brethren of the Misericordia; but they laughed at that, so he had to give it up.

"He'll be coming to an interment in a frock and hood some of these days," Gregory remarked, "and then the dean will hear of it"; and he began to call him "Brother Alfred."

"It makes no real difference," retorted Van Ambler, with a show of justice, "your not taking it seriously. Making jokes about it cannot alter the position in the least."

"That is true," admitted Gregory quietly, and ceased all but self-mockery in this matter. He tried, indeed, not to think about it, except when called upon for his share of duty. These occasions seemed unusually frequent during the early, variable spring weather. "We appear to be in black most of our time," said one of the "Six"; but he said it cheerfully, for the emolument was not inconsiderable. Gregory gave up his occupation as scribe, finding it encroach too much upon more valuable time; and Van Ambler was able to purchase a quality of incense to which the dean made as yet no audible objection. So things went along smoothly until the second year ended; and, becoming inured to what they worked in, it is to be feared that the funereal office they filled began to serve these light-hearted youths as an effective background for ambitious studies and joyous sports.

"I suggest that we change our name to "The Mournful Mutes," said Gregory, at a hilarious late supper, with a significant lapse into trifling.

Then an event occurred at which the stars should have sung and the universe stood still; but which actually affected to an appreciable extent no one but Mr. Warden. This was a visit paid by Miss Annabel Effingham, of his native town, to a friend living near the university. The young lady was a daughter of the Judge who had promised him a place in his office if he got through creditably. He had known her from childhood and believed her to be a radiant marvel, while most people thought her a very pretty girl. When serious, she had a way which he liked of touching her round chin with her finger, and she did it when she said to him: "Flora and I

dined at the dean's last night. ' We were talking of the undergraduates and he said some very nice things of you.'

"I think as highly of the dean as I do of any man otherwise irreproachable who says nice things about me."

"He said you were an influence in the college."

Gregory winced. No ordinary man, knowing the pit-falls of his nature, but flinches somewhat as between himself and his Maker at this responsibility.

"I wish I were," he said humbly. Then, more lightly: "He ought to be better acquainted with you. He would then call me the influence of an influence."

She surveyed him thoughtfully. "Gregory, I *must* tell you—"

"This is very sudden," he murmured, "Still, you live in the same place as my mother, to whom you can apply at any moment."

"I am *so* proud," she continued, ignoring his frivolity, "of the way you are getting through. It is a hard fight, I know, against fortune. But I am glad you are poor."

"So am not I!" he remarked.

"On some far off day," she went on, "I shall be happy to remember—I mean *you* will be happy—"

"You mean we shall both be happy together." And forthwith descended to depths of banality it would be unfriendly to record. When they came to themselves they had strolled to a gentle declivity overlooking the picturesque cemetery with its pretty chapel.

"How lovely the autumn woods look down in that peaceful valley," she commented. "Do you know that my window at Flora's commands a quite near view?" He had known it, but he had not reflected before that that way danger lay. "Yesterday afternoon," she said, "I noticed—you do not mind my speaking of it—a funeral where you acted as bearer. Not a near friend, I hope?"

"No, not exactly; a—a sort of acquaintance." He also seemed to have acquired the undertaker's cough.

"You looked so serious—it made me anxious for you. Now, Mr. Van Ambler—I have only seen him before that in golf suit, and I was ashamed to find myself smiling at his solemn look. He is such a dear, comical sort of a man, and he was walking with his eyes nearly shut."

The thought that Van Ambler would hardly like to hear himself so described must have confused Gregory, for he answered rashly: "It was a—a sort of relative of his."

"Ah!" said the young lady and changed the subject. But next day she spoke with some severity: "Gregory, I was surprised to meet Mr. Van Ambler at the card party last night. A few days' seclusion would not seem too great respect to pay even a distant relative."

"I think so myself," Gregory was harassed into saying, "but mourning is very slightly observed these days." Annabel stared and he rapidly resolved to kill no more of Van Ambler's relations for the present. But three days after she met the same party attending a funeral into the chapel; and, again, twice in the following week. Thus, a once truthful man was forced by his first thoughtless invention into a career of deception painful in itself, and, which was worse, hastening him towards inevitable detection. His lady's delicate profile, so unnecessarily often at that unlucky window, he began to view with unlover-like disfavor. By the time he had sacrificed an aunt, two uncles, a cousin, and a brother-in-law of various classmates to the exigencies of the situation, he caught a curious look in Annabel's eye which heralded approaching fate. Then one day, in order to keep an appointment with Mr. Catafalque, he excused himself by note from escorting her to an afternoon concert on the plea "unexpected demise of venerable gentleman to whom was due this tribute of respect, etc."

"Do you know," she observed, with alarming sweetness, when next they were together, "I cannot think this a healthful place. Even in the comparatively limited circle of your intimate friends, the mortality is something appalling. I should call it an epidemic. That is the tenth funeral I have seen you attend since I came."

"Yes"; he assented, apprehensively.

"Your elderly friend's death was sudden. Did he leave any family?"

"No—o; he was a childless widower; a retired broker; and left his fortune to charities."

"Singular, very"; she said with cruel clearness. "I suspect that Mr. Van Ambler and Mr. Hicks were out so late that loss of sleep confused their memories; for they both told me

that they lost the concert by attending the same funeral—an old lady's—a Mrs. Green's."

It flashed upon Gregory that the latest interment had been of an elderly lady—a fact forgotten by him in present guilty embarrassment. Surely it was time to end this and resume something like manly candor.

"I will tell you all about it," said he; and laid the true facts in the case before her with such coolness as he could muster. Her face was enigmatic during the recital, though her color came and went. There was a long pause at the end, then:

"Your other methods of self-support have been legitimate and worthy," she said at the end, "but this one—why—why—it is like a ghoul!" And she flushed again and walked off a little distance.

"Do not let Van Ambler hear you," said Gregory, with rueful humor. "He flatters himself that it is a sacred duty—a religious function; that we are, in fine, an American Brotherhood of the Misericordia. Like that one in Rome, you know, historic, grand, noble, of romantic traditions and picturesque associations."

"I know all about the Brethren of the Misericordia," said the girl with dignity, "and I have never heard or seen it stated that their pious labors were performed for—profit!"

"Your voice echoes my conscience," he replied, "I promise to resign the position to-morrow if you will now permit a—'ghoul' to approach you."

Said she, with a hint of relenting: "If you had persisted in the part of such a Brother of Mercy, I should have taken vows myself and kept them"—significantly—"as a Little Sister of the Poor."

"Then we should both," he answered boldly, "have mistaken our vocation."

MADAME SWETCHINE AND HER FRIENDS.

BY THE HON. M. M. MAXWELL SCOTT.

WHO is there that does not know this Russian lady with her thoroughly French heart? this manly intellect united to such womanly affections, the mind of Joseph de Maistre linked to the soul of a Fénelon, and warmed with a piety so amiable, a charity so delicate—this woman, in short, who said of herself: “I desire to be remembered by no other epitaph than these words: ‘She who believed, who prayed, and who loved.’”—*Père Chocarne*.



THESE words, which sum up Madame Swetchine's character and virtues, might also make us hesitate to add a fresh chapter to the story of a life already so well known. Since they were written, however, much has been published relating to Madame Swetchine's friends, which we venture to think throws a fresh and charming light on her also, and which tempts us to linger amidst that great and holy company to whom she was a guide and a mother. “Do not let us weary of sowing seeds of kindness and sympathy in our path through life,” she once said; and assuredly no one knew better than she how to practise this; her daily life was an apostleship of kindness.

Owing to her position and talents Madame Swetchine had, during her long life, opportunities of knowing most of the celebrities of her time, both in Russia and France, but it is perhaps the French friends who surrounded her in her later years that most interest us, and whose names are most familiar to us. We cannot open the *Memoirs of Père Lacordaire*, *Père de Ravignan*, *Mrs. Augustus Craven*—to name a few—without realizing what a place Madame Swetchine's friendship occupied in their lives, and how deep was her influence over them. Let us gather together the record of some of these friendships precious to us still on earth, although—nay, because—they have now long ago, as we may confidently hope, achieved their completion in heaven.

The year 1832 saw the dawn of what we may perhaps call the greatest of these friendships—that with *Père Lacordaire*. It was just after his final parting from *M. Lamennais*, and about the time of his own mother's death, that the great

Dominican was introduced to Madame Swetchine by M. de Montalembert, and became almost at once her "Son of predilection." Writing of this desolate time in his life, when his future was dim and uncertain, and his heart still bled from the wounds of the past, Père Lacordaire says that he approached Madame Swetchine as a shipwrecked mariner, storm-tossed by the waves of life. "I remember now, after twenty years," he adds, "what stores of light and strength she put at the service of a young man then quite unknown to her. Her counsels strengthened me at the same time against discouragement and illusion."

The whole passage is so beautiful that we may be pardoned for quoting at length. "She was marvelous," continues Lacordaire, "for discovering the side to which one was attracted and where one needed help. The measure of her thoughts was so perfect, the liberty of her judgments so remarkable, that I was long in discovering who, and what, owned her preferences. Instead of, as elsewhere, knowing beforehand what would be said to me, with her I hardly ever knew, and nowhere else did I feel myself so far from the world. This high influence was not shed on me alone; others—my elders or my contemporaries—felt its effect, and it is impossible to say of how many souls this one peerless soul was the beacon—not only by day or at fixed times, not only in the evening till up to midnight or after; but at all moments was she importuned by others, without ever complaining; and thus around a stranger a company gathered of all times and of all countries, because truth itself was its soil, its air, its light and being."

In the brief notice from which I have quoted above Père Lacordaire goes on to describe Madame Swetchine's talents and learning, her love for the poor and her very practical economies for their benefit—such as giving up her carriage. He tells us of the young deaf-mute adopted by her, and of her habit of marking each of the great events of her life by undertaking the charge of a fresh poor person, visiting and caring for them herself. "She continued this till the last days of her life and, with the breath of life trembling and uncertain on her lips, she still asked for news of her poor."* Echoing the great writer, the simple words of Madame Swetchine's faithful servant, Cloppet, help to complete this picture of her

* Article on Madame Swetchine. By Père Lacordaire. *Le Correspondant*, 25 October, 1857.

charity. "She had the talent which few possess—the language suited to each class of persons she saw. She knew so well how to console the poor in their misery, and the rich in their domestic troubles, to support the afflicted and to counsel mothers of families who came for advice for their children. I saw all those who came to be comforted go away with peace on their countenance."

M. de Falloux, whom we know as one of the most intimate of Madame Swetchine's friends, and the author of her *Life*, was privileged later on, after Père Lacordaire's death, by being made the depository of the correspondence between them, and to his zeal we owe the large volume of *Letters* published in 1864. Although a good many of Madame Swetchine's have been lost, enough remain to make the collection very complete, and as the editor says: "This dialogue between two souls united in God sheds a bright light on the religious history of the time." Commencing in 1833, the letters pursue their faithful way year by year, ending only a month before Madame Swetchine's death; and a few extracts, gathered here and there, will show us how Père Lacordaire regarded her. "You have been, in God's hands, for my soul like those rays of sunshine which fall in spring on the poor man's brow and comfort him for the hardships of winter," he writes on one occasion. On another he playfully begs her not to get too holy: "Don't become quite a saint yet, for fear that I could not follow you." Once he reproaches her for not speaking more openly to him: "I assure you that my only reproach is that I find you always too circumspect and delicate in your manner of expressing yourself. You have a special genius for that flattery which is the safeguard of truth. . . . The heart is like the eyes, it cannot bear the full light; still I think you are excessive in the art of twilight."

In July, 1850, at a moment which in spite of Père Lacordaire's great humility may have been trying to him, he and Madame Swetchine exchange thoughts. The father writes to tell her of the election of a general for the new French province. "Dear friend: The R. F. Jandel has just been named as General of our order by the Sovereign Pontiff. We have half known it for ten days; now the news is certain and even public. It is a great honor for us who number only a few years of existence, and whom the Vicar of Jesus Christ, by an extraordinary favor, thus proclaims to the world as a living offshoot of the Order of St. Dominic. It is for me the most precious reward

for all my labors. Others, perhaps, may see something else in my exclusion, but even supposing there was any ill will to me personally, the work of my life has been none the less recognized. Not only is it recognized as a holy reform for France, but we are given the power to extend it to the whole order throughout the Catholic world. In what regards myself, whatever may have been the motives for preference, I can only see in them the admirable mercy of God, who has not wished to withdraw me from my apostolic ministry, or to place me for the rest of my life in a position which would not have left me the time to write a line or to preach a word. Père Jandel is myself without the drawbacks of myself."

Two days later Madame Swetchine replies as follows: "My dear friend: I have been more touched than any one by this notable success, which resembles—like two drops of water—one of those solemn blessings by which Providence signifies its approval. There is success as I like it—solid, fruitful in results, practical, and containing in itself an answer to all uncertainties and to all doubts. Never was favor more significant. A long silence matters little when broken by speech so explicit. . . . I can say to you very conscientiously that the honor done to Père Jandel refers, above all, to you, and nothing seems more natural than that, having recourse to the French source, they have not run the risk of drying it up by taking you away. Père Jandel will do almost all you could have done in Rome, but how could he have replaced you in France? It seems to me almost as impossible that the choice could have rested on you as that it should not have been the first idea to present itself. . . . You once called me your 'friend for eternity.' I have well remembered this term, and I assume its responsibilities."

During Père Lacordaire's visit to England, in 1852, he wrote to Madame Swetchine from Oxford, and at the risk of repeating what is well known I cannot refrain from quoting what is so interesting. "It is from this beautiful, serious, noble, and kindly town of Oxford that I desire, dear friend, to reply to your letter of March 4. . . . I arrived here yesterday evening alone and quite lost, as it were, but with a childlike joy to find myself in a town without smoke or noise, all full of literary monuments, some gothic, some in modern style, and with an incredible number of silent courtyards and porticos where the young students pass here and there in their quaint little caps and gowns. I walk about with delight in these quiet streets and

these beautiful avenues of trees which border two rivers, and I do not remember to have seen anything which has left upon me a more charming impression. I conceive that all these young people brought up here never lose the memory of Oxford, and return here with an affection that time only increases. We have nothing resembling it in France. The university is for us merely a college, that is to say, four walls with five or six professors and as many masters of studies. All the colleges here stand with their doors wide open, and strangers penetrate within as into a refuge which belongs to all who love the perfume of what is literary or beautiful. Each of the colleges is large but not crowded, solitude adds to their grandeur; nearly all, and the churches and monuments also, bear the mark of immense age, and it looks as if everything would crumble to pieces. Oxford is at the same time the image and the stronghold of the Anglican Church."

In the last years, when Madame Swetchine's sufferings were increasing, Père Lacordaire does not fail to send words of affectionate sympathy. "You are very unwell and sad, I hear from Madame Mesnard," he writes, in October, 1853. "Alas, sooner or later, the cross finds us, and virtue, far from preserving us, seems to invite Almighty God to touch us with the Mysterious Sceptre borne by his Son. But what courage is needed to receive it in our turn! and what a torch is faith, which throws light on our weakness while it opens our eyes. I dare not say to you that I am always with you. What is man to console and support! God himself can hardly do this, so poor are we; but at least, inasmuch as affection, gratitude, and devotion can offer help from one creature to another, I am present at your sufferings and share them. Remember sometimes that you have done me good and that by me, perhaps, you have done good to many others whom you do not know, but who will one day know you."

In 1854 he ends one of his letters with the hope of seeing Madame Swetchine again. "Good-bye, dear friend, life is sad and bitter; God alone puts a little joy into it. It is he who is going to give me the joy of seeing you and of telling you again how much I love you in your much tried old age, and how I recall each day all the good you have done me."

The last letter addressed by Père Lacordaire to Madame Swetchine was dated August 24, 1857, and although she had never let him know how critical her state was, his words show

that he foresaw that the end was at hand. "I hope to see you again here below," he writes; "send me news of yourself, and believe that no one is more united in spirit with you, or feels more than I do the value of your affection. Pray for me as I do daily for you. It is in God that we shall be united forever."

Père de Ravignan's name must ever be connected with the friendship between Père Lacordaire and Madame Swetchine. At the moment that the great Jesuit succeeded the great Dominican in the pulpit of Notre Dame, their mutual friend, Père Rosavan, introduced the former to Madame Swetchine, and apparently he at first alarmed her, for we find him writing to her: "The excellent Eleuthère tells me that you are very much afraid of me! Can this be true or possible? I should be only too happy if you would be my master and teacher, to find fault with me and scold me—to pray for me also." He writes affectionately of Père Lacordaire to their common friend, and she in her turn describes the effect of Père de Ravignan's conferences to his brother preacher, and makes the following note in her journal: "*M. Lainé was the orator of the eyes—he would have convinced by his silence.*" These words of M. de Lamartine regarding M. Lainé apply equally well to Père de Ravignan." Later, when they became better acquainted, the first meetings of the Children of Mary took place in Madame Swetchine's house, and we find her writing to the father in these terms:

"My dear and venerated father: I am already looking forward to the happy hour we shall spend on Friday." Again: "How good you are! My heart accepts as a grace whatever comes to me from God, and the encouragement you give me is not the least of the favors for which I daily give him my thanks.* I cannot tell you how warmly M. Lacordaire begged me to thank you for your kind remarks, of which I showed him the very words, nor how deeply he was affected. Like him I was deeply affected, my dear father, for all that comes from you is imbued with the sanctity which destroys the poison which all praise contains in a greater or lesser degree."

I have mentioned Madame Craven's name, and all who are acquainted with her *Life* will remember the touching friendship which united her to the subject of this sketch. In her many troubles and anxieties the thought of her holy old friend cheered and calmed her, and we find passages in her journal which

* Extract from a letter written during Père de Ravignan's absence from illness.

show how she treasured her advice. In October, 1856, Madame Craven, then at Lumigny, thus writes: "Friday last, the 10th, I spent at Fleury with my dear Madame Swetchine. It was a day which was, as always, useful to me, and it was even more beneficial than usual. . . . I may know in coming years some of the happiness which I see in her incomparable example, a happiness which transforms and beautifies old age, and which is the only real and inexhaustible happiness on earth. I have not to learn what happiness is. Joubert has well said: 'In heaven we shall be no longer believers, we shall only be thinkers; let us then cultivate intellect, because it is a divine and eternal gift.' Her dear, great soul has done this, and therefore her mind is now more vigorous than in her youth, and though age weakens her body, the powers of her soul and of her mind are more and more developed, notwithstanding the cruel physical pain she suffers; notwithstanding sorrows only known to him who created her tender and large heart."

Again, she writes from Paris in the September of 1857: "My dear, beloved, and admirable friend, Madame Swetchine, is dying. Mother, sister, friend she was all to me, my soul and heart and mind were all satisfied when I was near her, all were at peace. 'How resigned you are,' I said to her during a long day which I spent with her at Fleury earlier in the autumn. 'Do not use that word,' she said to me. 'I do not like the word "resignation," which means that we *will* a thing and that we sacrifice it to something which God wills. That involves a double action of the will which I do not understand. Is it not simpler and more reasonable to have oneself absolutely no will but the will of God?'"

During Madame Swetchine's final illness Madame Craven was much with her, and vividly describes the sorrowful scene. "An iron bed, which Madame Swetchine habitually used, was rolled into one of the salons. It was a singular custom and it helped to give her deathbed a special aspect. There was no trace of illness visible, and she, who was sinking before us under the weight of complicated disease and her great age, retained to the last her familiar and dear appearance. Her dress was, as always, simple but not neglected. The same exquisite cleanliness was maintained. The perfume of Eau-de-Portugal, which she always used, harmonized with her serene countenance. Her features, which could express such sympathy with the troubles of others, but were immovable when she spoke of her

own, never failed in their double characteristics until the last moment of her sufferings."

Among many well-known names that also occur as connected with Madame Swetchine, that of Donoso Cortez must not be omitted, of whom it is said that he was never more eloquent than in her presence and whose premature deathbed she and Sœur Rosalie consoled. After his death Madame Swetchine acknowledged that her eyes were useless from weeping, "at my age tears suffice for that," she wrote sadly.

M. Ozanam, M. Cochin, and M. Rio, the eloquent author of *l'Art Chrétien*, were of course included in the circle of Madame Swetchine's friends, but unfortunately little is now known of their intercourse with her. We have, however, left one name to the last which must ever be linked with hers, that of M. de Montalembert. Commencing before her friendship with Père Lacordaire and ending—like his—only with her life, little yet seems to be known of their intimacy, although a few letters are given by M. de Falloux in his *Memoirs*. But perhaps the greatest testimony to his place in her life is that afforded by the letter written to him, just after Madame Swetchine's death, by M. de Falloux, and which contains so many touching details regarding their beloved friend. Père Lacordaire, in his incomparable language, has also left us a picture of these last moments, when "at last we had to lose her." "Every star must be extinguished here below, every treasure disappear, every soul must be recalled," he reminds us. "God did not spare his servant the agonies of death, but he left her, in order to surmount them, the empire which she had acquired by seventy-five years of combat. Seated in her salon till the end she continued to receive those who loved her, to speak to them of themselves and the future, to foresee and discuss everything with a living interest. Her bent head would lift to show a smile, she found once more the accent and turn of phrase familiar to her, and her eyes in their serenity lit up for us the touching scene in which we disputed her with God."

Her own words will illustrate for us what was passing in her heroic soul during those last days: "It is not destruction alone which is hastening," she tells us in speaking of death, "but also the liberty, the glory, the perfection of a soul which becomes always more radiant as that which is spiritual absorbs that which is human."

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.



FEEL like a person in a dream who is always trying to arrive at a destination, and never, never can get there," Lady Anne was saying some two months later to Lord Dunlaverock. "To be sure Italy was lovely, yet I grudged losing the Irish spring. And now the Family have closed in upon me and will not let me go."

"You should break away," he said.

"How can I have the heart?" she asked, "seeing that they all want me so much. And Ida is stronger than she has been for years and discovering old friends every day. And Cousin Anastasia is caught into such a whirl of frivolity. The cousins are really good to her. They are as sweet as they look. How could I have the heart to shorten it all for them, because I want to see how everything is getting on at home?"

The Family, the sons and daughters of Lady Cynthia's lovely sisters, were as devoted to each other as the sisters had been in their day. There never was such a family of handsome young men and women, as sweet-tempered as they were handsome. Careless, smiling, kind creatures, who shed sunshine all about them. With people so charming, what did it matter that they had no seriousness? They were meant to adorn the world, like butterflies and birds and flowers, and they did what they were meant to do.

At the present moment Anne and her traveling companions lived in a big, old-fashioned house on the top of Campden Hill, in the midst of a garden, surrounded by great trees and high palings that shut out the world. There one need not be homesick for the country, since the birds sang from morning till night these last days of their singing time; there

were roses and lilies, phlox and stocks and pansies in the garden beds. The true country lover might have noticed the blackness of the trees in their stems and branches, the blackness of the earth which seemed to have been mingled with soot; might have observed the curious phenomenon that one could not even pluck a flower without having one's fingers soiled.

Still the garden was charming, with its fish-pond and shrubberies, its shell grotto, its seat, now protected by a bar in front, where Horace Walpole had sat and talked with the Berrys, where it was said George III. had made love to Lady Sarah Lennox, where, earlier yet, Harley and Bolingbroke had met in amity. Cedars in that town garden bent to earth with their own weight and had to be supported under their heaviest branches. They stood like veterans supported on crutches. From the house-windows one looked down into a great pall of smoke that covered everything, into a wilderness of chimneys and house-tops if it happened to be early morning. The house was spacious and rather sombre inside, but full of beautiful things. It had its ghost, a famous eighteenth century beauty, whose classical features might be seen in relief above a door in one of the corridors. The halls and corridors were paved in black and white marble. The principal staircase was of marble. The walls and ceilings of the important rooms were lavishly decorated. It had been built by a generation which built houses for time, not for a day.

The delectable house was in the possession of one of the prettiest of the aunts, Lady Mary Mowbray, the widow of one of the richest commoners in England. She had no children, and the Retreat, as it was called, seemed to belong quite as much to the Family as to its owner. It was always full of a rout of nephews and nieces, maiden aunts, and cousins. The family seemed to possess quite an unusual number of the latter, elderly and genteelly poor, who basked in the benevolence of the Retreat as a starved flower in the sun. The Retreat kept up a great staff of servants who had as good a time apparently as their betters, for if there was one thing the Family could not do it was to make itself unpleasant, nor would it have enjoyed making itself unpleasant by deputy. So that sunny faces were the order of the day; and if you happened to find yourself in the servants' quarter of the house, which

was shut off by heavy doors, you might have heard the sounds of cheerful laughter, or a housemaid singing like a canary in the sun.

Lady Anne and her party had come to the Retreat originally for the night. They had been met at Charing Cross by a tall young cousin who was in the Household Brigade, accompanied by a bevy of lovely girls who made the platform of the dingy station glow like a flower bed.

While Jack Vyner took command of things, Billy and Peggy and Dulce and Pam laid hold on the small articles with which the carriage was crowded, and, surrounding the travelers in a triumphant and merry crowd, they carried them off to the Daimler which was snorting and gurgling outside.

Such a babel of young voices! Such a wealth of smiles! No wonder people turned to stare after the happy party. It was impossible, at least to Lady Anne and Mrs. Massey and Miss Chevenix, not to repay such cordial and delighted greeting with corresponding amiability. The fresh, girlish faces, the shower of innocent chaff between them and the male cousin, the happy irresponsibility, were immensely exhilarating. It was a way the Family had to be exhilarating to duller people; and they were not chary of their favors, their bewildering smiles, that fell on the just and unjust like the warmth of the sun.

"You are going to stay with us for a fortnight at least, Cousin Anne," said one, as the Daimler glided in and out the traffic with bewildering certainty and speed. "Aunt Mary has set her heart on it."

"We have fixed up ever so many events for you," said another. "You see we have to go about in batches, because there are so many of us, but there is an immense deal going on just now, so that there is plenty for everybody to do."

"I wanted Anne to stop in Paris long enough to repair our wardrobes, but she would not," said Mrs. Massey, who confessed afterwards to feeling absurdly exhilarated. "She said she could get everything in Dublin just as well. I may tell you that she has quite made up her mind to travel to-morrow night."

A chorus of groans and protestations broke out, from which Anne laughingly stopped her ears. But she knew that her intention of going on to Mount Shandon was already frustrated, for who could refuse the Family anything when they really wanted it?

So behold Anne, with July already making the trees heavy and dark, still lingering in London.

She was caught, as they had said she would be, into a whirl of gaiety. Not only the diversions of the great, but little diversions as well. There was nothing that came to the Family's net that was not amusement; and while one party might be dancing at a ball in Carlton House Terrace, another would be traveling around London on top of a 'bus, or occupying a box in a suburban Music Hall, or doing something else wild and harmless.

Occasionally Anne broke away from them and went off by herself to South Audley Street, where Mary Hyland was by this time installed with a couple of assistants. It had been a hot summer, and Mary had felt the heat of London, which was very different here from what it was on top of Campden Hill.

Her eyes would light up as soon as Lady Anne entered the shop. If there were customers she would leave them to an assistant while she talked to Lady Anne in the little slip of a room at the back. Lady Anne always brought flowers or a new book. The book had an intention beyond the kindness. Lady Anne, who must always be a benefactress, remembered that crimson covered penny novelette, and wanted to turn Mary's thoughts to better things. Poor Mary, who had been called upon to delight in Mr. Yeats and his disciples, and had seemed to delight without understanding a word, had to drop her beloved novelettes and take to Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey and Mrs. Walford. Further Lady Anne did not aspire to lead her. She was too much of a woman of action now to have much time for literature, although sometimes she returned to her old classical studies, and she wanted to give Mary the very best she could aspire to, that and nothing more.

To Mary Hyland it was an extraordinarily refreshing thing when Lady Anne came into the shop. She forgot the days and nights when she had gasped for breath, stifled for air. She had a little flat of her own down Fulham way. It was at the very top of a big building. Lady Anne had approved of Mary's being at the top, but she had not known how stifling it was under the slates on which the sun had beaten all day.

In this hot weather it had hardly seemed worth while to Mary to go in pursuit of solid food. Who wanted to eat in

such weather? Meat, too; the very thought of meat was repugnant to the delicate girl.

She brewed herself every morning a pot of tea over a methylated spirit stove in the little back room behind the shop. Worse, she re-heated the tea at intervals during the day. She was of the nation that escapes the worst consequences of dyspepsia because it does not over-eat, which when it experiences indigestion has no name for it. The teapot had always been her good friend. She had been accustomed to have a cup whenever the fancy took her, and she would never have thought of making fresh tea every time. Her assistants found a Lyons' or an A. B. C. shop, and fed themselves more or less wholesomely. Not so Mary. It did not seem worth while to take so much trouble. The lassitude of the great heat and the little food laid hold upon her, so that when she got home at night as often as not she fell asleep in her chair and slept there half the night. There were rings around her eyes and her cheeks were hollow. Her hands were damp, her step listless. Then Lady Anne would come in and at sight of her Mary would forget everything—the heavy air and the troublesome customers, the fatigue that seemed to drag her down like fetters of iron. She would peer eagerly to make sure it was Lady Anne; she was very short-sighted, but there was no mistaking the tall, beautiful figure. The light would come into her eyes and the color to her cheeks. She would feel suddenly as though new life had been infused into her body.

In time Lady Anne discovered that Mary was not really feeling very well. She discovered that the drive in a hansom round the Park, the blow on the river, where they went in a penny steamer escorted by one of the youngest, most irresponsible of the male cousins, were not enough. She had taken Mary once or twice to Regent Street, which was Fairyland to the unsophisticated girl, had bought her a trinket, a chiffon, loaded her with gifts, and driven her down to Fulham rejoicing. She had taken her to an afternoon concert, a *matinée*, a picture gallery, or sent her theatre tickets for herself and the assistants for a Saturday afternoon. These things, for which Mary was disproportionately grateful, were merely acts of common humanity to Lady Anne Chute.

But the time came when they did not suffice, when the dark-ringed eyes and the hollow cheeks and the faint look of

exhaustion revealed themselves to Lady Anne after the first color had ebbed out of Mary's cheeks.

"You've been doing too much, child," she said in sudden alarm.

Mary had been working hard in the shop, where she had proved an excellent business woman. Not only was business brisk, but accounts were kept with an order and regularity that delighted Lady Anne; correspondence, everything, was in apple-pie order.

"I'm going to take you away with me," she said imperiously. "Miss Walsh must get on without you for a month, at least."

"Ah, not a month, your Ladyship," pleaded Mary, "everything would be at sixes and sevens in a month. She's a good little girl, and so is Miss Lucas, but they'd get everything into a mess if I wasn't here."

"They must get into a mess then," said Lady Anne firmly; "and disentangle themselves when you come back. What do you suppose Mr. Randal would say to me if he saw you looking so white and tired?"

"I never had much color," Mary said deprecatingly. "He's used to me, you see, and your Ladyship isn't. He sees nothing amiss with me."

"Where are his eyes?" Lady Anne asked herself with impatience, but did not say the words aloud.

"We had a lovely Sunday on the river in May," Mary went on dreamily. She was not at all afraid of Lady Anne. "He promised me another like it; but whenever he's been over since he's been too busy. We went right down to where there were some lovely woods, and we went ashore a little further on and had dinner. It was beautiful. I loved to hear the cuckoo."

"You shall come back with me to Mount Shandon. I can't promise you any cuckoos, but you will have woods and waters and mountains."

"Oh, Lady Anne!"

For a second Mary's eyes looked delight. Then she shook her head resolutely.

"I couldn't be away, indeed I couldn't, for more than a week. I have promised Katty, that's Miss Walsh, to let her take her fortnight the second week in August. Miss Lucas is

to go the first of September. So you see I couldn't be spared. Besides, indeed, Lady Anne, I'd be miserable thinking they were all at sixes and sevens at the shop. I never was used to holidays. I might take a week. Miss Lucas knows of a boarding house at Southend where I thought of going."

"If you won't, come to Mount Shandon, and there is going to be a delightful party there in August, friends of my cousin, Miss Chevenix."

"Lady Anne," said Mary desperately, "Hugh's mother—she's very good and kind, but she doesn't think me a match for Hugh. Don't blame her for it. I think the same myself. Still—"

"She's very unreasonable," Lady Anne said kindly, looking at the flushed face. "Her son knows better, you see. I dare say mothers often have those ideas. Then, of course, you wouldn't care to be at Mount Shandon since she is at the chalet. But you are not going to the boarding house at Southend for all that. You are coming into the country with me on Monday."

"On Monday! I never could be ready," Mary protested with fearful joy.

"That will give you a fortnight," Lady Anne said. "We will see what can be done with you during a fortnight."

Mary sighed, as if it was delightful to have her will made up for her.

"To be sure I must do as your Ladyship bids me," she said. "I wonder what Hugh will think of me. He'd go on himself till he dropped in your Ladyship's service."

"It would be much better for my Ladyship and my service if he left off before he dropped," Lady Anne said. "And I don't mean you to go on till you drop. Be ready for me at eleven o'clock on Monday—here, or shall I call for you at Fulham?"

"I shall be here. But—but—where is your Ladyship going to take me?"

"That is my secret," Lady Anne said firmly. "Anyhow, it's a delightful place, ever so much nicer than a Southend boarding house."

"To be sure. I couldn't think of your Ladyship in such a place as that," Mary said with a shocked air.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE OLD LOVE.

This matter of giving Mary Hyland a holiday, and seeing that she enjoyed it, made a further delay about returning to Ireland.

"You won't mind?" Lady Anne said to Mrs. Massey. "You see there will be a good deal doing here for the next ten days, at least, when a good many of them go off to Scotland. Aunt Mary goes to Wiesbaden about the 20th. It would be a gracious act if you and Anastasia would stay on a bit. I know she would like it, and Anastasia would help to entertain the old cousins."

"I should enjoy a quiet time with Lady Mary," Mrs. Massey answered. "Those young folk have nearly tired me out. Would you have believed that I could have so racketted? To be sure I couldn't have, if they hadn't taken such care of me, like dear, kind sons and daughters, instead of unrelated youth and beauty attached to a dull, old, semi-invalid woman."

"For the matter of that, they adore you. You know they bring you their secrets. And I'm afraid you encourage them. How do you suppose it is ever going to come to anything between Kenneth and Lucy? His pay as a lancer just about keeps him his button-holes. And Lucy can have an elderly duke if she has the mind."

"Lady Mary and I are putting our heads together about Kenneth. Why shouldn't he come to me? I'm getting too old to manage for myself. And the house grows lonelier. It would be different with those two in it."

"He doesn't know anything about business."

"He will never make a diplomatist. And he loves a country life. He will learn the business."

"You'll be arranging for Douglas and Winifred next. I don't approve of marriages of cousins."

"Nor do I. Besides it's unfair to keep so much beauty and amiability in one family. However, you haven't told me why you are making this sudden excursion down to the Court. I know you refused Mrs. Mellor. And it will be very quiet there, it being her first year of widowhood."

"I shan't object to the quietness." (Lady Anne sighed with a thought that it would be nearly autumn before she could get back to Mount Shandon. What a lost summer! in despite of Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Rome. Only that morning she had had a long letter from Hugh Randal. The draining of the bog was going on satisfactorily. They were diverting the water into a deep channel that ran away to the sea. Some of the upper parts were already becoming quite firm.) "And if it were not quiet, Mary would hardly be happy there."

"Mary?"

"Mary Hyland. She is looking terribly ill, Ida. I never saw it till to-day. This summer has taken it out of her, poor child."

"She never had much to lose," Mrs. Massey said a little drily. She had seen Mary and talked with her before they had gone abroad, and her devotion to Lady Anne, built up on so little, fostered, she felt sure, by that young man who ought to have kept all his devotion for herself, had remained with Mrs. Massey as a touching memory. "She never had much to lose. Why doesn't the young man marry her?"

"Oh, I don't think there is any thought of marriage. Besides, Mr. Randal is going to America for me this winter. You know the Washington Exhibition opens on the first of May next year. Mount Shandon is going to make a fine show there. He won't be able to call his soul his own till it's over."

"I grant you that wouldn't be a satisfactory state of mind for a newly married man," Mrs. Massey said, in a voice which somewhat annoyed Lady Anne. Did Ida think then that she was to marry the couple out of hand? They seemed very well content to wait. People generally had to wait. Look at Dunlaverock and herself. Did she feel the waiting long? On the contrary, she was very well content.

"There is nothing the matter with Mary," she said aloud, "only the heat of the summer. She was sure to feel it."

"Send her back to Ireland."

"It would break her heart. She is absorbed in the work."

"Only for your sake. She is a quiet, housekeeping little body. Her ideal happiness would consist in keeping a little house for a husband and children."

"She will have that presently. When they are ready, I am going to build them a house. I've got to reconcile Mrs. Randal

to the idea of Mary as a daughter-in-law. Mary tells me that she does not think her good enough."

"She would be good enough for any one, with those eyes."

Mary was ready punctually on the Monday when Lady Anne called for her. It was a wonderful journey for her into Sussex. It would have been happiness enough for her to have been with Lady Anne; to be thought for so kindly; occasionally to meet a smile from Lady Anne, sent to her from behind a book or paper. But the country which unfolded itself not so long after they had left Victoria was wonderfully fresh and beautiful. The parks and open spaces of London had been burnt red. This was not the country Mary knew. It was something richer, more luxuriant, more garden-like. Now they were passing golden cornfields with the Surrey Hills on one side. Again they were running past park-lands, studded with beautiful wide-spreading oaks. Sometimes there was a little river flowing through rushes and under the moored leaves of water lilies. Again there was a village and a church tower. There were red and white cattle feeding on quiet upland pastures, or a herd of deer flying away before the roar and rattle of the train. There were old manor-houses in the beautiful parks, sometimes revealing themselves by a tangle of twisted chimneys above the trees of the park. Or there was a picturesque farmstead; or a nursery with many-colored flowers set out in a bright mosaic, and rows of glass houses.

The color came to Mary's cheek and the light to her eye.

"It's lovely," she said, "though it isn't like Ireland at all," when Lady Anne looked from behind her newspaper to ask her how she liked it.

Mrs. Mellor's landau met them, with the lady herself. She looked pale and worn in her widow's black, but her face lit up as she caught sight of Lady Anne.

"I am so glad you changed your mind after all, Nan," she said, standing by the carriage door—she had met them on the platform—to allow her guests to precede her. "And I am so glad to see Miss Hyland. I hope she will not find it too dull."

"Oh!" said Mary, innocently shocked at the idea, "is it with you and Lady Anne? I never deserved to be so happy."

She proved, indeed, to be the most unexacting of visitors. The children had an amiable head nurse, very wise and trust-

worthy, with a young under-nurse whom Mrs. Huggins used to refer to bitterly as "'Er with the curls."

An immediate attachment sprang up between Mary and the children. Robin, the eldest child, a boy with the beauty of his mother and something of the seriousness of his father, ran to his mother on the terrace the very morning after Mary's arrival to ask if Miss Hyland could come out with them, "because she's such a darling." Mary's eyes seconded the request, which of course was granted.

She came in that first day with a color in her cheek which at first passed for sunburn. It was not sunburn, but the return of health. The children were out all day, sometimes picnicking in the woods. It became an established thing for Mary to go out with them. Mrs. Huggins greatly approved her. She was so gentle and quiet, so ready to play with the children, so full of fairy stories to tell them, sitting on a fallen tree trunk when they had played enough. For the whole fortnight the weather continued fair, except for a sharp thunder-storm one night. For the fortnight Mrs. Huggins was able to leave the erring Jessie at home, to mend her stockings, and otherwise repair her wardrobe, which, according to Mrs. Huggins, was in a parlous condition.

It was all so deliciously peaceful—Mary's memories of it afterwards were of a sunny glade, dappled with light and shadow; an old woman sitting on a mossy tree-trunk, spectacles on nose, a work-basket beside her, a piece of needlework in her hands; the children playing in and out the pillars of the trees, or grouped in a demure quietness upon the mossy ground, while she tried to remember the old stories to tell them. "The Black Bull of Norway" was a prime favorite, although it was run hard by "Hudden and Dudden and Dan'el O'Neill" and "Fair, Pale, and Trembling." Also she made acquaintance with the children's favorite books, with Hans Andersen and Grimm, with *Alice* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, with *The Jungle Books*.

Sometimes they went for delightful motor drives, and pulled up at inns in the midst of forests, as it seemed to Mary, and had rustic teas in delightful gardens.

Every day the rose in Mary's cheek bloomed a little more, gained in color, became more settled.

Mrs. Mellor had a beautiful idea.

"I wish she would come to me," she said. "She could give

Robin his first lessons. Huggins can neither read nor write, which explains her efficiency, no doubt. Since Huggins has taken to her, the one difficulty would be removed. What do you think?"

Lady Anne had an easy mind.

"It sounds delightful," she said; "ask her."

Mrs. Mellor took the first opportunity. The color came and went in Mary's cheek.

"It has been the happiest fortnight of my life," she burst out impulsively. "But—but—I couldn't leave her Ladyship."

"I believe you knew it, Anne," Mrs. Mellor said, turning to her cousin. "And I was thinking how good you were to let me ask her."

"Oh, Mary wouldn't leave me," Lady Anne said, smiling at Mary with that triumphant confidence of hers, while Mary blushed like a girl in love.

"You must take care of her," Amy Mellor said later, "and you must see that she takes care of herself. Certainly the Court has done wonders for her. She seems to love the country so much that London life must be particularly trying to her. By the way, I thought you told me that she was engaged."

"So she is."

"Yet she said her time here had been the happiest of her life. It didn't sound right for an engaged girl."

"Oh, Mary is impulsive. She wouldn't stop to think. By the way, Amy, I have had a letter from Dunlaverock."

"I know. I saw his writing on one of your envelopes."

"He is coming to London thinking that I will be there."

"Yes? You are going back on Monday, to my grief."

"He will be in London to-morrow. He proposed to travel back to Ireland with us next week. He will be lost among the cousins till Monday. They will do their best, the dears, but he will be at sea among them. I thought perhaps that he might come on here."

Lady Anne had been very little among the Family, or she would have known better than to make such a suggestion. As a matter of fact, she had not known that Dunlaverock had been in love with his cousin, Amy, and that the latter was supposed to have jilted him for the wealthy Mr. Mellor.

She was looking straight at Amy Mellor as she made the suggestion, and saw the blood rush to the pale cheek.

"I don't think Dunlaverock would care to come," the widow said, her fingers pleating and unpleating a fold of her gown. "You and Dunlaverock are great friends, Anne. Have you not discovered that he dislikes me?"

"I have not," said Lady Anne bluntly. "I should never think of such a thing."

"Ah, well, it is so." The color had gone now, leaving her paler. "He thinks badly of me, Anne, and the worst of it is that I can do nothing to remove the impression. Some day you must try to make him like me and forgive me. You have great influence with him."

That "forgive me," made Anne thoughtful. It had slipped from Amy Mellor unawares. When Anne was alone in her room later she gazed at herself in the glass. She hardly knew herself in the glass. Even when the maid was dressing her hair she would be making entries in a notebook or writing business letters; anything but staring at her own reflection.

But now, for once, she gazed at herself as though she were the boy Hyacinthus; but she was not at all in love with her image. She thought her dark-haired face almost ugly. By Amy Mellor's delicate fairness she must be positively ugly, she thought. And, oddly enough, the conclusion was not an unpleasant one to her.

CHAPTER XV.

HEALING A WOUND.

It was characteristic of Lady Anne that she did not leave her surmises about Amy Mellor and Dunlaverock among nebulous, uncertain things. If she had let the matter drop with Mrs. Mellor, it was because she was a new widow, and Lady Anne shrank sensitively from anything that might touch upon an old love affair. To be sure nobody could have suspected a romantic motive in the first instance for the marriage between the kind, middle-aged gentleman and the young beauty in her second or third season. But no matter how the marriage had come about, it was evident that James Mellor had won at least the tender and grateful affection of his young wife. It was obvious, Lady Anne would have said, to any one privileged to

be intimate with Amy Mellor that her grief for her husband's death was deep and sincere.

Lady Anne found Dunlaverock, as she had expected, grimly reproachful of her.

"What did you mean, Anne," he asked, "by leaving me with my gray hairs among those children? If they'd only let me alone! But they are so amiable, they would entertain me. I spent yesterday evening at the Hippodrome. I felt like an unsympathetic bachelor uncle out with the children.

"I looked to Ida to save you from that."

"She was absorbed in the dancing dogs and the trained elephants. She shrieked over the antics of that little clown, Marceline. Once or twice she sent me a reproachful glance, by which I knew that I looked a skeleton at the banquet."

Lady Anne laughed.

"Remember that we catch the Irish mail at Euston at 8:45, and be consoled," she said.

"Alastair," she said, twenty-four hours later. They were walking up and down the terrace at Mount Shandon. It wanted half-an-hour of the dressing-bell, and Hugh Randal was coming to dinner, to give an account of his stewardship. "Alastair, when I stayed with Amy she said once that you disliked her. It is not possible? She must have been mistaken."

His brow clouded over alarmingly, so that another woman than Lady Anne might have been frightened. Lady Anne looked at him without flinching. His anger went to confirm a theory which had been opening up in her mind.

"You and Mrs. Mellor did me too great an honor in discussing me," he said stiffly.

"We didn't." Lady Anne's directness became at times abruptness; and the little disclaimer now came oddly abrupt. "It was only that I wanted to ask you down from Friday to Monday to save you from the Hippodrome and all the rest of it. And Amy said you would not come, that you disliked her—that was all, or pretty nearly all."

For a moment or two there was silence. Lady Anne's content in looking over the beloved landscape, down the valley to the silver sea, was so great that her cousin's ill-temper disturbed her but vaguely. It was so good to think that she was back again at last, that she was going to be at home till she herself should decide to go away again, and that was a deci-

sion she had no intention of making for many and many a long day. Already she could see the gash the channel for the bog drainage had made in her park. There were many men working on it. This year the men had not needed to go to the harvest in England, and her name was being praised in the villages and the lonely cabins dotted here and there about the hillside and through the valley.

"The channel will take two years in the making," she said as though she were done with the other subject. "It will be quite a river when the bog waters rush down it to the sea—a golden river."

"You will be draining the upper reaches of the bog," he said, still with a sullen voice, "as well as your own land. It will be a long time before your reclaimed bog will be stable."

"I know it; but it will be stable in time. I like the difficulty. I like wresting the land back from the bog. I see homes where the bog is."

"It will not be in two years," he said, throwing cold water on her enthusiasm. "Not for many years. In two years—do you remember that in two years your answer to me will be due?"

"I remember," she said, and no color came to her dark cheek.

"I can have no secrets from the woman I hope to marry," he said, his gloom lighting a little. "I do not mind confessing to you, Anne, that I was once in love with Amy Mellor. More, she was in love with me, or said she was. I had not even the title at the time I went to India with my regiment. She wrote to me for four months. I was the happiest young fool alive. Then a letter came. I can remember it all so well—the heat, the haze, the copper-colored sky—it was just before the monsoon. I was like any other young fool. I kissed the letter before I opened it. Then—it was to say that I was to think of her no more, that she was marrying Mr. Mellor in a fortnight's time. I can hear the jackals crying outside the compound and the steady creaking of the punkah as it moved. I beg your pardon, Anne."

He broke off abruptly. In the brilliant light from the golden evening sky his face had gone gray; moisture had come out on his forehead.

"I beg your pardon, Anne," he said; "it is ancient his-

tory. It will never affect you, I swear. I thought I could never believe in a woman again, but I believe in you."

"Thank you, Alastair, I am not alarmed about my place in your—" She had been about to say "heart," but she substituted "affection." "Only," she went on, "having known Amy as you did, having loved her, how did you come to condemn her? Poor Amy—it would have been obvious to me that she was a victim, not a wrong-doer."

"It was obvious to me that she was her mother's daughter," he said with bitterness. "You know, or perhaps you do not know, that Lady Sylvia Hilton was the cause of a young man's suicide when she was no older than twenty-two. I dare say, he was a rather soft-headed youth, but he was harmless and the only son of his mother. It is a scandal the family does not talk about. Hilton revenged the poor chap anyhow, for Lady Sylvia having gone through the wood picked up the crooked stick at last."

"Aunt Sylvia has no heart. She only cares for amusement. But Amy is very different. I am sure, Alastair, that there was some great wrong in all that business to poor Amy as well as to you."

"You have wonderful faith, Anne. And, even yet"—his gloomy eyes lit up—"I should be glad if I could take your view. Perhaps I ought to have wrung the truth out of Lady Sylvia. But what did it matter after all, seeing that Amy was married? And I discovered that life was not over for me. The first time I saw you, Anne, I said to myself that you were 'steel-true and blade-straight.' Before that I had been saying that all women were liars."

He spoke the last sentences as though he made her an *amende*. If she understood she passed it over. She did not want to talk, or to hear him talk about herself.

"I believe Aunt Sylvia was at the bottom of it," she said. "Amy is sweet to all the world except to her mother. Is it not strange that a pious, charitable, church-going woman like Amy should be sweet to all the world except to her own mother? Amy's manner to her, cold and gentle, would break an ordinary mother's heart."

"I have gone on so long believing that she betrayed me," he said, with a curious, wavering smile, "that it would be very strange if I had to alter that opinion. One might con-

ceivably miss a resentment almost as much as a devotion. It might leave a wound where it had been."

"But the wound would heal," Lady Anne said, in some wonder. This was a new aspect of her cousin, and it somewhat puzzled her. How should one miss a resentment if it were an unjust one? It would be so good a thing to fling it off one's shoulders like an Old Man of the Sea, to forget it had ever been there.

The dressing-bell rang out, disturbing their conversation. Perhaps it was the psychological moment. She had planted thoughts in Lord Dunlaverock's heart to take root there and presently to burgeon.

She had been home four hours, and she had not thought of resting after the journey like Mrs. Massey or Miss 'Stasia. She had hardly taken her hat off before she put it on again to go a round of inspection. She felt no fatigue, she said, while she drank the tea that awaited the tired travelers.

There was so much to see. She went round the house and gardens, the stable-yard and paddocks and out-buildings. There were hollyhocks and red-hot poker, scarlet geraniums and lobelia, where she had left the snowdrops and crocuses. There was a new foal in the paddock, and a new litter of puppies in the stable-yard. She dropped into Mrs. Cronin's house, and found a number of white-pinafores sitting about a table, eating bread and butter and drinking milk. Their cheeks were as red as the little Irish peach-apples in the orchard, which had been pink and white blossoms when she had gone away. Mary Anne was in charge of the children. She had nearly got over the stairs, she explained to Lady Anne, and could get her breath finely now.

While she was regarding the rosy children with satisfaction—she was never so happy as when she felt that she was a benefactress—Mrs. Cronin came in. The kitchen windows commanded a view of the little white two-story house, so that the anxious mother, amid her pots and pans, could have an eye to the welfare of her offspring, and could make rapid descents on them now and again.

"Is it sittin' there atin' and drinkin' ye are?" she said in consternation as she came in, "an' her Ladyship in the house? Well of all the bould, unmannerly childher!"

At this the children, who had been like the thousand cat-

the feeding as one, simultaneously stopped, and Patsy, the youngest, who was sensitive, suddenly dissolved in tears, protesting through the bread and butter, with which his mouth was filled, that she, indicating Lady Anne, had said he was to go on with his tea, so she did.

Everything had gone well. It was a great fruit year, Glory be to God, and the people's harvest was wonderful. The early peas were over in the kitchen garden; but Linehan, the gardener, had still several rows of the later variety coming on, and there were beautiful French beans ready for her Ladyship's table. Katty Concelly, the hen-wife, had never had such a year for good broods. There was some luck over the summer, she declared. The hives were full of honey ready to be taken. The Kerry cows were in beautiful milk. Nothing had been neglected in Lady Anne's dairy, as she could see for herself, aye, and smell too, said Maggie Brien, the dairymaid, while Lady Anne stood in the fragrant place, listening to the soft falling of water.

She lavished praise as she went. No one could say that things had not prospered without the mistress' eye. Yet things had had to go on pretty well of themselves, since Mrs. Nugent, the housekeeper, who was getting past her work, had been ill, and had gone to Kilkee for a month by her Ladyship's orders.

"Sure 'tis over-joyed we are to do our best by your Ladyship," Maggie, the dairymaid, said in answer to Lady Anne's commendations.

"I wint to Misther Randal whin I wanted anything I hadn't got," the gardener said. "He was in an' out like a dog at a fair. You'd think he had enough on his hands."

Sheila, the red setter, and her puppies gambolled at Lady Anne's heels with Dermot, the wolfhound, and Rake and Rover, the Irish terriers, and Pip-pip, the French bulldog. And Fritz, the little Schipperke, which was the last gift of the cousins to Lady Anne, kept by her skirt, pushing out the older friends with an impudence which only extreme magnanimity could forgive.

"You look as fresh as paint," Mrs. Massey said, coming in rather wearily to the drawing-room as the dinner bell sounded. "You don't mean to say that you have been keeping awake! Ah, how do you do, Mr. Randal? I wanted Lady Anne to

stay a night in Dublin. But her patience had come to the end of its tether."

"It would have been a day and night," Lady Anne said deprecatingly. "Poor Ida! But you will sleep so much better in the fresh air than you would have done in Dublin. Why did you get up for dinner?"

"Because," Mrs. Massey laughed, "do you suppose nobody has the home-coming feeling but yourself? To be sure I have only some miserable dogs waiting to devour me with joy when I get home; but I have to put my house in order for those young people. What did very well for me won't do for Kenneth and Lucy."

"Ah, you will spoil them, I foresee," said Lady Anne. "What do you think, Mr. Randal, of Mrs. Massey's bringing over a young Englishman, with no training at all, to look after her property and her tenants and take a hand at the industries? Isn't it wildly unpractical?"

"He'll make mistakes, but he'll come out all right in time, if he's the right sort," the young man answered, in his soft, eager way. "I wouldn't like to be having them with the wrong knowledge. 'Tis better to know nothing."

"I'll answer for it that they won't be able to resist Kenneth, anyhow," Mrs. Massey said, contentedly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOPE AS A FACTOR OF RELIGION.

BY G. TYRRELL, S.J.

HOPE presupposes the desire of some difficult end whose attainment is uncertain. It consists in a sort of voluntary denial of this uncertainty; in a sentiment of happy expectancy counter to the depression, fear, and anxiety which uncertainty naturally genders. If it is to be not merely a lazy optimism, the result of a sanguine temperament and "trust-to-your-luck" improvidence, the sentiment must have some rational basis. This it may easily have where hope is simply the corrective of the wholly irrational fear of a despondent and melancholy nature. But in such cases the degree of uncertainty of attainment which hope supposes, does not properly exist at all. There is no credit in not being foolish. The basis of hope, like that of faith, is not found in a reasoned calculus of odds, but in an intuition, or perhaps, in an intuitive inference drawn from the totality of our experience, in virtue of certain moral dispositions which make us perceive that to which we were else insensible. It is like our faith and trust in the character of another, which is often as true a perception as anything we see with our bodily eyes. Yet a cynical or ungenerous soul would be blind to what, for us, is a patent fact. Faith and hope in the All, in God and the world, are no less intuitive, no less dependent on a certain moral sensibility; on a sort of sympathy of character between ourselves and that All. As a "religious" virtue, hope has to do with the difficulties of our universal life—of the life of disinterested justice and charity with all its entailed duties of abstinence and endurance. As has been said, it is not pain *as such*, that mars our happiness; but idle pain, or excessive pain, or else the fear of not being able to hold out till the pain is conquered firmly and effectively by the over-balance of love. Hope is the corrective of these very doubts and fears; and thereby enables us to foretaste the

joy of attainment. It creates a conviction that the pains endured for justice's sake are not idle; and that if we hold out they will become first tolerable, and finally, welcome, as constituents of the perfect life and action. Above all, it convinces us that we *can* hold out; and this is its chief serviceableness.

It is notorious, to physicians of body and soul alike, that power is of no use to us unless we believe that we possess it; that this belief liberates it and brings it into play. An irrational conviction of powerlessness produces a false paralysis whose cure must be wrought, through the mind, by a counter-conviction. A relatively irrational belief in one's powers has often brought them out beyond all that was reasonably likely. Hence the immense educative importance of hope and self-encouragement; and the corresponding danger of self-depression. *Fossunt quia posse videntur*,* is not always true; we cannot always do what we believe we can do; but we certainly cannot do what we believe we cannot do; even were the force of omnipotence at our disposal. Life is possible because, as a rule, we begin with a belief in our omnipotence and learn our limitations experimentally, rather than the other way about. Did we begin with a conviction of utter helplessness we should never make the experiments that would dispel the illusion.

The end, whose desire is the presupposition of religious hope, is that perfect and eternal life of the soul which consists in a continual and progressive overcoming of Nature in the interests of Spirit, a labor in which pain is no longer felt as pain but as an ingredient of a victorious bliss; in which death is swallowed up in victory. Translated into other terms, it is the entrance of the soul into the joy of its Lord, into a sharing of the divine life so far as that life is made finite for our comprehension. That in itself it infinitely transcends this, is undeniable; that it must contain all this equivalently, is no less undeniable, if we are not to say that eternal life is simply unknowable—a mere bundle of negations. Eternal life is, at least, life and not lethargy. If we cannot, as God does, know and enjoy it all at once or ever compass its joys; yet we can, like him, *possess* it all at once; and it is this, as it were, subconscious sense of the inamissible possession of a treasure, ever to be explored, never to be exhausted, rather than any purely

* A man can, because he believes he can.

quiescent fruition, that distinguishes the lot of the *comprehensor* from that of the *viator*.

Although this highest life is, in some sense, a life of complete self-forgetfulness and devotion to universal good, yet it is that in which the spiritual nature of the subject attains its fullest expansion and blessedness. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and the divine life is essentially a life of self giving and self-sacrifice as revealed to us in the Christian crucifix. He who loses his life shall find it, *i. e.*, he who gives up seeking an isolated happiness and looking after himself except in order to be better able to look after others, shall find his true self, which is a joint-self; and his true happiness, which is a joint-happiness. Long before we realize this experimentally to any great extent, we can know it and act upon it; we can know that unselfishness is our best interest. We can desire and long to purge out our selfishness and to enter into the eternal and universal life; or to enter into it more fully. We must perhaps have, in some incidental way, tasted a little of it in order to wish for more; and the more we get of it the more we shall want to get.

It is, therefore, as satisfying this subjective need and desire that eternal life is the object of our hope.

As to the difficulty of attainment there can be no doubt. The sacrifices and pains entailed by the stages in advance of those already reached, are evident and imaginable; whereas the love that converts them into factors of joy is not easily intelligible or realizable. Hence the future difficulty looms bigger than it is, being measured against our present strength. And this, combined with experience of our daily feebleness and inconstancy, makes attainment not merely uncertain but almost endlessly improbable; whence a sentiment of depression and enervating discouragement. The basis of the hope by which this discouragement is to be ousted, must be sought in a wider and truer view of ourselves as sharing a general life, as organs of a living whole which works in us, and through us, to universal ends; and to whose working is due whatever aspirations towards, or measure of, the eternal life have already been realized in us. An individualistic philosophy, fostered by practical egoism, cuts us off from all sense of sharing in the general life; and if it flatters us at times with an illusion of independence

and self-sufficiency, it fills us in greater spiritual crises with a sense of isolation and weakness. However much the higher life be the work of our own freedom, so far as it depends on our strenuous co-operation with better aspirations, yet those aspirations themselves are given to us. "I live, yet not I but Christ liveth in me"; expresses a universal law of the spiritual world, so far as Christ stands for the divine life, for that common love which is the strength and motive force of spiritual growth.

It is much encouragement for one who, perhaps, in solitude has developed in interest in some matter of public advantage to which he would willingly devote his life, were it not for a sense of helplessness, to recognize that his inspiration really derives from a spirit that is abroad and which is inspiring thousands in just the same way; to feel that he is passive as well as active, that he is after all but the organ and vehicle of a force that is as invincible as the laws of nature. And this is pre-eminently illustrative of that perennial movement which cleaves human life in twain—of that aspiration after the higher life of the soul, the life of spiritual and moral action. "You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," expresses our relation to that spirit of universal love which is ever striving with our spirit of narrow self-regard. There is always and everywhere a Godward movement abroad, and the whole atmosphere of humanity is filled with insensible germs of this higher life. But in truth, if it is wakened and fostered from outside by educational influences, it has its root in those deepest springs of our spiritual being where we seem to make one thing with God and with the whole spiritual world of whose life our own is but one manifestation.

Here then is the source of our courage—that behind us stands God and the whole spiritual world; that the upward movement we feel within ourselves, however slight, derives not from ourselves but from an infinite and invincible power which is using us for its own irresistible ends.

This conviction that we are fighting with God and the spiritual universe in a divine and universal cause, and not singly against infinite odds for an end of our own, is manifestly not given us by bare reason working on the data of physical perception; but by faith; by a view of life as a whole, as it

appeals to certain moral sensibilities. Indeed faith too is a sense of our dependence on the divine that is within and beyond us. There are tastes, convictions, to which we are prone by heredity, and which we owe to our solidarity with the race from which we spring and not to the workings of our own brain; what wonder, then, if the influence of the consensus of eternity be felt within us as something above us, as something commanding the reverence of our understanding for a dimmer and yet higher light already dawning in us, and whose full day may put to flight many a shadow that we deemed substantial. If we are indeed thus organically connected with the whole spiritual world and its movement; if our best life consists in sacrificing ourselves to its interests, and our highest reward be to share its triumphs in the measure that we have grieved over its wounds and striven to heal them, it is plain that its blood must circulate in our veins, that we must receive from it more than we give to it, that this commerce of give-and-take is a necessary condition of our individual life and strength. Hence in the Christian religion hope entails certain duties which may be grouped together under the general idea of prayer whereby this dependence of the part upon the whole is acknowledged and acted upon. It were a misconception to regard prayer as, in any sense, a trouble-saving device, whereby the work that we can do, and in the doing of which our highest life consists, is lifted on to other shoulders and off our own. Its end is simply and only to increase in us that love, desire, and hope which makes greater exertion possible and even pleasurable. What we hope for and pray for is, in the language of religion, grace here and glory hereafter; but grace is explained as charity, or that divine and disinterested love of all which animates us to endure and abstain for the sake of all; and glory is explained as the perfection of grace; that is, as love made perfect and purged of all fear of failure and pursuing its course of unbroken victory over death; as a bird full-fledged, no longer fluttering uncertainly on tired and awkward wings, but speeding its way joyously and steadily over sea and land, unconscious of the ceaseless battle it is waging with the resistance of the atmosphere.

In its essential notion, as here understood, prayer is a voluntary attitude by which we accommodate and subject our-

selves more perfectly to that spiritual organism whose life we, as members, share, and desire to share more fully. The attitude of self-sufficiency and false independence cuts us off from that consciousness of unity which is the source of hope and strength and through which we are permeated by the energy and vitality of the whole. The cause of all material progress is the fact that, by a better understanding of the laws of that physical nature to which our bodies belong, we can perfect our union with nature, we can multiply and enlarge the veins and arteries and nerves and muscles through which we draw upon her resources and appropriate her strength.

And in the spiritual order, the function of prayer in the widest sense, is altogether analogous to this.



THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETO.*

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.

WHILE giving missions to non-Catholics in many of our large cities, I have frequently been questioned, through the medium of the Question Box, about the Holy House of Loreto. Intelligent laymen—both Catholic and non-Catholic—have again and again denied the alleged translation of the Holy House from Nazareth to Dalmatia and Italy, either on the score of its intrinsic improbability, or because of the lack of historical evidence. I remember especially the indignation of one university professor—a Catholic—who had been informed by his pastor that a denial of this fact showed a great lack of faith, and evidenced the taint of “liberalism.”

Some Catholics honestly believe that to call in question the legend of the Holy House is equivalent to questioning the authority of the Church. They will ask triumphantly: Has not this fact the sanction of various Popes who have granted numerous indulgences to the shrine of Loreto, and have set aside a special Mass and Office, on December 10, to commemorate the feast of the translation? Have not many miracles been worked at Loreto through the Blessed Virgin's powerful intercession?

The miracles worked at Loreto no more prove the fact of the miraculous translation of the Holy House, than the miracles wrought at St. Anne de Beaupré, near Quebec, prove the authenticity of that special relic of St. Anne. They are the reward of the faith and piety of the faithful, and do not *per se* decide questions of historical fact.

As for the papal utterances, we notice that no mention is made of the miraculous translation in the many documents that emanated from Rome in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

* Leopoldo de Feis.—“La Santa Casa di Nazareth ed il Santuario di Loreto.” *Rassegna Nazionale*, January, 1905. Boudinhon.—“La Sainte Maison de Loreto.” *Revue du Clergé Français*, September 15, 1905. Angelita.—*Virginis Lauretanæ Historia*. Caillau.—*Histoire Critique et Religieuse de Notre Dame de Loreto*. Gosselin.—*Instructions sur les principales fêtes de l'Eglise*. Vol. III. Appendix. Grillot.—*La Sainte Maison de Loreto*. Marlorette.—*Trattato storico della Santa Casa Nazarena*. Fursellini.—*Lauretanæ Historiæ*. Lib. V. Vogel.—*De Ecclesiis Recanatensi et Lauretana*.

Although the miracle is supposed to have taken place in 1291, the first Pope to mention it is Julius II., in 1507, and he merely speaks of it as a pious legend: "*Ut pie creditur et fama est.*" The feast does not figure in the Office until 1632, and was not made universal until 1719. Every intelligent Catholic knows that the fact of a Mass being said in honor of the Holy House by no means constitutes an historical proof. Benedict XIV., the first Pope who attempts, as a private theologian, to prove the miraculous translation,* cites those who hold the contrary opinion without blaming them in the least. The Church by such action intends merely to foster the popular devotion to the Mother of God.

I have heard others say that the discussion of such questions has a tendency to disturb the simple faith of the people. I readily admit that one must always be careful not to destroy the faith of simple souls, while combating the superstition that may be closely intertwined with it, but the Church, as the divine witness to God's eternal truths, does not wish her devotions any more than her dogmas to be defended by unverified historical statements. It is surely far better to have the truth in such matters come from those who strongly uphold the devotion that is independent of the legend which popular fancy has woven around it, than from those outside the Church who deny both devotion and legend.

The present paper is merely a brief summary of the arguments of the learned Barnabite, De Feis, in the *Rassegna Nazionale*, January, 1905. He declares, from the standpoint of historical criticism, that the so-called translation of the Holy House of Loreto is merely a popular legend without any foundation in fact.

The story of the Holy House in brief is as follows: On the night of May 9, 1291, the Holy House of the Blessed Virgin, at Nazareth, was carried by angels to Tersatz (Tersatto), near Fiume, in Dalmatia; on the night of December 10, 1294, owing to the lack of faith of the Dalmatians, it was again carried across the Adriatic to Recanati, in Italy, a little town one mile from the coast; in August, 1295, it was carried a third time to the top of a hill near by belonging to two brothers; soon afterwards, owing to their constant quarreling, it was carried a fourth time to another part of the town, where it still remains.

* Benedict XIV. *De Festis Beatae Mariae Virginis*. Chapter xvi.

Some, of course, have questioned this story on account of its intrinsic improbability. It is true that such a miracle is unique in the history of Christianity, and resembles rather the stories of the Apocryphal Gospels and the abandoned legends of the Middle Ages than the true miracles of our Savior and his saints. The average Christian is apt to be sceptical when he is told that a house traveled from the East to the West many hundred miles, and then for over four years kept on moving from place to place, until it at last found a definite resting place. But in an historical question we do not ask whether such a miracle is becoming God's dignity or not, but simply: Is there any historical evidence that this so-called translation ever took place?

Since the seventeenth century competent Catholic scholars have denied it on purely historical grounds. They have pronounced it a purely popular legend for three reasons:

1. The sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin at Loreto was in existence long before the so-called translation of 1291.

2. There is no contemporary evidence whatever of the pretended translation.

3. Many pilgrims to the Holy Land, from the seventh to the seventeenth century, visited the house of the Blessed Virgin at Nazareth, and their accounts prove:

- (a) That the house at Loreto and the house at Nazareth are not identical.

- (b) That the house at Nazareth was still in Nazareth long after its pretended translation to Italy.

I.

Father De Feis mentions several documents of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries (1193, 1194, 1260) which speak of the Blessed Virgin's shrine at Loreto. The papal documents gathered together by Vogel* prove clearly that the shrine at Loreto was venerated long before the close of the thirteenth century, when the angels are supposed to have taken it from Nazareth. Moreover, the older Popes (Urban VI., Boniface IX., Eugenius IV., Paul II., Sixtus IV.), who granted indulgences and privileges to the shrine of Loreto, either do not mention the translation at all, or refer to it as a pious opinion (Julius II., Paul III.)

* *Opus cit.*

II.

The first account of the translation of the Holy House is found in the *Virginis Lauretanæ Historia*, written by the secretary of the city of Recanati, Jerome Angelita, in 1525. All later works on the translation are taken from this source. All our knowledge, therefore, of the fact can be reduced to one author, who wrote two hundred and thirty-four years after the event. Angelita quotes no documents, save the apocryphal annals of Fiume, which no one ever saw or quoted. The popular tradition itself cannot be traced back beyond the closing years of the fifteenth century.

This is most extraordinary, historically speaking, for the supposed translation took place in the time of Boniface VIII., an epoch of historical writing. We know how quickly the news of the Jubilee of 1300 spread all over the Europe of that day. Surely such a stupendous miracle would have been known in a short time in every corner of the Catholic world, and frequent mention would have been made of it in the chronicles of the day, in the annals of the cities of Tersatz, Fiume, or Recanati, in the popular books of piety, in the collections of miracles attributed to the Blessed Virgin, in the appeals to Rome from Loreto asking for special favors, in the replies of the Popes to these appeals, etc. In all the many documents of the period there is not a single mention of the translation, a fairly good negative argument that the world had not as yet heard of it.

The words of the Blessed Virgin to the Bishop of Tersatz—history knows of no such bishop—are worth considering here, as bearing evident ear-marks of the fanciful popular legend. They are translated from Tursellini: *

"I wish you to know that the chapel recently carried into your country is the very house in which I was born and raised. There, at the words of the Archangel Gabriel, I conceived my divine Son by the power of the Holy Ghost. There the Word was made flesh. After our death (*i.e.*, the death of the Blessed Virgin and her Son), the Apostles consecrated this house, illustrious on account of these mysteries, and celebrated the holy sacrifice. The altar carried with the house is the very one

* *Opus cit.*

that the Apostle Peter built. The crucifix upon it was placed there by the Apostles themselves. The cedar statue of myself and the Infant Jesus is the work of St. Luke, the Evangelist; a likeness as perfect as mortal could make. This was possible, because he was constantly with us. This Holy House, for centuries so highly honored in Galilee, now that the true faith and worship have ceased in Nazareth, has come to your shores. Do not doubt it. It is the work of God, to whom nothing is impossible. I wish you to announce it to the world, and as a reward I give you back your health."

Tursellini (1597) has retouched the account of Angelita (1525), omitting some details that were too evidently borrowed from the Apocryphal Gospels, as, for example, the beautiful legend of the rod of Joseph which blossomed at his espousals with the Blessed Virgin. We notice later on, in the nineteenth century, that Gosselin omits all mention of the altar, statue, crucifix, etc. This is the general history of all legends—the later historian omits certain details that he thinks are too much at variance with well-known historical facts.

The whole account of this vision is full of impossible statements. The Abbé Boudinhon says of it: "One sees too plainly the evident aim of the writer to group together every possible feature of the Gospel story, so as to augment the dignity and glory of the Blessed Virgin's house. The Gospels, on the contrary, do not leave us under the impression that the Blessed Virgin raised her divine Son in her own house, but rather in St. Joseph's. The Acts of the Apostles give not the slightest hint that the Apostles lived at Nazareth. The consecration of this chapel, the erection of the altar by St. Peter, the placing of the crucifix by the Apostles, the attributing of the statue* to St. Luke, the guaranteed likeness of the Infant Jesus, whom St. Luke certainly never saw in his mother's arms; these impossible statements could never have come from the Blessed Mother of God. But the legendary vision never concerns itself in the least with historical facts."†

Angelita makes mention of two embassies sent to verify the fact of the translation; the first (1291) of four persons from Dalmatia to Nazareth, and the second (1294) of sixteen men

* No pilgrim to the house of the Blessed Virgin at Nazareth ever alludes to this statue, which is probably of the fourteenth century.

† *Revue du Clergé Français*. Vol. XLIV. P. 123.

from Recanati to Tersatz and Nazareth. Everything, of course, turns out as they desire; they learn that the house has disappeared, they see the very foundations of it at Nazareth, etc.

The only difficulty about both these proofs is the fact that the house was frequently seen at Nazareth for hundreds of years afterwards. Besides, although the Governor of Dalmatia sent one of the embassies, and although both commissions drew up official accounts of their evidence, there is not a word extant regarding them in the archives of Tersatz, Fiume, or Recanati, or the slightest tradition in the Holy Land of any such visit.

All the evidence, therefore, contained in the original account is evidently made out of whole cloth. Strange indeed that a writer of the sixteenth century should have to use such worthless testimony to prove a fact, which the whole world ought to have known for over two hundred years. If such a miracle had really taken place, some one would have chronicled it long before.

III.

The strongest argument against the translation of the Holy House is drawn from the *itineraria* of the pilgrims to Nazareth from the seventh to the seventeenth century. Among those who visited the House of the Blessed Virgin and described it are: * Antoninus Martyr (570), Adamnan (670), Willibold (775), Daniel (1154), Phocas (1185), William Baldensel and Ludolphus (1336), Nicholas de Poggibonsi (1345), Leonardo Frescobaldi (1384), George Gucci and Sigoli (1384), Rustici (1425), San Severino (1458), an anonymous writer at Venice (1520), Suriano (1480-1514), John Cotovic (1598), Pietro della Valle (1616), and Quaresmius (1620).

From the testimony of these writers we learn conclusively that the Holy House of the Blessed Virgin, which was in Nazareth hundreds of years before the alleged translation, remained there hundreds of years afterwards. We may, therefore, ask with the celebrated Franciscan, Quaresmius: How could the Holy House be in both the East and West at the same time? Nearly 150 years before him, Suriano, who made three visits to the Holy Land (1480-1514), spoke of the ignorant people of his day who falsely declared the Holy House of Loreto to be the

* For their exact words see the articles of De Feis and Boudinhon above cited.

authentic house of the Blessed Virgin. He declared that the house he had himself seen at Nazareth was made of different materials altogether, and could not have been carried away without carrying away the rock of which it formed a part.

Similar testimony is borne by the other pilgrims to the Holy Land.

How, then, are we to explain the origin of this legend, for such it undoubtedly is? We know that it was a common custom in the Middle Ages to reproduce in the West the sanctuaries of the Holy Land. St. Stephen's Church, at Bologna, for example, has several of these sanctuaries, just as the Franciscan Church, near Washington, has in our day. Devout Catholics wished to picture vividly the places made sacred by the Redeemer, and so they erected shrines that would call to mind Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Holy Sepulchre, etc. This desire accounts for the origin of the Stations of the Cross.

The Holy House of Loreto is most probably a shrine of this sort, erected by some pious pilgrims after a visit to our Lady's house at Nazareth. This chapel, in existence at least since 1193, became, in the course of time, a place of pilgrimage. God was pleased to reward the faith of his people by numerous miracles. Gradually the people in their fervor began to confound the fac-simile with the original. There is no need of accusing any one of bad faith.

We close with the words of the Abbé Boudinhon: "Neither the authority of the Church nor the piety of the faithful can suffer from this conclusion. Not the first, because she does not concern herself with historical questions of this sort, and she has no interest in the spread of legends; not the second, for true piety is always based on truth. Even though Loreto is not the house of the Blessed Virgin, it will ever remain her special shrine. What difference does it make whether or not we can say at Loreto or at Nazareth: '*Here* the Word was made flesh,' provided the Christian enliven his faith and increase his piety by meditating upon the sublime doctrine of the Incarnation: '*The Word was made flesh*, and dwelt among us.' "

THE RESTORATION OF PLAIN-CHANT.

BY EDMUND G. HURLEY.



THE CATHOLIC WORLD has often raised its voice against the use of meretricious music in the worship of God and for the restoration of Plain-Chant—the legitimate music of the Catholic Church—to its rightful place in the sanctuary, I think it will not be amiss if I lay before its readers a few remarks on this topic so widely discussed of late. That the time is ripe for the restoration of Plain-Chant no one, I think, will venture to deny. Till the present time the clergy, especially in this country, have been too busy in attending to the important matters of building churches, schools, convents, seminaries, orphan asylums, hospitals, etc., to give much attention to this matter, which is looked upon as of secondary importance. But things are changed; the churches are built, the schools filled with children, and the time has come when we may reasonably expect that more attention will be paid to the right ordering of the liturgical offices of the Church.

We often hear of the glorious ritual, the imposing ceremonies of the Church, in which music plays such an important part. Where are they faithfully observed? What are the Solemn Mass, the Liturgical Vespers, the Office of the Dead, the Tenebræ, etc., etc., if we leave out the music? And what music is there for the greater part of these offices but Plain-Chant? No wonder, then, that his Holiness, Pope Pius X., has thought the time has come for a change, and has given his views in the famous "Motu Proprio."

In furtherance of this much-to be desired restoration, a new edition of the liturgical chant books is in course of preparation. This means that the Ratisbon edition, in spite of its prestige as the "Official Edition," and exclusive copyright, has not been a success. What is the cause of its failure?

The answer may be found in the books themselves and in the well-meaning, but mistaken, efforts that have been made to provide accompaniments to the chant contained therein.

Take the *Graduale*, for instance. It would be difficult to find a more bungling, careless piece of work. I will quote a few examples. The *Dies Iræ*, as far as the stanza *Lacrymosa*, should be set to three separate melodies; the first and second stanzas being set to the first melody; the third and fourth, to the second; and the fifth and sixth, to the third; after which the same order is repeated. Examine the Ratisbon setting of the eleventh and twelfth stanzas.

The sequence, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, is even worse. There should be a separate melody for each pair of stanzas; the first and second having one melody, the third and fourth another, etc. There are two variations of the melody of the third and fourth. The music of the first and second lines of the sixth stanza has slipped out altogether, and its place has been taken by something else. The *Alleluia* versicles for the third Mass of Christmas, of St. Stephen, of St. John, of the Epiphany, of the Chair of St. Peter, and of the Mass *Sacerdotes Dei*, are set to the same chant, and the word *Alleluia*, with its following jubilus, should be the same in all these cases; yet we have at least five different settings of the notes to the word. The *Agnus Dei* of the Requiem Mass is marked *Modus 8, sol-ut*; this means that sol is the final, and ut (or do) is the dominant. The dominant does not occur once in the piece, and the flat is used on every si without any necessity for such use, as there is no tritone to be avoided.

The accompaniments which have been published have not helped matters to any great extent. They seem to accentuate the uncouthness of Ratisbon chant itself, and their general effect has been to make it decidedly unattractive. I have yet to make the acquaintance of an organist who would willingly play them.

Will the new Vatican edition, which is said to be the Solesmes edition, effect the restoration of chant, even if its use be made compulsory? Under certain conditions it may; under certain others it will be doomed to a failure as complete as that of its predecessors.

Let us consider the conditions under which this restoration is to take place. What are the materials of which our choirs are to be composed? The majority of our churches are unable to afford a paid choir, so we will have to depend on the boys of our schools or of the public schools, and such men as we may be able to interest in the work.

After a few years our boys, who leave the choir at the breaking of the voice, will, if they like the work as boys, come back to the choir as young men, and then our choir material, such as it is, is quite well assured. Our choir will have its difficulties. Every year numbers of our best boys will leave on account of the changing of their voices.

Sometimes we may have a large number of suitable voices, and there may be long periods in which we have not a single good one. We may sometimes have a very intelligent set of singers and at other times it may be quite the reverse. It must be borne in mind that the time in which a boy is useful in a choir is very limited. In this country it can be taken as a general rule that a voice will become useless at about the age of fourteen; so that even if we begin to train him at the age of eight we will have the use of the boy but six years. It requires from three to six months to get a boy to *begin* his work in the choir, and it is only after a year, during which time he has been once through the Calendar, that we may reasonably expect him to begin to be an efficient chorister.

In speaking of the placing of the "tonic accent" in the pronunciation of Latin, those who have written instruction books on the Solesmes Chant lay great stress upon the fact that nouns, pronouns, etc., have a tonic accent; but prepositions, conjunctions, etc., have not.

Since a boy begins his chant studies at eight or nine years of age, it is manifestly absurd to expect him to distinguish between Latin parts of speech, when he knows little about the parts of speech in his own language.

It is absolutely necessary that the members of a Gregorian choir read chant quite fluently, because there are many occasions for which it will be impossible to find time for careful rehearsal. On taking up one of the Solesmes books of chant the first thing which strikes one is the strange looking notation. We see quite a variety of differently shaped notes; a square note; a note with a stem; a note which would be square if it were not convex at the top and concave at the bottom; a note with teeth at both top and bottom; a diamond shaped note; a little note, barely visible, hanging on the stem of a big note; groups of two notes, one *above* the other at various distances, looking like chords; a long oblique line such as is used in modern music for marking the stems of eighth notes or quavers; groups

of two, three, four, five, nine notes, all on the same line without any words under them. Here surely is variety enough to somewhat bewilder one who learned the *three* forms of Plain-Chant notation before the advent of these wonderful discoveries. Let us see what they mean. "The virga (note with a stem) is not long"; "The notes of a Plain-Chant motif do not vary in duration"; "All notes in Plain-Chant are approximately of equal value"; "The virga is not a long note; neither is the rhombus a short note."

From this we make the astonishing discovery that these eight different shapes given to the notes mean nothing. The stem on a note shows that it is higher on the staff than the stemless note; *two* signs to distinguish a higher note from a lower. The thick oblique line before mentioned here means *two* notes, although it sometimes covers the places of three or four. These two notes are supposed to be, one on the line or space where it begins, and the other where it ends, although these places are oftentimes far from clear, owing to the fact that each end of the oblique line comes to a point; in fact, in an instruction-book before me its position is so indistinct that one could hardly find out what it meant without the explanatory modern notes.

Then there is the little note hanging to the stem of a big note; the "semi-vocal" note of the "epiphonus" and the "cephalicus"; perhaps the sixty-fourth of an inch in size, and practically invisible except in a strong light. These, we are told, are used where two vowels come together, or where a syllable ends with a consonant. Again we have two signs to express one idea. We see that the syllable ends with a consonant, and we have a specially shaped note to tell us the same fact.

Then there is the note with the teeth; the "quilisma," a note with properties so delightfully uncertain that every authority seems to have a different interpretation for it. "Probably to be treated as an ornament analogous to our modern mordent." Another authority: "The quilisma *seems* to have indicated a *sort* of tremolo," which *sort* of tremolo does not appear; but the authority gives an example in modern notes of what he thinks is a "tremolo"; it is a *turn*. Another tells us that we will accomplish the quilisma by giving the voice "un mouvement de circonvolution." It is a "gruppetto," a "trill," a "turn," a "mordent," a "sound like the blowing of a trumpet or horn."

But he must find some way out of the difficulty, so, "In *most* cases it may be treated as a simple note." "Many desire that the note preceding the quilisma should be *somewhat lengthened*, whereby a similar effect would be attained as by a slight tremolo of the voice." He omits to inform us how the lengthening of *one* note will make the *next* one sound like a "*slight tremolo*."

My own experience with the "quilisma" was peculiar. In the preface of the *Liber Usualis* it is spoken of as *nota denticulata*. I had been reading the book for nearly two years before I discovered what that *nota denticulata* meant. I was curious to see the exact shape of the little semi-vocal notes, so, taking the book into a strong light, and using a powerful magnifying glass, I saw the shape of the semi-vocal note and discovered the denticulation of the quilisma, which had appeared to me before as a note somewhat blurred in the printing. Now, if it is necessary to take a book into a strong light and use a magnifying glass to read it, what are we going to do in the "dim religious light" of the average church? Then we have a *flat* which does not look like one and which a reader will usually take for a natural.

The groups of two and three notes which are sometimes repeated in such an absurd fashion are the *distrophicus* and the *tristrophicus*—"originally an ornament." Then why change it? Why does he not tell us, *if he can*, what kind of an ornament it was, instead of saying, "they are to be sung simply as long notes?" "Originally sung *vibratim* or tremolo," says another.

These "strophici" were simply mannerisms of singers, and they should have no place in written chant. The "distrophicus" was made by giving *two* impulses to a syllable; somewhat as if we were to sing "*aha*" or "*oho*" instead of *a* or *o*. The three notes of the tristrophicus were sung very quickly; the middle note being sung a *semi-tone lower* than the other two. It was, in fact, the old-fashioned mordent such as we find in Bach and other old masters.

If we follow the "rule" given, and make each note of these "strophici" as long as the other notes, we will get some very peculiar "melodies." In the Offertory of the Epiphany we find the following:

f r f f - - - - -
Regis Tharsis

four syllables set to ten *fa* and one *re*. In the Mass "Dilexisti" the opening words of the offertory are sung:

s d -- d d d r d --- d r d --- r d --- l d ||
Fi -- *li.æ* *re* ---- *gum*

five syllables set to twenty-five notes; one sol, one la, three re, and twenty do!

Let us summarise. We have at least *eight* forms to represent *one* idea; the length of notes, three of which are very indistinct, *viz.*, the semi-vocal, the porrectus, and the quilisma; the stem note to show that it is higher than another note when its position on the staff is sufficient for that purpose, the almost invisible semi-vocal notes for telling us something which is told better by the text, and the three "ornamental" groups, the distrophicus, the tristrophicus, and the quilisma, the explanation of which is simply a makeshift.

If we expect to make fluent readers of chant by using this difficult and unscientific notation, I think we will be doomed to disappointment.

"But this notation need not be used," we are told, "because all the chants are to be published in modern notation as well."

Let us disabuse our minds of this fallacy. Many attempts have been made to teach Gregorian music from modern notation, but they have never succeeded and they never can. *Gregorian chant cannot be taught from modern notation.* Modern notation brings into special prominence absolute pitch and relative length of notes. Now Gregorian chant has neither the one nor the other, and if we try to teach it from modern notation, we will have to give to the signs of modern notation meanings which they do not possess, or rather, we will have to take away their meanings altogether. We will have to say in effect: these notes which are A-B-C-D are not a-b-c-d; they are something else; you cannot sing a-b-c-d, because they are too high or too low. These quarter notes are not quarter notes, neither are these eighth notes and half notes eighths or halves, because all Gregorian notes are the same length. This dot over a note, which in modern notation means *staccato*, we will use for an *accent* mark, and this new combination mark, formed by putting together a *staccato* and a *sporzato*, we will use for something else. This other little sign, which in mod-

ern notation means two notes, we put over a note to indicate that it is to be sung as *one short* note and that the note *before* the one so marked is made *longer* so as to secure the "effect of a slight tremolo of the voice," and also, be it remembered, all Plain-Chant notes are the same length. Such is the Solesmes "modern notation."

In the *Kyriale* in "modern notation," we find the *Asperges* set in the Key of C, so high that neither the basses nor the altos of the choir can sing it. A little further on we find the Mass of the Blessed Virgin Mary also set in the Key of C, with a compass extending from *A*, two lines below the staff, to *A*, one line above, two complete octaves.

We can imagine a choir struggling along with a "modern notation" *Graduale*, trying to read the words under the staff, the notes on the staff, and the row of dots and dashes, etc., etc., above the staff, at the same time keeping an eye open for troubles to come in the shape of notes which are to be *lengthened* because the notes *following* them are to be *shortened*, and wondering whether this curved line is really a tie or not.

Another matter in the Solesmes books, that is apt to strike one as peculiar, is the long strings of notes without any words under them—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy, seventy-one notes to one syllable! The Holy Father, in the "Motu Proprio," especially forbids the use of music in which rests are introduced between the syllables of words; but in these runs we have many rests; therefore, they are forbidden by the Papal instruction.

These long runs do not rightly belong to chant. A large number are interpolations, and many are so clumsily "dragged in" as to be easily detected by their failure to fit the mode in which they are supposed to be written. It was principally to get rid of these runs that Pius V. ordered a reform of the liturgical books, entrusting the work to Palestrina.

The length to which this jubilus abuse is carried is absurd. Let us suppose it is Palm Sunday. The palms have been blessed and distributed, the procession is over, and we have returned to our places in the choir. We have been singing for probably an hour and a quarter at least, and we now begin the Mass. After the Epistle we sing the Gradual and Tract, while the three deacons are getting ready to chant the Passion,

which will occupy from forty-five minutes to an hour to sing. We are singing in accelerated time, about 136 notes a minute; and even at that rate it will be at least *seventeen and a half minutes before we end*.

One of the commonest complaints against the modern Mass is, that the clergy are compelled to wait so long during a *portion* of the Gloria and Credo. We will examine a modern Mass and find out how much of it we can perform in seventeen and a half minutes. I chanced to have a volume of Haydn at hand, and I turn to his first Mass.

Let us take the *Gloria*. There are four movements, the last containing a fugue on the words *In Gloria Dei Patris, Amen*, which, like all fugues, comes to an end at last; but we have not consumed our seventeen and a half minutes. The *Credo* is in four movements, concluding with a fugue, *Et Vitam Venturi Sæculi, Amen*. We can add these four movements to the other four, and we will still have time to sing nearly the whole of the *Sanctus*! And for the greater part of this time we have not been singing the words of the Gradual, but have been vocalizing on various vowel sounds; singing, in fact, old-fashioned vocal exercises.

The *Kyrie* of Haydn's second Mass, and the *Cum Sancto Spiritu* of Weber's in G, have always been butts for the ridicule of church music reformers; but they are very modest compositions compared with some of the Solesmes Graduals and Alleluias. We select a few examples from the *Alleluia* of the fifth Sunday after Pentecost:

f s l s l - d'd'd' ta l s - d'd'd' ta s f l - | f s l s l -
et
 d'd'd' ta l s - d'd'd' ta s f l - f s f ta l ||
 *super.*

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost:

f l d'r'd' s l - l t d'r'd' s l | d'r'l - r'm't - d'r'd' t l |
Man-su-e
 r'm't - d'r'd't l - d't d'l s - | d't d'r'd't - d'd'd'l s - |
 *ti,*
 l l s l l s l d'd'd'l - | d'd't l d's - l s f s f - ||

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost :

d r r s l f f f s f | f f f r - m f r d | r f f r - s l f f f s f |
in con - spe
 f f f r m f r d - | f f r - f f d - | f m s f m s m f r d |

 f f r - f f d - s f - f m f m f s
 *ctu*

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost. Alleluia Te Decet :

s, s, d t, d r, r r s, | r m r d - f f f r m d l, - | r m r d -
in Je - ru - sa lem
 f f f d m r - | r f s f r m f r d f f r - | d f f d m r d d s, |

 l, d d t, d m r d d l, - r d r d d s, | d d d l, s, - l, t, l, l, s, - ||

These are the wonderful "melodies"—"jubilations"—which are supposed to remind us of the eternal glories of Paradise. I think we may venture to predict that they will not help the restoration of Plain-Chant. "But these Graduals, Tracts, and Alleluias need not be sung as they are in the books, they may be sung 'recto tono.'" Yes, my friend; we may sing them "recto tono," as they are sung too often; but don't call a "recto tono" choir a Plain-Chant or Gregorian choir. "Recto tono" is *not* Plain-Chant.

Another peculiarity of the Solesmes books which must be noticed, so strenuously defended as something which has come down to us from those good old times when "everything was subordinated to accent," is the piling up of neums on unaccented syllables, and leaving the accented syllable of the word with a single note. Birkle says: "An interesting example of this kind is the first antiphon from the Vespers of St. Lucy":

t, r t, r m r || r m r d d r d d t, d
O - ran . . . te Sanc - ta Lu - ci a

The logical accent belongs undoubtedly upon the first syllable of the word *Lúcia*. Were there but one note each upon the syllables *ci* and *a* the *natural* pronunciation of *Lúcia* would be rendered very simple. The way, however, in which the notes are parceled in this example necessitates a certain *compulsion* of the accent to the *right place*; *i. e.*, the accent on

Lúcia must be strengthened, made *very* prominent, so as to render it as the logical accent.

It is admitted that this way of parceling out the notes results in an unnatural pronunciation, otherwise we would not have to use compulsion to push the accent into its right place.

Why should we be compelled to use this unnatural pronunciation? We are told that this piling up of the notes on unaccented syllables does not throw the accent to the syllable so treated. We will see, however, that it does necessarily.

Let us take the word *Domine* for instance. This is one of the words which is generally subjected to this piling up process. The first syllable is accented and long in quantity, and the second syllable is the shortest of the three.

This word is set as follows in the Requiem Mass and other places:

d d r m r d r r d - ||
Do - mi . . . ne

Here the tonic accent is on *do*—and we are told that we are to *compel* the accent in the manner mentioned above. There are two musical accents on the syllable *mi*—as we *have* to accent the *first* note of each neum. How can we possibly sing the second syllable as an unaccented syllable, if we have to sing two musical accents upon it? If we sing words to music we *must* follow the musical accent, and if we sing an unaccented syllable to a musical accent we must necessarily accent that syllable. Let us take a well-known instance:

| d' . s l s o | d' . s l s o d' d' |
Al - le luia Al - le luia Alle -
| d' d' o d' d' d' d' o d' | t d' t d' o ||
luia Alle - luia Al - le . . lu - ia

Who can deny that the accentuation of the word *alleluia* here follows the musical accent? One can *compel* with all his power and he will still have the first two words accented on the first, the second two accented on the third, the third word accented on the second, and the last accented on the second and fourth, because when one is singing he *must follow the musical accent*. Musical composers recognize this law and generally make the accent of the word conform to the musical

accent. What a raking a composer would get from the critics if he accented as follows:

s | s l t d' d' | d' t l t d' | r' m' f' s' f' |
gra - ti - as . . a . . gi - mus ti - . . .
 | - m' r' m' m' | m' r' d' t l r' | r' d' t l s d' |
 . . *bi prop - ter mag - nam glo -*
 | l t d' - t | d' - - ||
ri - am tu - am

In cases where this clashing of the sense of the music with the sense of the words occurs, and there are hundreds of them, we must not forget the old rule: "*The text is the master; the notes the servant*"; and the musical accent must be made to fit the accent of the words, and, by the way, if the accentuation

d r m - r d r - r r - d ||
Do . . . mi - ne

is so very "lourd," as sung by the "modernes," why do we have

f m f r r || d r - d' d
Do - mi - ne Do . . mi - ne
 m r s - m r m - f m f r r d - ||
Do . . . mi - ne

and many others where the musical and the textual accents have been made to coincide?

I think that ninety-nine out of every hundred will prefer the "lourd"-ness to the improper accent. Even if it were the custom of the musicians of the olden time to pile up the notes in this manner, entirely regardless of accent or quantity, is there any reason why we should do the same when we know better?

One of the claims of Solesmes is, if I do not mistake, that they have rediscovered the art of reading the old chant manuscripts, and so claim for that chant a purity and authenticity which are denied to other editions; "and it is the triumph of modern times to have rediscovered the ancient art of liturgical monody" (Holly, *Grammar of Plain-Chant*).

Let us examine briefly the history of the propagation of

Plain-Chant, and see whether or not this claim is reasonably good. Of the origin of Plain-Chant nothing is known with any degree of certainty. It has grown up with the Church, and we may reasonably surmise that the early Christians adapted what they had to sing to melodies which were already well known to them, and that, as Christianity spread over the world, the chant was carried by the missionaries who, in turn, taught it to their converts. We may also suppose that abuses crept in, just as they do nowadays, and that from time to time reforms were necessary. We know that St. Ambrose inaugurated one of these reforms, so that the purified chant of his time came to be called Ambrosian. We know that St. Gregory inaugurated another, and that Pius V. commissioned Palestrina to revise the liturgical books, with a view to the elimination of abuses, among which were the "jubilations." St. Ambrose seems to have allowed the use of such pieces as conformed to certain scales, of which he determined there were four. These scales of St. Ambrose apparently had a compass of an octave and a half. St. Gregory split these scales in two, thus making two scales, each an octave in compass. To understand how two scales of an octave each can be made from one scale of an octave and a half, it is only necessary to imagine a scale of eleven notes; commence at the top and descend eight notes and there is one scale, and commence at the bottom and ascend eight notes and there is another, each differing from the other in the distribution of the tones and semi-tones.

St. Gregory composed a large number of chants, and wrote many hymns. There is a tradition that the first piece of chant which he wrote was the *Introit* of the First Sunday of Advent—*Ad Te Levavi*—a most beautiful composition. The chant was taught by ear; the singers had to memorize both words and music; "These were the good old days when there were but few books. Every good singer had the entire repertory by heart" (Holly, *Grammar of Plain-Chant*).

We have another reason to know that this is a fact, because it required from seven to ten years to learn chant. Attempts were made from time to time to reduce these melodies to writing. It is almost impossible in these days, when we know how to analyse a piece of music into its component individual sounds, to conceive the difficulty which must have

been experienced in putting marks upon the paper which were supposed to represent the tune; for it must be remembered that the ultimate analysis of tunes into their separate component notes was not known for hundreds of years.

Guido d'Arezzo was the first to discover that this could be done; he invented what is now known as the staff and taught singers to read chant in three months; a task which, as we have said before, formerly required from seven to ten years. But I am anticipating.

By degrees a kind of musical notation was evolved. "The ancients in their manuscripts wrote their notes 'in campo aperto' (in the open field, *i. e.*, *without lines*) over the text (Holly). The various twists and turns of which a tune was supposed to be made up were represented by figures of various shapes, to which were given fanciful names: *nodatus*, *clivis*, *torculus*, *porrectus*," etc., etc.

Let us go back in spirit and see and hear one of the old choirs at work. The singers are assembled in their stalls and there is one large book in the middle of the choir for the use of the director. The Office which is being sung has, of course, been rehearsed and the singers know it, more or less perfectly, by heart. The director is an experienced choir singer who has been selected for the position on account of his superior knowledge (by ear) of the chant and for his vocal ability. He, having the book before him, starts each piece, and after a word or two (the intonation) the singers who have caught up the tune join in. In the book before the director are the various neums—pictures which represent to him the various portions of the melody. These pictures he reproduces before the singers by describing their various forms in the air with his hand, and thus helps them to remember the tune.

In course of time choir masters will be required for other monasteries and churches, and it is only natural for us to suppose that some of the singers of our choir, who display more than ordinary aptitude, will be sent to fill these positions. Let us follow one of them to his new sphere of work. He is an intelligent singer with a good voice, and as he studies his chant from the book he perhaps thinks he has a better idea than his teacher of the manner in which some chants should be performed, and again, perhaps his memory has failed him as to the performance of others.

He is rehearsing for the anniversary of the feast on which we first heard the choir of which he was then a member. We, who are supposed to know our chant by note, detect some slight differences between the chant we hear now and that which we heard on the former occasion. This *podatus*, which was a step of a whole tone when we heard it before, is now a minor third, and that *clivis*, which was a minor third, is now a fourth, this *scandicus*, which was formerly composed of a major third skip, followed by a semi-tone, is now a second followed by a minor third, and that *climacus*, which was a straight run down of four notes, has become a skip of a minor third followed by two steps, etc., etc. And what has happened to that hymn? Why, sure enough, he is singing it a whole tone higher. He has mistaken the third mode for the first.

This is only a fancy picture, but it is one very easily recognized by musicians, and it gives us a very good idea of the way in which *dialects* of chant had their origin; *for there are certainly dialects in chant*. In what other way can we account for the difference between the chant as it is found in Italy, and as it is found in Spain? Why is the chant of France different from that of Germany? Of Switzerland from that of England? If we take the various versions of the same tune as found in the different dialects, we will find ample evidence from the tune itself, and from the manner in which the notes are set to the words, to show that it has been written down by ear. The tune of the *Pange Lingua* will serve as an illustration. I select the versions as found in the Mechlin, the Montreal, the Solesmes, and the Ratisbon. The melody itself is evidently older than the words. Its resemblance to the melody of *Deus tuorum*, as given in the Mechlin, is too close to be accidental. In the Mechlin and Solesmes the melody is written in the third mode; in the Montreal and the Ratisbon it is written in the first, a whole tone lower—not a whole tone lower in the modern sense of the term, which would simply mean in a lower key, the intervals remaining the same, but a tone lower in the ordinary scale; the compass of the third mode version being from D to D, and that of the first mode version from C to C.

There is a considerable difference between the third mode melody, as given in the Mechlin and the Solesmes, as there is also in the first mode melody, as given in the Montreal and

the Ratisbon. How can we account for these variations of the same melody, except on the theory that it has been written down by persons who had learned it by ear in their earlier days, or has been copied by ear from the singing of such a person.

Which is the right mode for this tune, the third or the first? And which of the many versions is the true one? The Mechlin or the Solesmes? The Ratisbon or the Montreal? The Paris or the Lyons? The Constance or the Sarum? Now this tune has not been picked out as a kind of "horrible example." We might take almost any piece of chant, and the results would be much the same.

And yet we are told that the real meaning of the old manuscripts has been rediscovered. Which manuscripts? Why, the manuscripts of one *dialect* of chant. And even if the true meaning of *these* manuscripts has been discovered, which I think I have shown to be almost impossible, have we the real chant as left by St. Gregory? How about the offices of the feasts which have been instituted since St. Gregory's time? Not to speak of earlier ones, we have the offices of the Patronage of St. Joseph; the Immaculate Conception; our Lady of Lourdes; St. John Baptist de la Salle, etc., etc., all of which have been instituted in our own time.

Each edition seems to have its own version of each of these feasts, with variations so great that the various pieces are absolutely *different pieces of music*, different in melody and different in mode, and yet we have these various new offices in the Solesmes edition, tricked out in the garb of the old "Manuscripts," with their *podatuses* and their *clivises* and their *porrecutuses* and their *torculuses*, *oriscuses*, etc.

We may be met by the statement that these new offices are not wholly new, but have been partially adapted to chants already in existence, which may be true; but here we are confronted by a statement of Rev. S. Birkle: "Finally, if a melody is not proportioned to the text or fitted to the thought, it may, in so far as it may be proportioned to *another text*, be called Plain-Chant, but it is not a proper Plain-Chant melody for the text to which it is set" (*Complete and Practical Method*, Page 50).

What is the process used in deciphering one of these old Plain-Chant manuscripts, the notation of which (if such it may

be called) is so exceedingly obscure? Can it be done by a person having simply a knowledge of music? No; to such a person it would be absolutely unintelligible. He must have a knowledge of chant; in fact, he should be well acquainted with the various versions or dialects of chant. He selects a piece in his manuscript *by the words*. He then brings to the task his knowledge of the different versions of that piece. At first all is unintelligible, but he sees here and there the same figure or neum repeated from time to time, and he concludes that "that represents such and such a phrase," because he supposes it to correspond with a phrase in one of the versions *which he knows*. As he continues, he finds some neums and figures which do not seem to fit into any of the versions with which he is familiar. He interprets them as he interpreted the others, or guesses at their meaning, and adds them to his translation.

Now, as I have said before, our translator knows several dialects of chant, but he will most certainly have a preference for some one or another. This is the reason why it is quite possible for two persons to give quite different translations of the same manuscript; the translation of, say, a Ratisbon man will have a distinctly Ratisbon flavor, while a Solesmes man will make his translation conform to the Solesmes idea. I think, then, that claim of superior authenticity ought to be abandoned.

I am still further confirmed in this opinion by observing the Solesmes treatment of two pieces published in the *Liber Usualis*: *Tantum Ergo* in cantus modernus, page 1,215, by Weber, in F, and the other is the *Adeste Fideles*; both notably incorrect. As authentic copies of both these hymns could have been easily obtained, there is no excuse for publishing incorrect ones.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I wish to lay before my readers some "modern instances" in support of my views concerning the interpretation of manuscripts. Every one will, I think, admit that the modern notation of music has been so long a settled thing that any doubt respecting a given modern composition could be very easily settled by referring to the original manuscript which, in most important cases, is still in existence; and yet what do we find? New editions of the masters are constantly being brought out, edited by musicians of the first rank, whose names ought to be a guarantee of correctness.

In these various editions we find changes here, changes

there, this note should have been that note, and that other note is evidently an interpolation, such a reading in such an edition is incorrect, and such a passage would have been written in such another way if the author had had a modern instrument, etc., etc.

I have before me a copy of Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues, edited by Dr. Hans Bischoff. In the prelude and fugue in C sharp minor, No. 4. Volume I., the author makes note of 48 different variations of the text of the prelude and 22 of the fugue, so we know that of this particular prelude and fugue there are 71 different versions, and yet Bach wrote very carefully and legibly, not in obscure neums, but in our precise modern musical notation.

Another instance occurs in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. In Peter's Edition, Volume II., page 9, third score, third bar, there is an undulating movement of four notes in the treble accompanied by the third principal motive of the first movement in the bass, which is afterwards inverted; the treble becoming the bass and vice versa.

For a number of years the bars four, five, and six, of the third score in the treble, were silent; the place of the notes being occupied by a whole bar rest.

I have a copy of the Symphony, edited by I. N. Hummel, in which these empty bars appear. Now some critical musician (name unknown), conjectured that the four bars of inversion, immediately following the passage in question, should be an exact copy of the previous four bars. He consulted Beethoven's manuscript and discovered that the three "rests" in the three empty bars were not rests at all, but were marks of continuation which musicians frequently use in their manuscripts when they wish the same passage to be repeated. In a recent edition of Beethoven's Sonatas there are still quite a number of quite obvious mistakes, in spite of the fact that the publishers have a standing offer of a dollar's worth of music for every mistake found in this edition. There is a very curious mistake in the Sonata in F sharp, opus. 78, which has passed the scrutiny even of Von Bülow.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE DOWNSIDE CELEBRATIONS

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

FROM the tower of the minster rings the bell Great Bede. It is five and a quarter tons in weight—the ninth largest bell in England. And the sound booms out over the Mendip Hills and floats away down the valleys, and the echoes stretch out their arms across the far meadows; yea! to the distant town of Wells.

At its tolling a thrill of joy seems to pass through the elms and the beeches; for the nonce, the song of the birds is stilled. Nothing is heard save the boom, boom, of the deep voiced bell, as it calls to prayer and praise. And to-day its sound is flung out over the country like a solemn pæan of triumph. “*Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus.*”

After the night comes the day, and sunshine after storm, and, lo! the long night of persecution has faded into the dead past, and the day of hope has dawned. And Great Bede proclaims it from the high tower and over the hills and dales of Somersetshire, men stop to listen.

Yesterday the minster was blessed; to-day the monastic choir is to be opened. From henceforth the psalms of David will resound in the solitude; henceforth the praises of the Most High will rise up like incense before the throne; henceforth, day and night from this sanctuary of the West, will the sons of St. Benedict offer the tribute of earth to the God of ages.

Through the vista of time we see them as laborers in the English vineyard; echoing through the centuries comes the chant of the Divine Liturgy. It is a record of praise which has ascended from Benedictine choirs for more than thirteen hundred years.

It was at the voice of the Pontiff, Gregory the Great, that the brethren came, setting out from the banks of Tiber in the

year of grace 597. They were a band of unknown men, silent and strong; and to them was entrusted the mission of planting the Cross in the land of the Angles.

Thus they arrived on the shores of Kent, and having formed themselves into a long procession, they raised aloft the symbol of Redemption, and, to the solemn strains of the Gregorian chant, they advanced into a land of unbelief.

In those far off days civilization waited upon religion; and the English people had not only to be instructed in the Catholic faith, they had also to be initiated in the useful arts, and in that greatest of arts—the art of right government. So, year by year, the sons of St. Benedict labored and prayed and, little by little, the light of religion spread over the land, and slowly and gradually the contending elements were welded into one, the Angles and the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans; and they became a great people and they were one—in nationality as in faith.

Under the beneficent sway of the Benedictine monks England took its place among the nations, for not only was it a commercial power, but—*mirabile dictu*—it was also an island of saints. The land was called Merrie England. It was a realm in which the poor knew the dignity of labor and the rich the responsibility of wealth; throughout every shire and county there existed a just relation between employer and employed.

It was thus for a thousand years. For a thousand years the village church was the centre of village life; for a thousand years the sacrifice of Calvary was offered up from countless altars, and night and day, from every monastic choir, came the hymn of worship.

To say that the history of the English Benedictines is inseparable from the history of England's past is perhaps to utter a truism, yet it is one which it were well to keep in mind. As a testimony to the activity of monastic life in pre-Reformation times, we need only recall the memories of a few Benedictine centres; of Durham and Westminster, Bury and Tewkesbury, St. Albans and Canterbury, Evesham and Bath, Ely and Glastonbury. Written in stone are the words of the Psalmist: "*Domine dilexi decorem domus tuæ, et locum habitationis gloriæ tuæ.*" For a thousand years the church bells rang in Old England. In those days the spirit of faith had

spread her wings over the land—the land where reigned the peace of God.

Then a blight fell upon England, and sorrow was rife. Silent now are the bells and empty is the choir; gone is the faith of the multitude and desolate is the island of saints. The cattle are browsing in the sacred precincts and the altar stone is trodden under foot, for the shrines of England have become a shelter for the night birds and across the ruined arch a spider spins her web. Slain or imprisoned is the sacrificing priest and spurned is the sacrifice. The holocaust of Calvary is no more. "Away with him!" is the cry. "His blood be upon us, and upon our children!" Then was the veil of the temple rent asunder; then was the Holy of Holies profaned. Razed were the abbeys and scattered the communities. The sons of St. Benedict have died on the scaffold, and the traditions of a thousand years are ended.

Of those three hundred English Benedictine houses, destroyed in four years (1536–1540), no human soul now lives. Of the old English congregation not one member is left. But stay! From a noisome dungeon comes a muffled echo; it is the clank of chains. And behind the prison grating sits a prisoner. He is an old man and almost blind. His hair is white and his head bent with years. Is this a felon, who has outraged the law? Nay; it is Sigebert Buckley, a confessor to the ancient faith and a witness to the ancient order. But this is felony; so he sits in chains. "Anytus and Meletus can kill me," said Socrates, "but they cannot hurt me." And with a more perfect faith the Christian confessor folded his hands and waited for death. He had seen his brethren languish in prison and he had watched them pass out to the scaffold. He had seen the desecration of the holy places and every abbey of his order brought to ruin. More than that, had he not seen the vineyard laid waste, wherein he and his brethren had labored throughout the centuries, until "the shadow of the vintage had covered the hills and the branches thereof the cedars of God"? Indeed, it had "stretched forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river." And as the old man watched in spirit from his prison window, and saw the tempest break over the fields of God, he might have repeated the words of Scripture: "Why hast thou broken

down the hedge thereof, so that all who pass by the way do pluck it? The boar out of the woods hath laid it waste; and a singular wild beast hath devoured it." But his lips only moved in silent praise: "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be his name." So he sat with manacled hands and looked forward to his release, when the chains of earth would fall from him and he would go forth a free man. To the solitary prisoner it seemed as if death were already stirring in the shadow, for "he is a strong angel, and of great pity." But, instead, into the dark dungeon came the spirit of recompense, leading thither two other confessors—secular priests—who were destined to share his confinement, and to seek at his hands the habit of St. Benedict. And there in the prison the novices were clothed in the monastic garb of Old England, the three being in chains; and there did Sigebert Buckley invest the younger brethren with all the rights and the privileges of the old English congregation—which act was afterwards ratified by the Holy See. And it is through these three men that the modern abbeys of Downside, Ampleforth, and Douai date back in an unbroken line of succession to the monk Augustine, Apostle of England.

On their subsequent release from their English prison, the Benedictines made their way to Douai in Flanders, where they were joined by several of the English monks who had been professed in the Spanish Congregation of St. Benedict. Together they formed themselves into the community of St. Gregory, in 1611, and it was here at Douai that was founded that monastery and school where, for nigh two hundred years, the sons of English Catholics were educated, and whence issued those missionaries of St. Gregory's who ministered in secret during the penal days.

In the long line of Gregorians who faced the rigors of persecution in the succeeding years, it is interesting to know that it was a Benedictine monk who saved the life of Charles II. when that monarch was in hiding at Boscobel. For this service he was permitted to live unmolested in London, when other Papists were banished. Curious, too, is the coincidence that, when the same Stuart King lay dying, it was the same monk, John Huddleston, who was smuggled in by a secret door to the royal apartment; and the King, seeing him, said to his former preserver: "You who once saved my body,

must now save my soul." So John Huddleston received the King into the Catholic Church and heard his confession.

The years wore on, and Douai continued to be the training ground for the English Benedictines, until the French Revolution broke over France; and, like an angry tempest sweeping over a mighty forest, scattered the religious institutions as though they were but autumn leaves. The community of St. Gregory were accordingly cast into prison at Doullens, and with them forty-one members of the secular clergy. Here for thirteen months they lived together a life of contemplation and prayer, and the Benedictines having succeeded in secreting the necessary requisites for Mass, they were enabled to offer the Holy Sacrifice throughout their captivity; and the chalice around which so many memories cling is to-day in use at St. Gregory's Abbey among the hills of Somerset.

In the year 1794, the community were liberated from the prison at Doullens, and crossing over to England they were hospitably entertained at Acton Burnell by Sir Edward Smythe, who had been educated by them at Douai.

But, apart from the welcome of friends, it must have been a sad home-coming, for what Cardinal Newman once wrote of the Benedictines of an earlier time, might have been written of them: "Down in the dust lay the labors and civilization of centuries—and nothing was left to them but to begin all over again; but this they did without grudging, so promptly, cheerfully, and tranquilly, as it were by some law of nature, that the restoration came, and they were like the flowers and shrubs and fruit trees which they reared, and which, when ill treated, do not take vengeance or remember evil, but give forth fresh branches, leaves, and blossoms, perhaps in greater profusion or with richer quality, for the very reason that the old were broken off."

It was in this spirit that the monastic observance was begun again on English soil, and a school started under the title of Acton Burnell College, and there they remained for twenty years. Then, in 1814, feeling that the time had come for a permanent home to be found, the community of St. Gregory finally moved to Downside, in Somerset.

Through storms and through sunshine, through perils by sea and dangers by land, through political upheavals and national apostasy, the English Benedictines have seen the rise and fall

of nations. They have outlived the changes of dynasties, and have kept the way of peace. Their oppressors have gone out into the night, but the Benedictines remain; for the Tudors are dust and the Stuarts are naught; crumbled is the house of Orange, gone is the line of the Georges, and a Guelf now sits on the throne of England.

No longer the island of saints, the country has been made over to the State religion. Of the old shrines nothing remains but a few stones or a broken arch. What once was is no more. All is vanished and gone. And yet—even as we listen comes the echo of human feet, and from out the mists of time we see them. They come up from the sea shore, with Augustine at their head; and, without break or intermission, they wend their way through the years—from the sixth century even to our own day. And as the warp and the woof are threaded in the loom, so the history of St. Benedict's sons is woven into the stuff of our national life. Bringers of light and of peace, they have again taken their place in Somerset, where the memory of Glaston still lives.

The modern abbey at first sight seems to have arisen as if by enchantment, for there it lies in the heart of the Mendip hills, with its long perspective of minster and monastery, cloister and garth; of museum and libraries; college wings, dormitories, guest-house, and servants' quarters. In its vastness it recalls ancient memories, and, like the abbeys of old, it has grown up by degrees. Not yesterday was it begun, neither will to-morrow see its completion. During the past hundred years the masons have been busy, nor will their descendants cease from their toil. For, apart from its monastic mission, Downside Abbey is a centre of intellectual life and a place of educational activity. Here in the school the labors of the monks—many of whom have taken their degrees at Oxford and Cambridge—are supplemented by lay-masters from the universities, who, with their wives, reside in the village which lies outside the abbey gates. The Downside school method is formed on the plan of the public schools of England. For, as a competent modern authority says: "Given the public school system—backed up by the Catholic sacraments—there is nothing more suited to the British character."

A spirit of sturdy independence is, therefore, encouraged at Downside. Here there are no leading strings. Each boy

develops on his own lines. From the first each one is made to feel his individual responsibility. "*Qui creavit te sine te, non salvabit te sine te.*" Such seems to be the motto of this Benedictine school. In life as in death every boy must stand alone, as each must answer singly when he files in his last examination paper. And so, from the preparatory section, up to the sixth form, each is on his probation—studying for an entrance scholarship into that greater school which we call life, and of which the material world is but the threshold.

But, though it is true that a greater degree of liberty is given at St. Gregory's than is usual in our Catholic schools, either in England or abroad, it is but fair to say that the required standard of conduct is correspondingly high. Should a boy fail in this, should he but once fall short of the standard set up, he is instantly dismissed. From this judgment there is no reprieve. The pupil who is found wanting is sent down. Never may he return. The result of this system of training is found to ensure a healthy tone; and it is one which augurs well for the future society in which these boys will take their place.

To describe the minster would be a lengthy matter—the building being beautiful in detail; for the modern monk may say in truth with the ancient: "*I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy house, and the place where thy glory dwelleth.*" The church is cruciform in plan, of which the nave has yet to be built. The portion already erected comprises the transepts and the tower, and the eastern chevet of chapels. To these has now been added the stately choir and sanctuary: six bays in all. The architecture chosen was the early English style, but this has gradually given place to the decorated. Between the eastern chapels and the transept there is on either side of the church a series of chapels forming an outer aisle, those of the south side being raised up some thirteen feet to allow space for the north cloister beneath them. A graceful staircase in stone built in the thickness of the wall gives access to these from the south aisle. The original architect was Mr. Edward Hansom. At his death in 1900 he was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Garner, whose name is associated with King's Chapel, Cambridge, and with the reredos of St. Paul's Cathedral. Under the supervision of Mr. Garner the choir took on a bold square end instead of the apse, as originally planned,

and as the foundations for the apse were actually in position, he used them to support the columns of the feretory, thus partly preserving the former scheme. The choir is early perpendicular and, following the precedent of St. Alban's Abbey, has a single light on either side of the central window which gives an added sense of space and loftiness.

The result of various changes of design and treatment in the Downside minster suggests a happy link with the old English Benedictine abbeys and cathedrals which grew gradually to completion. The portion of the Church now completed, *i.e.*, from the eastern bay of the nave to the end of the Lady Chapel, measures externally 230 feet. The breadth across the transept and tower is 125 feet. In the interior the transepts are 83 feet long, 68 feet high, and 25 feet wide; the choir, from the chancel arch to the columns behind the altar, measures 95 feet long, 28 feet wide, and rises from 68 to 70 by the middle of the third bay. From this it will be seen that in height and breadth the Downside Abbey choir is almost identical with those of Worcester and Truro. The entire building, inside and out, is constructed of Bath stone, which is quarried in the neighborhood by local masons. The chief characteristic of the interior is the effect of great height, due perhaps to the transepts being narrower than the choir and nave; while the vista of lofty narrow arches down the south choir aisle, with a window of the Sacred Heart Chapel showing at the end, and the triforium—suggested by the Angel Choir at Lincoln and the graceful triforium of Westminster Abbey—may be described as almost a vision in stone. The organ, it may be interesting to mention, was built for King George IV., and was used for some years in the Pavilion at Brighton. It was then procured for Downside by Count Giuseppe Mazzinghi, who had been "chapel-master" to the king.

Of the eastern wall behind the high altar, the arrangement of the three arches strikes one as unusual, for it is only to be seen in rare cases: at Salisbury, where the central arch is lower than the side ones, and at Wells Cathedral, where the three arches are of uniform height. In this choir the seven "hours" of the Divine Office are recited by the community and, in accordance with the pre-Reformation custom in English Benedictine churches, the Blessed Sacrament is reserved at the high altar. Over the tabernacle stands an old crucifix of great beauty.

It has been attributed to Andreas Faistenberger (1646–1735), who was perhaps the greatest artist in ivory of his period. But the crucifix has more than an artistic value, for away back in the years it was captured from a Spanish pirate vessel on the high seas by Admiral Sartorius, whose wife presented it to St. Gregory's. Behind the high altar is the feretory—a place of graceful columns and curbing arches. In Catholic days it was usual to enshrine here the body of a saint, were the church so fortunate as to possess one, and it is hoped before long that the feretory of the modern abbey may be the last resting place of the Venerable Oliver Plunket, whose body now lies yonder in a plain stone tomb in the north transept. Accused of high treason by the notorious Titus Oates, Plunket was ordered to be hanged, drawn, and quartered—a sentence which was carried out at Tyburn in the year of grace 1681. He was thus the last martyr who testified to the Catholic faith in England. On the two neighboring columns, and at the springer of the vaulting, are two shields. By this juxtaposition they are significant. On the left are the arms of St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, martyred 1170; on the right, the arms of the Venerable Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, martyred 1681.

Of the many other relics possessed by St. Gregory's Abbey, perhaps the most cherished is the great relic of the Holy Cross—shown only on Good Friday. One of the largest in England, it was in former days in the Chapel of Queen Mary. At her death it came into the hands of John Feckenham, the last abbot of Westminster. Later on the relic was publicly venerated in the Chapel Royal at St. James', which was served by the English Benedictines during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., at which period it was enshrined in the present handsome reliquary. On the abdication of James, and the subsequent dispersal of the community, this relic of the Holy Cross, with other relics and a monstrance, chalice, and vestments, were packed up in a strong chest and hidden in the vaults of a Catholic distiller named Langdale, who lived on Holborn Hill. In the year 1822 the chest was discovered, together with a document stating that the contents belonged to the English Benedictines of the Southern Province; and in this way they passed into the hands of the monks at Downside.

As an interesting link between the present community and those of Stuart times, it may be mentioned that the monk, John Huddleston, O.S.B., who ministered to Charles II., is to-day represented at Downside Abbey by his descendant, D. Roger Huddleston, to whose courtesy I am indebted for much of the information contained in this paper.

Of the seventeen chapels which form a corona round the choir and sanctuary, it is impossible to speak. Each is instinct with imagery, which is carried out both in stained glass and in stone. Of the bosses and capitals, no two are alike. Every scheme of decoration is peculiar to its dedication. Thus in the central boss of the Chapel of St. Joseph are modelled the tools of the Carpenter of Nazareth; while the caps of the vaulting shafts show the sun, moon, and stars in reference to the dreams of the Patriarch Joseph; and of the fat and lean kine and the ears of wheat as seen by Pharaoh. And round the chapel are entwined the different leaves of the trees indigenous to Palestine, which were consecrated by the labors of the Son of Man.

In the Lady Chapel each bit of carving is fraught with meaning. Above the columns at the entrance, whence rise the flight of steps, are entwined the leaves and the fruit of the curse. Inside the chapel the second Eve has triumphed; and the Apple of Sin has given way to the Lily of Perfection, and thus round the walls every capital depicts, in the language of flowers, the rare virtues of the Virgin Mother. From the Lady Chapel there is a little winding stair, which leads down to the crypt: St. Peter's undercroft, where the greater benefactors lie buried. On either side of the entrance is carved an hour-glass and a scythe, as if to remind us that, as the poet says,

"Death mows down mortals like a field of corn,
Some fall each stroke, and others stand awhile."

And again, in the groined vault of the beautiful Chapel of St. Benedict, every boss bears a coat of arms representing the chief English Benedictine abbeys and priories destroyed by Henry VIII. The windows of this chapel call for a passing notice. The one above the altar represents St. Benedict as Patriarch of western monasticism, surrounded by the international saints of his order. The side window shows a band of English Benedictine saints grouped round St. Augustine of Canterbury; and

the highest portion of the central light contains figures of the three abbots of Glastonbury, Reading, and Colchester, who, with four of their subjects, were martyred in 1539 for refusing to recognize the royal supremacy.

Built over the south cloister are two large chapels, of which one is dedicated to All Monks, the other to the English Martyrs. The latter dedication seems peculiarly appropriate, for not only is Downside Abbey the successor of Glaston, whose last abbot with two of his subjects were slain in Elizabethan times, but of her own community five won the martyr's crown, while many more only escaped death on the scaffold by dying in prison. The five Downside martyrs, all of whom have been pronounced Venerable, are: Dom John Roberts, the first prior of the infant monastery at Douai, martyred in 1610; Dom Mauras Scott, 1612; Dom Ambrose Barlow, 1641; Dom Philip Powell, 1646; and the gentle lay brother, Thomas Pickering, 1679. This chapel of the English martyrs has recently been erected by the family of Abbot Gasquet, President of the English Benedictine Congregation.

But now the days of persecution are over, and to-day is the opening of the minster choir. Special trains are running from Bath to Chilcompton. From the north and the south they come, and the Somerset lanes are astir, and the countryside stands wondering. For, as described in the book of Micheas, "a tumult of chariots hath astonished the inhabitants of Lachis," and a variety of carriages and motor cars have taken up their positions outside the abbey minster. Among the guests who have already arrived are the Archbishop of Westminster and the Archbishop of St. Louis, U. S. A. After them come the Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, the Bishop of Kerry, and the Benedictine Bishop of Port Louis from beyond the seas. There are bishops of England and bishops of Wales; there are mitred abbots from every Benedictine abbey in England and several from abroad; from Belgium, Germany, and France; there are monsignori and canons; there are heads of religious orders, and of secular priests not a few, while among the laity are representatives of many of the well-known names of England; friends and benefactors; past pupils, and the parents of present schoolboys; there are architects and men of letters; there are several editors and a regiment of special correspondents.

Of the church dignitaries and the clergy, all are lodged at the abbey, together with many of the laymen. The rest of the men and all of the feminine element are accommodated in the village, which lies outside the lodge gates. This little village of Stratton-on-the-Fosse is built beside the old Roman road which dates from the time of Julius Cæsar, B. C. 55. Stratton is referred to now-a-days as the Roman village, and a "Roman village" it is; where the spirit of the Catholic faith is uppermost, and where a gentle old world courtesy—that faithful handmaid of religion—carries one back to apostolic days. It is here that the abbey servants live, and the visitor to Stratton-on-the-Fosse may lodge at the cottage of the chief butler and his wife; or with the shoemaker or the village blacksmith. And at each cottage one is sure of finding that charm and simplicity which has come down from other days.

The Downside celebrations lasted three days. On each morning Matins were chanted at 5 A.M.; after which private Masses followed until 8 o'clock. At 11 o'clock a Solemn Votive Mass of St. Gregory was said on the first day by the Bishop of the Diocese; the preacher on this occasion being Dr. Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of the Welsh diocese of Newport. His theme was well chosen: "The Monastic Choir." And in the language of a scholar he spoke of the preeminent place which the monastic choir holds in the life of every Benedictine community; whence the psalms of David rise up in a never-ending succession of praise; of those wonderful psalms which have been the burden of the adoring song of the catacombs and of the desert and of the cloister. The first of such choirs in England, said the preacher, was in the church of St. Martin of Canterbury. Other choirs there had been before Augustine—choirs on the coasts and islands of northern seas and in the valleys of Western Britain; the choirs of Columba, Kentigern, Dubricius, and David. But on the advent of the Benedictines in Kent began a more durable choral liturgy, which reached its fullest perfection before the upheaval of the sixteenth century. But the praise of God cannot die, "for so long as Jesus Christ deigns to be wherever faithful hearts are gathered, so long will there be, not only the Divine Office of the Catholic Church, but that Office which, under the Church's auspices, the monastic order humbly dares in its own form and spirit to offer to Almighty God. . . . And although the world seems more

busy, more complicated in its motives, and more indifferent than ever it was before, yet the spirit of the desert, the spirit of the cloister, the spirit of the monastic choir is living still, and at this moment that spirit, like the breath of spring, is bringing a fresh greenness and promise over many regions of the old and the new world."

After Bishop Hedley's sermon a letter was read from the pulpit from Pope Pius X. "to his well-beloved son, Abbot Gasquet"; in which letter the Holy See conferred special privileges forever on St. Gregory's Abbey and minster; and on all taking part in the Downside celebrations he bestowed the Papal Benediction, besides exempting each from the fast of that Ember Day.

At 1:15 P. M. lunch was served throughout the triduum to three hundred guests—for a spirit of hospitality is inseparable from the Rule of St. Benedict, and with a lavish hand was it dispensed at Downside Abbey. Afternoon tea was at 4:20; and at 5 o'clock the minster bell rang out for Pontifical Vespers. Compline was chanted at 9 o'clock.

On the second day, Abbot Ford pontificated at the Solemn Requiem for the dead—of those generous dead, both laymen and monks, who throughout the years had built up St. Gregory's.

The discourse on this occasion was given by Abbot Gasquet, who took for his text: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying to me: Write: Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow them" (Apoc. xiv. 13). In his address, the speaker asked a remembrance for the souls of those who had gone before; for the makers of St. Gregory's. Coming from the lips of England's greatest historian it was a masterly review of three hundred years.

The preacher testified to the munificent benefactions of Philip de Caverel, Abbot of St. Vedast's, at Arras, who built for them the original monastery of St. Gregory at Douai, in 1611; of the Archduke Albert, of Flanders, and of Isabella, his wife—co-founders with Abbot Caverel; of Pope Urban VIII. (Barberini), who united the various new foundations with the old English congregation by his bull "Plantata," 1633; of the long list of confessors and martyrs who had languished in prison or had died on the scaffold in Tudor or Stuart times;

of Sigebert Buckley, who had handed on to them the traditions of a thousand years; of Dom Leander a Sto. Martino, of whom D. Sereus Cressy said that "for his piety and universal learning [he was] famous throughout Christendom," and who, during all the troublous days, remained the personal friend of Archbishop Laud and of the statesman Windebank; of the heroic sons at Douai who, in the French Revolution, suffered imprisonment for conscience sake; of Sir Walter Smythe, who received them on their exile from Douai, and who, during a space of twenty years, hospitably entertained the community at his country seat at Acton Burnell; of those great Gregorian missionaries who afterwards set sail from England to labor in distant vineyards; of Dom Bede Polding, the father of the Australian Church, the first Bishop and afterwards the first Archbishop of Sydney; of William Placid Morris, Vicar Apostolic of Mauritius, and afterwards auxiliary to Cardinal Wiseman; of Archbishop Ullathorne, the Nestor of the restored English hierarchy; of Bishop Brown, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District in 1840, and afterwards first Bishop of Newport and Menevia; of Charles Henry Davis, first Bishop of Maitland; and lastly, of Roger Bede Vaughan, who succeeded D. Bede Polding to the Primatial See of Canterbury. It was a record of strenuous work—a march past of great men. It was like a mighty recessional, of which the refrain "Lest we forget" sounded throughout. And mingled with these names were the names of the later friends and deceased benefactors, whose generosity had raised up the modern pile of Downside Abbey and school: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord . . . for their works follow them."

And now it is the third and final day of the celebrations, on which the Primate of England is to pontificate. The minster is full. The monks are standing in their stalls on either side of the monastic choir, in serried ranks, and from their midst rise up the strains of the Gregorian chant. The Little Hours of the Divine Office have barely died away when slowly along the south aisle comes the procession of ministers for the Solemn High Mass. First the cross bearer and acolytes advance, then the secular priests, followed by the members of religious orders; after them a company of canons; then these give place to the monsignori in their purple. Following after them come four cantors in magnificent copes, then a long suc-

cession of mitred abbots, each accompanied by his monastic chaplain. The Bishops of England, Ireland, and Wales come next; then the Archbishop of Cashel; after him the Archbishop of St. Louis, and finally the Primate of all England, with his crozier and staff; and supported by the assistant ministers, train-bearer, and acolytes. They pass on up the choir, a blaze of vivid color between the sombre rows of monks.

After the first Gospel the Bishop of Clifton mounts the pulpit and preaches on the achievements of the English Benedictine Congregation. It is a piece of brilliant oratory, so illuminating, so graphic, so full of enthusiasm that every eye is rivetted and many an eye is dim, as he sweeps through the ages and recalls the glories of ancient days. And ever and anon he reverts to the days of persecution, when the brethern lay in bondage; or to that long period of exile when they could minister only in secret; and finally he recalls their home-coming, when they began once more to build up in Old England the faith of their fathers. And the Lord was with them and they conquered; and as with their spiritual labors, so with the material, for the beauty of the minster, whose opening they were now celebrating, vied in size and perfection with many of the cathedrals of mediæval days. Once more, after the vicissitudes of thirteen hundred years, religion had triumphed in England, and the day had again dawned when "the sacrifice of Juda and of Jerusalem shall please the Lord, as in the days of old, and in the ancient years."

So the High Mass continued, and as the Offertory gave place to the Preface, and the Preface to the Canon, one could not but be struck by the wonderful ceremonial which is the birth-right of Catholicism; of the lighted candles and the clouds of incense; of the massing of color and the grouping of figures—the Archbishop on his throne, together with his assistants and ministers; of the deacons in gorgeous vestments; of the rows of prelates, archbishops, bishops, and mitred abbots; of the lines of canons and the purple-clad monsignori, while in the foreground stood the serried ranks of St. Benedict's sons, and at the entrance to the chancel the four cantors in scarlet copes. And all the time, accompanying the ceremonial, came the rising and falling of that volume of song which welled forth in praise and worship from consecrated lips, until the echoes fill the vastness and the great minster seems instinct with awe

and reverence. As the supreme moment advances, the voices become hushed, then still. It is as if no human pulse stirs. It is like the silence of Calvary, when "the earth brought gifts of grief, the fruit of the curse, barren thorns, hollow reed, and wood of the Cross; and the sea made offering of Tyrian purple and the sky veiled her face in great darkness, while the nation of priests crucified for the last time their paschal lamb."

The sacrifice is consummated. And across the former darkness breaks the light of the Resurrection. For now the portal of death has become the gate of life, and "remembrance cries an end to forgetting."

The notes of the *Te Deum* rush forth from the organ like a cloud of spirits set free. In a tumultuous cry of praise and gladness the echoes spring and leap through space, filling the lofty arches, climbing ever higher and higher, to find a last foothold in the groined vaulting away up overhead.

Te Deum! The song of thanksgiving is taken up by human lips; for behold, this is the day of salvation, when the sacrifice of the New Law "shall please the Lord, as in the days of old, and in the ancient years. . . ."

In the solitudes of Somerset there is peace. The philosophy of the world has given place to a higher philosophy that is not of earth. The fret and turmoil die away into silence. "*Levavi oculos meos in montes,*" says the Psalmist, "*unde veniet auxilium mihi.*" And at Downside Abbey the mind of man is drawn upwards and in the sweep of the heavenward the human heart finds rest.

A POSSIBLE CALENDAR.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.



NEW plan for the arrangement of the calendar has lately, according to the papers, been proposed by M. Flammarion. The object, apparently, was to avoid the present shifting of the days of the week over those of the month; and it was to be accomplished by having an extra day—or two days for leap years—which would not count as week days at all. Sunday, for instance, might be made the 1st of January; obviously Saturday would then be the next 30th of December; the 31st would not be considered as a week day at all, and Sunday would again begin the next year.

The fatal objection to this plan, for both Christians and Jews, would be that the week days, particularly the Saturdays and Sundays, would no longer be those determined by the regular succession of the weeks; they simply would not be the real week days at all.

But it is possible to accomplish the object intended without encountering this difficulty. Let us suppose the regular year to consist of 52 weeks or 364 days; and let every fifth year have 53 weeks or 371 days. This extra or intercalary week might be put in at any time of the year which would be most convenient, and might be celebrated as a holiday time, or in some other special way. Of course it would be most natural to take the years ending in 0 or 5, such as 1910, 1915, etc., to have 371 days.

This would, however, make the average year rather too long; since four times 364 is 1,456, to which adding 371, we have 1,827, and dividing by 5, we have for the average 365.4. But if we make the century and mid-century years, 1900, 1950, 2000, etc., to have 364 days, and also add one more of 364 days, such as 1975, 2375, etc., in every 400 years, we shall have in 400 years 329 of 364 days and 71 of 371 days; the

total will be 146,097 days in 400 years, which is exactly what the Gregorian Calendar gives.

It is true that the displacement of any particular day from its average or mean place in the season would be, on this plan, as much as three and a half days, instead of only half a day, as at present; but that seems of little consequence, as the seasonal change in that time is really imperceptible to people in general, and astronomers could easily become accustomed to it.

If we reduce the normal year to 364 days by dropping out the 28th of February, as would seem most natural, and make Sunday the 1st of January, we should have, of course, New Year's Day and Christmas always on Sunday; the secular celebration could be 'on the Monday following. Decoration Day and the Fourth of July would always occur on Monday, which would be for us an obvious advantage. The intercalary week would most naturally occur between April and May, as May 1 would always fall on Sunday.

It needs hardly to be said that this calendar is not proposed seriously; with any idea, that is to say, of its actual adoption; the difficulties are too considerable, and the advantages not sufficient to warrant any such expectation. But it certainly would be an advantage in some ways to have a year in which every day of every month had its fixed day of the week to fall on. It would dispose of the whole matter of perpetual calendars for the future. Easter would always fall on the 27th of March, or the 3d, 10th, 17th, or 24th of April; its calculation might perhaps be easier than at present.

Current Events.

Peace Treaties.

The distinguishing feature of the last few weeks has been the making of pacts and covenants regulating in a peaceful way the relation of various States. The most notable of these agreements is, of course, the treaty of peace concluded at Portsmouth between Russia and Japan, by which the recent war was terminated in a manner satisfactory to the saner and perhaps the greater part of the human race. Scarcely less noteworthy and important is the Treaty between Great Britain and Japan, which was, indeed, signed before the Portsmouth Treaty, but was not published for some little time afterwards. Following upon these came the Agreement between Sweden and Norway, which is perhaps the most remarkable ever recorded in history. That two nations, united for so many years, should consent to separate peaceably, and to do this on the demand of the weaker of the two, without the shedding of a single drop of blood, shows a marvelous degree of self-control, and should (although we fear it will not) form an example for the other nations who are quarreling.

The long-discussed agreement between Germany and France, with reference to the Conference about Morocco, has at last been made, and, although it is not so far-reaching as was expected, it has brought to an end a state of things which, if various rumors may be believed, was dangerous in the extreme. The way is now open for holding the Conference of the Powers interested in Morocco and for the mitigation thereby of the horrors which exist in that unhappy country. Without a formal agreement, action in common has been taken by the chief European States to place further restrictions upon the power of the Turk, and to render life in his dominions somewhat less intolerable. And last of all there is a probability that the long existent unfriendliness of Great Britain and Russia may be removed and that terms of agreement settling their chief differences may be made. The summoning of a second meeting of the Hague Peace Conference by the Tsar, with the concurrence of the President, indicates how great is the strength of the desire for peace, and the almost triumphal entry accorded to the latter on his return to Washington shows the appreciation

felt by the people of this country of his efforts for peace. On the other hand, the strained relations between Austria and Hungary, and the want of confidence which is so generally felt in the German Emperor prevent the outlook from being perfectly satisfactory.

Russia.

The state of Russia remains still unsettled. Disturbances have not, indeed, been so numerous or so acute in the centre of the Empire as they were in the first half of the year. There have been, indeed, strikes and riots, but less bloodshed. In the extreme limits of Russia, however, there has been an outbreak marked by features so atrocious and by results so grave as to manifest still more plainly than was done even by the late war, the weakness of this overgrown Empire, and the incompetence of its present government. In the Caucasus various races dwell sworn enemies one of another, of which the Tartars and the Armenians are the most numerous and the most hostile one to another. The Tartars are Mohammedans, the Armenians, Christians. The oil discovered at Baku has brought thither the capitalist who cares for no religion, or at least loves money more than either religion or justice. The government has been unjust to all alike. The owners of the soil have been stripped of their property. As a consequence, they have become brigands, and have levied blackmail on both capitalist and laborer, the government neglecting to protect both. It is said, in fact, that the authorities went so far as to set one race against the other, hoping thereby to weaken both.

Before the war the dread of Russia's power held the varying nationalities in check; but when her real weakness was disclosed, the former fear came to an end. An outbreak took place. Hundreds of lives were lost, millions worth of property destroyed, the oil industry brought to an end for an indefinite period. The awful character of the conflict is shown by the fact that the rioters actually threw some of their victims alive into the burning buildings. The anarchy was not confined to Baku, but spread over the whole province, throughout which there were wholesale murder, destruction, and brigandage. An end, however, has been put, at least for the time being, by the arrival of troops—disciplined force has mastered undisciplined force.

One good effect of all these horrors has been to make what was evident before still more evident—the utter unfitness and uselessness of the autocratic system dominant for so long in Russia. The events which have taken place in the Caucasus have animated the reforming party to still greater exertions, in order to secure a more reasonable system of government. Hopes of success are brighter. At first those anxious for reform were inclined to have nothing to do with the scheme outlined by the Tsar in his manifesto. To many it seemed to promise so little as not to be worthy of serious attention. What, for example, was to be thought of a representative assembly, the electors of which numbered less than one hundred thousand out of a population of one hundred and twenty millions? But further reflection has made the leaders see the wisdom of making use of the talent, small though it be, which, with great reluctance, has been confided to them. That the people should be allowed to criticize Grand Dukes and Governors at all is, in itself, a great concession. But it is less for what it is in itself, than for that to which it is to lead, that the reformers value it. Accordingly, they are going to use the present concession as a means of securing fuller benefits. Another thing that makes the outlook more hopeful is the fact that, on the part of the authorities, good faith seems to exist and a real desire to carry out the scheme honestly. The details are being worked out for its practical realization. Moreover, certain things involved in the calling of an elective assembly, such as freedom of the press and of meeting and of speech, have been recognized and granted.

For the first time in the history of modern Russia meetings have been held to discuss political questions, meetings with which the police have in no way interfered; and writers in the press are allowed to make public their opinions without the dread of the censor. And so there is good reason to hope that the anarchy which has existed so long in the government, and which has been the source of the anarchy, oppression, and corruption so widely prevalent in the Empire, may be destroyed by the public discussion of public questions and by the formation of a strong public opinion to which all, high and low, will have to bow, and that in this way law and order may take the place of arbitrary and capricious rule, and the impending revolution be averted.

Some there are who, on account of the ceremonies and devotions of the Orthodox Church, look with a benevolent eye upon all the proceedings of the Russian government and question the truth of the enormities laid to its charge. But the concessions which have recently been made by that very government are themselves evidence of the antecedent state of things, and show how great are the wrongs which its subjects have had to suffer. The edict granting religious toleration, recently issued, and the consequent return to the Church of many thousands of Uniates, recall to remembrance the fact that within the last forty years some five hundred thousand have been forced by every possible means to enroll themselves as members of the Orthodox Church. Their churches were closed, their bishops deposed and exiled, many thousand families were punished for resistance by transportation into far-off governments, and the rest, whether they consented or not, were inscribed on the registers of the official church. This was the condition of things before the decree was issued; the effect of the decree has been either actually to restore communion with the Catholic Church of some half a million of converts, or at least to render it easy for them to be restored.

Another Ukase has been issued which, by granting concessions regulating religious teaching, the representation of the nobles, and the acquisition of landed property in a part of Poland, manifests likewise the injustice of the antecedent *régime*. This *régime* aimed at the Russification of Poland by suppressing the Polish language in the schools and in the teaching of the Catechism, by preventing the acquisition of landed property by Polish peasants, and by excluding the nobility from that small share in the management of public affairs which is possessed in other parts of the Empire by the Zemstvos. All these restrictions have now been abolished, and to all appearances the attempt to Russify the Poles abandoned. On the other hand, the Poles, at least the most responsible of them, have given up the idea of independence and of ever again forming a separate kingdom; their efforts are now concentrated upon securing autonomy and the freedom to practise their religion and to preserve their national customs. The old methods of repression have completely failed to root out and destroy the national ideas. In fact, notwithstanding the oppression to which they have been subjected, according to a

well-informed writer: "The Poles in Russia, save for political influence, had already more than a fair share of social, commercial, and political importance. The industrial output of the kingdom of Poland alone arose in twenty-seven years from sixty-four millions of roubles to half a milliard, and formed in the year 1898 a full sixth of the whole production of Russia. Poles take the lead in many professions; Polish writers are among the most popular authors; Polish officers of all grades have fallen by scores in Manchuria; Polish doctors have tended the wounded; the Poles form more than twenty per cent of the rank and file of the army."

With the recent Ukase a new era begins. Strange as it may seem, the Poles in Russia have now a much larger amount of liberty than the Poles in Germany. In Prussian Poland, where Poles form eighty and more per cent of the population, they have no right to give their children religious instruction in their own language—Polish, is, indeed, totally banished from the schools—and under the new regulations they have no right to parcel out and colonize land purchased from their own compatriots or from German owners. The same reason which led the Russian government to remove restrictions has made the German government do just the opposite. In both cases, it was because the Poles, given a fair chance, were always the most successful.

Germany.

"I would not forget the deep impression made upon me by the sorrow and anguish which war brings upon a country, and by the sufferings and hardships which people endured. This explains why, as ruler of this land, I make it my chief care to see that peace is preserved for my country." In these terms the Kaiser replied to one of his generals who had assured him that he was a soldier and that there was no more burning desire in his heart and no more eager longing in his soul than to show how he could die on the field of battle for the Emperor and for the honor and glory of his country. Two days afterwards, however, the peace-loving feelings of the Emperor seem to have vanished; for on the parade of the Eighth Army Corps, stationed at Coblenz, he described them as a frontier corps, noticed the fact that it

did not appear before him in parade uniform, but in marching order, like a ship with its decks cleared for action, accentuating his delight by the remark that, "The finest uniform the Prussian soldier can wear is the dress in which he victoriously faces his foe in the field." As the Emperor spoke near the borderland of France, and in the midst of the long-protracted negotiations with reference to Morocco, the effect produced was the reverse of that produced by the speech delivered only two days before at Homburg. It also justifies the name given at Vienna to the Kaiser, where he is called "William the Sudden," inasmuch as he claims the right, independently of all control, to make peace and war. The states of Europe in this important respect are in unstable equilibrium, for no one knows what course may be taken by the supreme ruler of the German Empire. At the present time speculation is rife as to what attitude he will assume towards Russia; whether he will try to supplant France, or whether he will endeavor to form an alliance with both France and Russia against Great Britain. The position of the German Empire is undoubtedly difficult. An outlet for its population is urgently needed. The Emperor does not wish to lose his subjects, but every door seems closed. The colonial possessions of Germany are not fitted for immigration; South America is suitable, but the Monroe doctrine prevents the acquisition of any part of its territory. These aspirations for an extension of territory are legitimate; there are other aspirations which are illegitimate—those of the Pan-Germans. But whether legitimate or illegitimate, they have made Germany the danger spot of Europe.

The most numerous of the political parties in Germany—the Social Democrats—has been holding its annual meeting. If all the views of this party were as reasonable as those which it holds upon foreign affairs the anxiety felt as to the maintenance of peace would be greatly lessened. There is no doubt that the workingmen of Germany have a clearer vision of what is best for the country than those who are in the actual possession of power. And as they are so numerous and so well organized, hope may be entertained that they will be able to check and to control the caprices of the present wielder of the destinies of the nation.

France.

The conclusion of the Agreement with Germany settling the questions to be discussed by the Conference of the Powers, with reference to Morocco, has relieved France in a great measure from the anxiety felt so widely and so long as to the objects of the German Emperor. The settlement of the terms of the agreement was confided to a new set of negotiators more intimately acquainted with the existent state of things in Morocco. Days and weeks, however, passed away without a result being reached. But not long after the Peace of Portsmouth had been made, the terms were settled. What (if any) connection exists between the two events time may perhaps disclose. The Agreement is fairly satisfactory for France, since it prevents the discussion of questions at the Conference which she looks upon as already settled, especially her right to police the frontier of Morocco bordering upon Algeria. The advantageous concessions recently given to Germans, by virtue of which a loan was to be granted to Morocco and public works executed by a German firm, are brought within the purview of the Conference. No mention is made of the sea-port of which Germany is said to be anxious to become the possessor.

The two powers have agreed upon a programme of the business which is to be laid before the Conference. This programme includes the organization of a police force for Morocco, with the exception of the above mentioned frontier; the establishment of a State bank as a means of effecting financial reforms; investigation as to a better result of taxation and the creation of new revenues; means to prevent the government of Morocco from pledging the public service for the benefit of private interests, and for securing that no nationality should be excluded from the privilege and advantage of executing these works. Algeciras, in Spain, is proposed to the Sultan as the place of meeting.

What is now to be seen is whether or no the Sultan will share in this benevolent and disinterested endeavor to improve his domains, or whether he may not fall into the vulgar error that he has the right to manage his own affairs in his own way. But, however great the satisfaction of France may be, it cannot be forgotten that the German Emperor has killed that project of peaceful penetration of Morocco by France alone,

which she cherished, and which was left open to her by the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement of last year.

Austria-Hungary.

The crisis still continues to exist in Austria-Hungary, and is perhaps even more acute than before.

Hopes were entertained that a way out would be found by the Emperor-King, when he summoned to an audience the leaders of the Coalition which has the support of the majority in the Hungarian Parliament. These hopes were speedily disappointed. The audience lasted five minutes, in the course of which the King read from a paper conditions which he called upon them to accept, and referred the leaders for further discussion to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The conditions were rejected almost as summarily as they were laid down. The state of things is, in brief, as follows: A parliamentary majority, entitled to take office, laid before the king conditions which he could not accept. If he held a strictly constitutional position, he would be bound to accept them, but the form of government in Hungary, and in fact in many states of the Continent, seems to be neither the self-government of the people nor the absolute government of a monarch. Refusing to comply with the demands of the majority, the king appointed a ministry of affairs which had no supporters at all in the parliament. This ministry, instead of keeping within its modest rôle, proposed a fundamental change in the constitution—the introduction of universal suffrage—and did this without the consent of the king. The consent was withheld, the ministry resigned; the representatives of the majority were summoned again; again they refused to form a ministry. A second time has Baron Fejervary been appointed Premier; but no ministers have yet been found willing to accept office. This is the *impasse* to which things have come. Parliament has been prorogued again. The relations between the Hungarians and the Austrians are becoming bitter; both have begun to talk “Norwegian.”

Norway and Sweden.

The separation between Norway and Sweden and the birth of a new State will, in all probability, have taken place before these lines are in print. The agree-

ment to dissolve the Union has been accepted by the Norwegian Storting, and is on the point of acceptance by the Swedish Riksdag. In addition to the almost unique character of the agreement in itself, the part given to the arbitration of possible differences is worthy of note. By the first article it is stipulated that, for a period of ten years, all differences which cannot be settled by diplomacy are to be referred to the Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration, provided such differences do not concern the independence, integrity, or vital interests of either country. Whether a particular question is a vital interest or not is itself submitted to the same Court of Arbitration. As to the neutral zone which is to be established, and the forts which are to be demolished, or those which are to be retained, if differences arise, these too are to be referred to arbitration. The same mode of settlement is adopted of questions which may arise as to the grazing rights accorded to Laplanders, the regulation of traffic, and the use of water ways. The new state of Norway, therefore, enters upon its separate career with a two-fold augury of good—the peaceful settlement of the past and the appeal to a peaceful settlement for the future.

Italy.

The earthquakes which have occurred in Calabria, and the loss of life which they have caused, have aroused widespread sympathy in other nations, and this sympathy has in some cases taken a practical shape. The kindness of the King in personally visiting these scenes of desolation shows that, however disloyal a son of the Church he may be in some respects, he has not lost that instinct of charity which is a mark of the Church. In other respects, up to a few days ago, Italy has enjoyed peace. The outlook for the future is also peaceful. For six years past the country has been very prosperous, although good authorities think this prosperity is more apparent than real, due, that is, less to the growing wealth of the people than to an accidental increase in some sources of revenue, and especially to the taxation which bears hardest on the working classes, and hinders industrial progress; the present government has done nothing to remedy the injustice and to fulfil the promises which it made—reform of taxation and of

administration. And so we heard, within the last few days, of riots in various places on account of the burdens entailed by keeping up so large an army.

Spain.

In Spain a general election has taken place. The Lower House is composed of 406 Deputies, elected by universal suffrage, but, as a rule, half the electors do not vote. The working classes especially fail to use their right, thinking they have little or nothing to gain by participation in political strife. The result of the recent elections is, in accordance with Spanish traditions, in favor of the government, there being a majority of 240 supporters of the Dynastic Liberal Ministry in power, and 167 members of the various Opposition groups, of which there are no fewer than six.

Last month reference was made to the fact that in several districts the peasants were suffering from starvation, and that they were rushing into the prisons to be fed. This month we learn that train loads of emigrants are going to Spanish ports on the road to South America. In Galicia so many families have left their homes that some villages are totally deserted. Such events give the reason why workingmen in Spain distrust the usefulness of politicians, a distrust which other nations are beginning to share.

New Books.

LETTER OF PETRUS PEREGRINUS.

*The Letter of Petrus Peregrinus on the Magnet,** written in the year 1269, was a scientific document, remarkable in itself, and specially

for the age in which its author lived. It seems to us of the present day almost incredible that even the best minds of antiquity and of the Middle Ages should have calmly assumed that natural science was completed by the few superficial facts which some persons had happened to observe; that there should have been such a total lack of curiosity to discover anything further, or even to verify the little that was known. St. Jerome, for instance, remarks that it is said that a force resides in the lodestone and in amber, such that they will attract "rings" and "straw." He makes no distinction between the lodestone and the amber; no intimation that anything else would be attracted by either. Nowadays, if any man ignorant of electrical science should find that a piece of amber could, by rubbing, be made to attract pieces of straw or paper, he would hunt around to see if anything else would do as well as amber. But, no; with St. Jerome, "this," it is said, "finishes the whole matter."

But Petrus Peregrinus, or Pierre de Maricourt, was a man of the modern pattern; one of the earliest to get thoroughly the experimental spirit. He was not content to have it said that a lodestone would attract "rings," or iron in general; he wanted to know all the details of the matter; and, by a little patient work, he discovered the fundamental properties of magnetism, and really invented the mariners' or surveyors' compass.

In his day there were of course no scientific journals to send communications to, no scientific societies to discuss them; but his investigations have been transmitted to us by a letter, describing them, written to a friend.

The letter was for a long time unnoticed, but was fortunately preserved, a dozen copies existing in various European

* *The Letter of Petrus Peregrinus on the Magnet, A. D. 1269.* Translated by Brother Arnold, M. Sc. With Introductory Notice by Brother Potamian, D. Sc. New York: McGraw Publishing Company.

libraries. For this translation into English we are indebted to Brother Arnold, M. Sc., Principal of La Salle Institute, at Troy; it has also an able and interesting introductory notice by Brother Potamian, D. Sc.

**THE HISTORY OF THE
FRENCH CONCORDAT.**

At a moment when the question of the day in France is the complete divorce of Church and State—a question not merely of national, but of European, even of ecumenical importance—a complete history of the Concordat and a thorough study of its workings is, emphatically, a timely book. Such a book is the work of M. l'Abbé Sévestre.* Within its six hundred closely printed pages is to be found everything of interest bearing on the Concordat and upon the story of the relations which have subsisted between the Catholic Church and the French government for the past hundred years.

A tripartite division of the subject, as suggested in the title, has contributed greatly to the lucidity of the treatment, enabling the reader to tread his way without confusion through a maze of events, continually complicated by political changes and juridical, canonical, and theological problems in which the factors were almost constantly shifting. The first three chapters of the introductory part relate, in almost minute detail, the negotiations between Napoleon I. and the Pope; the ratification of the treaty at Rome, and its subsequent publication in Paris. The author next pursues its fortunes through the subsequent reign of Napoleon, who endeavored to nullify it by the application of the *articles organiques*; then he narrates the futile attempts of the half sceptical Louis XVIII. to set it aside, as a Napoleonic monument, in favor of one to be ratified by himself. The revival of Gallicanism among the clergy during the Restoration, the persecution of 1830, the events of Louis Philippe's reign, including the formation and fall of Montalembert's Catholic party, are related with admirable conciseness. The writer dwells pointedly on the happy relations which existed between the clergy and the Second Republic. He traces clearly the march of events during the reign of Napoleon III., who, after having shown himself the munificent benefactor of the

* *L'Histoire, Le Texte, et La Destinée du Concordat de 1801.* Par l'Abbé Em. Sévestre. Paris: Lethielleux.

Church, and having reaped from the hierarchy, and such leaders as Louis Veuillot, an overflowing measure of adulation, coached in terms that recall the court of Byzantium, became the patron of freethinkers and Italian revolutionists. Finally, we follow the last act in the drama from the close of the war of 1870 till to-day, during which period the enemies of Catholicism have proceeded steadily on their destructive career, augmenting their forces and extending their arms at every step, till they have at last set about severing the bond which so long united Church and State. For every view that he advances, and for every statement that he makes, the author offers copious evidence; and to the name of every person of importance that enters into his narrative, he appends a biographical note—a courtesy for which foreign readers especially will feel grateful.

The second part consists of a study of the Concordat itself, by comparing it with other Concordats, as well as with the *articles organiques*, and by examining the purport of various negotiations and juridical and theological interpretations to which it has given rise. Finally, in the third part the author essays a depressing forecast of the evil results that the rupture will inflict on the French nation and on French Catholicism. In the copious appendix the reader will find the text of every significant document bearing on the relations of Church and State in France, from the declaration of the Gallican clergy, in 1682, down to the present legislation. Enough has been said to give at least a fair idea of this fine work. We have only to add that the interest evoked by its matter is enhanced by the charming lucidity and simplicity of the style, the author's knack of artistic arrangement, and his attitude of dignified calm and impartiality, which, however, never for a moment suggests a doubt on his loyalty as a churchman.

The American reader will close the book satisfied on every question, except one, that he could possibly propound concerning this subject. And the unanswered question is just the one whose answer would contain the most valuable practical instruction. What we would all fain inquire, is the adequate explanation of how it came to pass that within the comparatively short period that has elapsed since the rise of the Second Republic, the bulk of the French people, then staunchly Catholic, should now be so alienated from the clergy that the government of the country is, at present, safely lodged in the

hands of infidels? The National Assembly that met at the close of the Franco-Prussian War was strongly conservative; religious interests were well represented in it; and some of its most honored members were clerics. At the same time, it was a true representative of the prevailing sentiments, ideas, and aspirations of the French people. Yet, in a very short time, that same people began to look with a suspicious eye upon the trend of ecclesiastical activity in political affairs. Events occurred which the radical party were easily able to represent to the country as proofs that the "clericals" were the sworn foes of the existing government, and cherished aims incompatible with the welfare of France. The abbé's exceedingly full and vivid history of the subsequent thirty years leaves us still in the dark as to how it happened that the anti-religious party found it such an easy task to convince the majority of French electors that a profound political truth was epigrammatically expressed in Gambetta's war-cry, "*Le clericalisme, voilà l'ennemi.*"

We cannot, however, permit ourselves to treat M. l'Abbé Sévestre's reticence on this matter as a reason for diminishing the measure of thanks due to him for his splendid piece of historical work. Long years must yet elapse before a French ecclesiastic may, without ignoring the dictates of ordinary prudence, write, in full, and without reserve, this last sad chapter in the *Gesta Dei per Francos*.

ENGLISH MARTYRS.

By Dom Bede Cam.

This section of England's roll of honor* bears twenty-four names, beginning with that of Blessed John Felton, the layman, who, "the five and twentieth day of May, 1570, betwixt two and three of the clock in the morning, set up on the gate of the Bishop of London his palace," the Bull of excommunication launched by St. Pius V. against Queen Elizabeth. The last name is that of Father Richard Thirkeld, a secular priest, who suffered at York in 1583.

The lives are written with great fulness; every document available has been searched, with the result that these biog-

* *Lives of the English Martyrs*. Declared Blessed by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886 and 1895. Written by Fathers of the Oratory, of the secular clergy, and of the Society of Jesus. Completed and edited by Dom Bede Cam, O.S.B. Vol. II. *Martyrs Under Queen Elizabeth*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

raphies are much more complete than the corresponding ones to be found in Bishop Challoner's collection, and some names are included here that were not recorded by Challoner at all. The value of the book to those who are not thoroughly acquainted with Elizabethan history is considerably augmented by a carefully prepared Introduction, written by Father Pollen, S.J., for the purpose of explaining the origin, nature, and tendency of the quarrel in which the martyrs lost their lives. He explains the conditions that marked Elizabeth's settlement, the effect of the Northern Rising in 1569, the results of the excommunication, the subsequent increase of missionary zeal, and, consequently, of persecution in 1580. Here he notes the errors committed by Catholic politicians and the Papal Government.

By an analysis of the facts Father Pollen demonstrates that those who suffered under Elizabeth were put to death, not because they were political offenders, but because of their fidelity to their religion. Father Pollen thereby deprives Protestants of one of their well-worn subterfuges from the charge of having stained their hands in religious persecution. We exonerate the Church from the blood of the Albigenses and the victims of the Spanish Inquisition, on the grounds that these people died because they were enemies of the civil government or offenders against the secular law. Protestants argue that the same view holds good of the English martyrs; hence, it is of consequence that an essential difference between the two cases should be clearly established.

The scholarly contributors to this volume deserve thanks for a piece of work which, considered either as history or hagiology, is of permanent value, and, in all probability, is not destined to be superseded by any future work on this subject.

INFALLIBILITY.

AND

OXFORD CONFERENCES.

By Fr. McNabb, O.P.

Although these two publications* treat of closely related subjects, and hail from the same source, no organic continuity exists between them. The audiences to which, in the first instance, the one and the

the other lectures were addressed, represented, respectively,

* *Infallibility*. A Paper Read Before the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Reverend Vincent McNabb, O.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. *Oxford Conferences on Faith*. (Summer term 1903.) By Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder; London: Keegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co.

widely different mentalities, and, as one might expect a teacher of Fr. McNabb's intelligence would do, the lecturer varied his point of view accordingly. The paper on *Infallibility*—a very modest designation for a solid pamphlet of eighty pages—was read before an Anglican audience. The Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury has for one of its principal aims the removal of obstructions to Reunion by the substitution of conference for controversy, and by conducting discussion on the basis of expositions of doctrines made by properly qualified representatives of them. The precise purpose of the lecture is to explain the Catholic doctrine concerning the Infallibility of the Teaching Church, as distinguished from the Church taught. Though not neglecting the historical aspect of his theme, Fr. McNabb devotes his attention chiefly to the theological side. The tone throughout is, it need hardly be observed, conciliatory; the reasonableness of the Catholic claim, and the arguments that establish it, are unfolded clearly, and adequately insisted upon, without undue exaggeration.

In conclusion the author notices briefly the objections usually urged against papal, and conciliar Infallibility; and, without undertaking to refute or criticize them *seriatim*—a task impossible within the time at his disposal—he suggests some broad general views which tend to reduce to negligible proportions the historical difficulties which are magnified to the vision of the opponents of Infallibility.

The other volume consists of a series of lectures, eight in number, addressed to the Catholic students of Oxford University. The titles are: The Problem of Faith; The Object of Faith (Mystery); The Light of Faith; Authority; The Will and Faith; The Door of Faith (Conversion); The Scruple of Doubt; the Life of Faith. The first lecture begins with a world-embracing review of the historical fact that "at all times, and especially since the coming of Jesus Christ, men have been found to profess or deny the objective existence of supra-rational truths, and the subjective existence of a peculiar power or faculty for believing these truths to be true." Next follows a statement of the present crisis for religious belief, natural and supernatural.

Afterward Fr. McNabb dwells chiefly on some psychological aspects of his subject; especially in the views which he puts forth when he faces the problem of the part played by

the will in faith. Everywhere he is suggestive. Readers who know how to seize an author's purport, when he frequently leaves them to sum up for themselves a number of appreciations and considerations, will be better pleased with Fr. McNabb's work than they who look to the author to tell them at the beginning or end of a chapter what 'twas all about. The influence of Newman is apparent; though, as a true theorist, Fr. McNabb draws attention to the fact that St. Thomas, too, assigned a predominant part to the will in the act of assent when the object is not a matter of first principles or abstract mathematical judgments. The note which is becoming more and more dominant in apologetics is perceptible everywhere in Fr. McNabb's expositions, so that the following passage, from the "Will and Faith," might be accepted as a statement of one of his first principles: "In truths of faith our personal will enters at every step, limiting and valuing the premises, accepting, defining, and safeguarding the conclusion. Faith is certitude, but it is certitude in which the personal will holds and turns the scales. Thus faith is a vital action; not a mere mechanical process. It is not ruled by mere mechanical laws of heaviest and greatest, but by the subtler laws of truest and best."

Dr. Alexander MacDonald deserves
QUESTIONS OF THE DAY. a great deal of credit for the studious industry with which he is
 By V. Rev. A. MacDonald. dealing with many intellectual problems

which are disturbing and perplexing this present age. Too few Catholics approach these grave disputes, and too little Catholic teaching is brought to bear on them. When, therefore, a capable student like Dr. MacDonald appears in the arena he should be welcomed and encouraged, and we would like to be among those whose voices are most earnest in wishing him well. The latest book * from his pen is a collection of essays on the Biblical Question, the Virgin Birth, the Blessed Virgin, and Immortality. These matters are treated from the standpoint of strictly traditional Catholic theology, and are expressed in a clear and agreeable English style. Every student of theology will be stimulated by the book, even if one must differ at times from the learned author. For it must be remembered that there is

* *Questions of the Day.* By Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, V.G. New York: The Christian Press Association.

a wide region of theological speculation where differences of opinion are permitted and are wholesome. Hence, if we indicate one or two points wherein we would be pleased to see another mode of treatment adopted, no one should think us over-critical.

The essay on the Biblical Question aims at giving us a clue to a solution of those ordinary difficulties with which the whole world is now familiar; difficulties arising from apparent contradictions, seemingly mistaken scientific statements, and so on. Dr. MacDonald's method of settling all such troubles lies in the distinction between the noumenal and the phenomenal truth of biblical statements. In one or other form this is a familiar remedy; but we respectfully suggest that it is inadequate, as here stated; though we fancy that it could be adapted so as to cover the case fairly well. Writers on the biblical question should squarely state and squarely face such questions as: What is the historical value *necessarily* to be attributed to apparently historical statements? Is there any place to be conceded to folklore, legend, or borrowings from non-Hebraic religions? To what extent may we admit implicit quotations? These are the questions students desire to have answered, and Dr. MacDonald does not bring his theory face to face with them. We cannot imagine that Dr. MacDonald has not read Père Lagrange's *Methode Historique*, or Bonaccorsi's *La Verità Storica del' Esatenco*, or Hummelauer's *Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage*; but we found in his work no vestige of these Catholic essays, which are simply indispensable to any one who would deal with this difficult and delicate subject. These men confront difficulties squarely, and Dr. MacDonald will not take it ill if we suggest that he has something to learn from them. At all events, theology and theologians as such are powerless to solve the biblical question of to-day. It is a matter for an experienced, critical scholar and for no one else. *A priori* theology is as impotent to pronounce upon the mode and processes of inspiration as it was to tell us anything concerning the mode and processes of creation. Physical science has told us more of the nature of the universe in the last fifty years than theology had told us in centuries, though it tried hard to provide us with the information. The obvious reason is that matters of physical science are outside the scope of theology. So too are matters of pure criticism outside its scope. The theologian's duty

is to see that the critic does not contradict a definite teaching of faith; but with criticism as such he should interfere as little as possible.

The chapter on the Virgin Birth is a criticism of Father Tyrrell's statement that we can imagine an Incarnation without a virgin birth. It is a futile controversy, of course; though the theologically-minded will be diverted by Dr. MacDonald's attempt to wrest St. Thomas from Father Tyrrell's side to his own. In conclusion, we would repeat our good wishes to this sturdy and fearless writer, and trust that we shall have the pleasure of reading other volumes from his pen.

NOTES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

By Bishop Bagshawe.

About forty years ago Bishop Bagshawe delivered a course of lectures on Christian Doctrine to the pupils of the Hammersmith Training College, London. The notes

which he used are reproduced in this volume.* The notes constitute an explanation of the Creed, the Decalogue, the Sacraments, the Holy Sacrifice, and the chief forms of devotion. The instructions, clear and concise in statement, are sufficiently copious to constitute a presentation of doctrine sufficiently detailed for the laity. Presumably in his lectures the bishop pointed out to his pupils the dividing line between matters of obligatory faith and mere theological opinions more explicitly than this distinction is indicated in the printed reproduction. A non-Catholic studying this book would have no reason to suspect that the mystery of the Incarnation or the Trinity stands on a very different footing, as far as Catholic belief is concerned, from the statement that Eve was tempted by Lucifer under the form of a serpent. It is hard to believe that the pupils of a training college were dismissed into the world laboring under the impression that the Catholic Church pledges herself to the teaching that, besides the limbus of the Fathers, "*there are three other prisons within the earth,*" viz., Purgatory, the limbus of unbaptized children, and the hell of the damned. The systematic arrangement and clearness of the book ought to render it very helpful to Sunday-school teachers.

* *Notes on Christian Doctrine.* By the Most Reverend Edward G. Bagshawe, D.D. London: Kegan, Paul & Trench.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

By Fr. Zulueta, S.J.

This volume* is a reprint of a series of instructive leaflets, couched in epistolary form, that, in the past few years, appeared in a popular magazine of the Jesuit Fathers in England. The object of the *Letters* is to furnish to grown-up Catholics a knowledge, more ample and minute than is contained in the catechism, of the scope of the duties imposed by the Decalogue and the precepts of the Church. The tone is that of an affable, kindly, experienced director of faultless taste, addressing Catholics of intelligence and good breeding. Blending exhortation with exposition, and not disdaining to enliven his serious mood with an occasional touch of playfulness, the instructor expounds the whole content of Catholic duty. Wherever occasion requires it, he is careful to show the reasonableness of the demands which the Church makes upon us. Almost all the ordinary questions on difficulties submitted to a confessor are anticipated. Doctrine is laid down with theological accuracy in everyday language.

In matters dogmatic, Father Zulueta leans almost invariably to the side of strictest interpretation. One rubs one's eyes, however, and readjusts one's glasses, on reading that, in order to constitute heresy, an error "must concern a doctrine *contained or revealed in the Scriptures, and also proposed as such by the Church to our belief.*" In the text italics are employed as above; apparently to emphasize the statement. As the Church teaches that Revelation may be contained not only in the Scriptures, but also in Tradition, *sine scripto*, we must presume that the author has, in the above sentence, inadvertently omitted an important phrase.

In the interpretation of purely moral, as distinct from religious precepts, Father Zulueta is guided by the spirit of benignity which shuns the danger of aggravating unnecessarily the burden of the law. When authorities differ, he usually follows those who concede the most to human weakness. Only in one instance, however, does he carry benignity to a point where one may legitimately inquire whether it does not begin to deserve a harsher name. Under the head of scandal we find the following passage: "The publican also has no duty to retire from his trade for the reason that some of his customers

* *Letters on Christian Doctrine.* By F. M. Zulueta, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

choose to get drunk on the premises, on account of the serious loss such a step would entail. Neither, for a similar reason, does he commit scandal by selling more liquor to one who has already taken as much as is good for him, since the handing of drink across the counter is not in itself a part of the sin of drunkenness" (p. 233). The first of these statements, certainly, can be defended by the authority of eminent theologians. But, none the less is it in flagrant opposition to the spirit of the teaching and legislation of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore concerning liquor selling. The second statement, we respectfully submit, *salva reverentia*, is perniciously lax, and ethically, if not also theologically, indefensible. The handing of drink across the counter to a man on the verge of intoxication (for this we take to be the meaning of the euphemism, "who already has had as much as is good for him"), is, indeed, no part of the sin of drunkenness. But it is immediate, direct co-operation in that sin. The handing of a dose of chloral across the counter is no part of the act of self-destruction. But if I furnish this drug to a man, when I know he will kill himself with it, though he means, not to commit suicide, but to enjoy a pleasant sensation, then in the eyes of God, and even before the civil law, I am guilty of a crime. True, I cannot plead that to refuse the customer would mean a considerable pecuniary loss to me, while the publican may truthfully claim that to refuse to serve half-drunken, or more than half-drunken, men would be seriously to diminish his revenue. But the casuistry which would accept this defense would make for the degradation of our moral standards. We question whether any member of the American hierarchy, after his attention would have been drawn to this paragraph, would grant an *imprimatur* to this otherwise excellent and serviceable book, which, we trust, will meet with a wide circulation in a corrected edition.

THE MIRROR OF ST.
EDMUND.

After St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, had been driven from his See, and while he was living in exile at a monastery in Pontigny, he found time to write, for the instruction of some simple nun whose name we shall never know, a little treatise on spiritual perfection. It is this which has come down to us with

the title *The Mirror of St. Edmund*,* and which, in pleasant, readable English, is now presented to the public as a sort of summary of Catholic ascetical teaching. Broken up into little chapters, sometimes no more than a page or two in length, written in simple and fervent but, at the same time, masterly style, the booklet possesses particular attractions for a class of readers to whom larger or more recondite treatises would appeal in vain. There is abundance of matter in it, nevertheless, and he who will peruse it slowly and meditatively will find therein precious nuggets of holy wisdom.

The translation has been made from the old edition published by Mr. Horstmann in the Library of the Early English Writers; and we are glad to say that the translator has done her work neatly and well.

LIGHT FOR NEW TIMES. The name of Margaret Fletcher has become so closely identified with the forward movement in the education of Catholic girls, that a
By Margaret Fletcher.

new publication with her name attached may pretty safely be taken as an indication that the tide of progress is still rolling steadily onward. The reappearance of her latest book† in more durable form is therefore an occasion for encouragement.

Possibly there is something of truth in the criticism recently made that her writing shows considerable thoughtfulness and a tendency to be somewhat philosophical. And it may be true that we badly need simpler writings for the more juvenile reader. But Miss Fletcher really meets a serious want. There is a public for just such books and articles as she is writing; and whether or not lighter and more amusing publications be needed, it is certain that a great army of girls will profit immensely if they are made acquainted with the existence of her works. It would be unmerited and unmeaning praise to affirm that she has given to all of us exactly what we desire; or that there is no room for improvement in the work that she has put forth. But her work is of a high order; her aim is in the

* *The Mirror of St. Edmund*. Done into modern English by Francesca M. Steele. With a Preface by the Very Rev. Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Light for New Times*. A Book for Catholic Girls. By Margaret Fletcher, Oxford, England. With a Preface by W. D. Strappini, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

right direction; and she is assisting a class which, in the past, has had to rely principally on writers who are not of the Catholic faith.

Given a lively, intelligent, good-hearted girl, just loosed from the restraining influences of her convent school, a group of associates typical of the ordinary world in which girls usually find themselves to-day, and an opportunity for a little reading or reflection on the facts which are challenging such a girl's attention from hour to hour, and one has a situation where the book before us would perhaps play a very significant part in determining the bent of a fine spirit. It is full of plain, intelligible talk about subjects which ought to be taken into account by any such girl, and, as a matter of fact, are taken into account, with more or less success, by many such girls. The use of liberty and the nature of responsibility and the whole difficult question of attempting some sort of *modus vivendi* for a Catholic in a world which is far from being Catholic in theory and still farther from it in practice; these are matters which must be considered and studied, if the present situation is to be dealt with successfully. For suggestion, aid, and guidance in this, *Light for New Times* is to be recommended to our Catholic girls and to those who have their well-being at heart. May it find its way into the hands of the many who have been awaiting it. It will, perhaps, fail to help some readers—so might a retreat—but that it will do good to many there can hardly be any reasonable doubt.

A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

By Hill.

If somebody were to open this book * without looking at the title, and, after the wont of a saunterer around the shelves of a library, cast an eye over the table of contents, or dip into its pages here and there, he would probably fancy that he had come across an able history of the temporal papacy. And it is not unlikely that a subsequent inspection of the title would suggest to him the propriety of reconsidering the meaning which he had hitherto attached to the word diplomacy. For the author of this highly interesting volume assumes that a history of diplomacy means a great deal more

* *A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe*. Vol. I. *The Struggle for Universal Empire*. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

than a story of embassies, the negotiation of treaties, exchanges between nations of views on matters of common interest, and an investigation of the circumstances through which the management of such business came to be a special branch of statecraft. As Mr. Hill conceives his task, a history of European diplomacy, besides all this, must give an account of everything embraced in the complexus of international activities that have brought the various polities into relation with one another. Such a history resembles a general history, in much the same way as a geographical map of a country resembles a geological one. Such charts have the same extent, they show the same conspicuous landmarks and divisions; but they present the land from a different scientific point of view. All development, progress, or retrogression in internal affairs, whether religious, moral, social, or economic, wars, notable personages, fall within the purview of the diplomatic historian only just so far as they have significance for the relations of State to State.

A favorable indication regarding Mr. Hill's fitness for the task that he has undertaken is the fact that he has ignored the conventional opinion which assumes that the history of European diplomacy begins with the treaty of Westphalia. A scientific knowledge of modern conditions is to be obtained only by tracing them from their beginnings, through their subsequent developments—which means that one must go back to the period when, in the decadence of the Roman Empire, a new order, dominated by the spiritual power of Christianity, arose to renew the face of the earth; when, we quote from Mr. Hill, "freed from the restrictions hitherto imposed upon it, inspired by the universality of its own ideals, the Church began its splendid task of winning the population of the empire to its creed, and gathering the lowly and the great within its fold."

Accordingly, this first introductory volume is devoted to the rise of the temporal papacy, the renewal of the idea of the empire, the subsequent struggles between pope and emperor, the disappearance of the imperial idea, and the rise of independent kingdoms. The plan of the author comprises future volumes treating of the diplomacy of the age of absolutism, of the revolutionary era, of the constitutional movement, and of commercial imperialism. The present volume may be considered a complete work.

Discerning with a sure eye the steady persistence of cer-

tain dominating ideas and principles, amid superficial fluctuations, and following the essential onward march of forces under many incidental retrogressions and divergences, the author throws a steady light on what may be called, though he does not employ the term, the providential guidance of events which has resulted in the establishment of modern Europe. By neglecting whatever does not bear on his subject, and resolutely condensing when surveying matters of minor importance, he husband his space in order to treat fully every event of significance.

A recapitulatory paragraph at the end of each chapter, and an introductory one at the beginning of the following one, fixes the reader's attention on the thread which guides him through the labyrinth. When events are reached which contribute strongly to determine the subsequent course of history, such, for example, as the treaty of Verdun, he is careful to point out their influence with special emphasis.

This kind of history serves much better than the more general form to bring into prominence the part played by great minds who formulated far-reaching plans, or helped to establish, or to defend some dynamic idea. Hence great churchmen, like St. Leo the Great, St. Gregory, St. Bernard, Innocent III., and Boniface VIII., loom large on Mr. Hill's canvas. And, faithful to the spirit which, on the whole, is cherished by our present-day historians of the first rank, he is looking, not for facts or appearances to prove some pre-conceived theory, but for truth. The result is that the papacy and the Church are treated by him with a measure of justice which, hitherto, they rarely received from a non-Catholic writer. Seldom, at the hand of any one who considers it to be an axiomatic truth that modern liberty is the most precious gain of advancing civilization, has the Pope who denounced *Magna Charta* as a vile, despicable, and iniquitous pact, been so handsomely appreciated as he is in the following passage: "It would be an injustice to the character of Innocent III. to regard him as the mere incarnation of worldly domination and political intrigue. If he carried the idea of temporal power to a greater length than any of his predecessors, it was because the aspiration for power was the characteristic of his time, and the possession of authority seemed the only way to insure the right regulation of the world. It is necessary to judge the sentiments and ac-

tions of an age by the standards of the time. Thus judged, Innocent stands out as the embodiment of religious enthusiasm raised to a position of high potentiality. The Church was the only really European institution of the day, and the Papacy was the almost universally recognized authority in the Church. To extend and strengthen its powers, and to bring all men under its sway, were, therefore, from the papal point of view, the highest services that could be rendered to humanity."

Our students of ecclesiastical history who are condemned to depend, in most instances, on works absolutely devoid of scientific method, will find this work valuable for two reasons: it will enable them to acquire a clear, luminous view of the secular activities of the papacy in the widest field on which it was displayed; it will, furthermore, provide them with an excellent object lesson in the method of studying history.

Nowadays, when one hears so much of the demoralizing effects on character of American public life, it is refreshing to find one of our public men willing to devote his energies to scholarly occupations, and able to produce a work of such high excellence as, judging from the first instalment, Mr. Hill's *History of European Diplomacy* promises to be.

ROSE O' THE RIVER.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

This first rose of autumn* is a young Maine girl, pretty, of course, lively, good natured, and a first-class housekeeper. What wonder that she was sought by all the young men along the river. The river is the Saco, down which in the springtime float the great rafts of logs destined for the sawmills. The breaking up of the jams that occur during the passage of the rafts is the chief object of local interest, and the finest opening for native heroism and intrepidity. Young Stephen makes such good use of his opportunities here that he obtains from Rose a promise of her hand. She, however, remains subject to vague aspirations after the delights of city life, of which she has heard something. Then appears on the scene a Prince Charming, in the person of a clerk in a Boston department store, who causes a very serious jam in Stephen's love affairs. But the marriage bells which have been postponed for a little

* *Rose o' the River*. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Illustrated by George Wright. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ring out merrily in the end. With a slight plot and commonplace incident, the author, through her clever delineation of Maine manners and peculiarities, makes up an amusing story that may be read in a couple of hours.

LETTERS ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

By l'Abbe de Tourville.

This volume of spiritual direction* consists of two series of letters addressed to two nuns. The author, who died in 1903, was a priest distinguished for his learning, zeal, and piety—gifts which enabled him to exercise a deep influence over a circle much wider, and, intellectually, more important, than that which fell within his humble official range.

In the first series, addressed to a person addicted to scruples, the method of authority is steadily resorted to, and if we may judge from the gradual subsidence of the note, with satisfactory results. The general tenor of the direction is in accordance with the maxim of St. Paul: *Rejoice, again I say to you, rejoice*, supplemented by that of St. Augustine, *Ama, et fac quod vis*. There is a constant insistence upon the dangers of paralyzing one's spiritual energies by a morbid indulgence in introspection, and of frittering them away in gathering up the mint and cummin of petty externalities, instead of devoting them to the cultivation of the wheat of the Gospel, loving confidence in Jesus Christ. As may be seen from both series, the writer believes that the true scheme of religious perfection for those engaged in active work does not call for the absolute extirpation of one's individuality, or the suppression of all personal initiative. Corresponding to the value assigned to cheerful, loving service in personal development, the abbé advocates the cultivation of an inspiring optimism towards outside life. When his correspondent deplores that some of her relatives have forgotten her convent in their wills, he advises her not to be afflicted, for, nowadays, private fortunes in the world can be of more service than if they were handed over to religious institutions; and, he adds, funds devoted to religious foundations, in the long run, always find themselves diverted to ends quite different than those for which they were intended. Is the tax-gatherer too much in evidence? "Do not be downcast. There are worse evils for a convent than the tax-gatherer."

* *Piété Confiante, Lettres d l'Abbé de Tourville.* Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

When he finds a tendency to expand into jeremiads over the evil conditions of the day, he writes: "There is no need to weep over the world as if it were lost. We witness simply a crisis between the old spirit and the new; and the crisis becomes more acute as the old spirit perceives that nothing is any longer adjusted to its point of view."

Apart from its utility as a piece of direction, the following passage is interesting for the vistas of which it affords a glimpse: "If you are troubled by clouds gathering over your faith, it is merely because that subject has been so poorly taught in view of actual needs, that one cannot always know where one stands. On this account I have been driven to begin again all my theological studies, in order to come to solid ground. Some day I shall put you *au courant*, for it is a deplorable thing to leave souls unstable on those bases of their faith which are in themselves as solid as a rock. 'The little ones have asked for bread, and there was no one to break it to them.' In this age everything is to be recast, even those things which, in themselves, are unchangeable. Has nature changed? Nevertheless you perceive that our methods of interrogating it, through chemistry and physics, have changed. Our methods improve and we see better the same things. This, precisely, is what is needed in regard to doctrine."

The reader of this volume is prepared to learn that the author, a disciple of Le Play, was a deep student of the social sciences, and has left some valuable work on questions of sociology, which his editors promise to publish.

LETTERS OF JOHN OF AVILA.

To a great number of us John of Avila is best known, perhaps, by the fact that he was the person selected to pronounce upon the supernatural experiences of St. Teresa; and that it was for his information she undertook to write her famous autobiography. But he has other claims upon the admiration and gratitude of the reader of ascetical literature; though, until the present time, there has been little of his writing available to the modern English world. The volume* before us—with its interesting account of his life from the pen of the Abbot Gasquet—will,

* *Letters of Blessed John of Avila.* Translated from the Spanish by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With Preface by Abbot Gasquet, O. S. B. New York: Benziger Brothers.

therefore, serve to introduce a new figure into the select assemblage of writers from whom we seek inspiration and spiritual nourishment.

In his own day John of Avila, as might easily be inferred from the part assigned him in determining the character of St. Teresa's piety, was a man of unusual distinction. As preacher, director, and author he won commendations of a kind that come to but few. He had considerable share in the formation of more than one canonized saint; and his teaching was listened to reverently by men as careful in the selection of their spiritual masters as the Spanish Jesuits, who used to read his works in the refectory during a considerable portion of the year.

The present selection of his letters—twenty-five in number—has been made from a series of nearly one hundred and fifty. They are varied enough to give a good idea of the general characteristics of the saint's teaching, and possess sufficient coherency to form an acceptable little treatise. They are concerned for the most part with encouraging and consoling souls in affliction, and probably will be none the less welcome to the majority of us on that account.

THE FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

By Sharpe.

In this lecture * we have a concise, lucid presentation of the chief scholastic arguments for the freedom of the will, stated in language divested, as far as possible, of technical phraseology. The proof which lies in the common conviction of mankind is forcibly brought out. The fallacy underlying the determinist position, that the will always obeys the strongest motive, is neatly exposed; and much is made of the fact that determinists are obliged to confess that even they, who hold as true that the will is determined, are compelled, under penalty of shattering the bases of all social and moral life, to treat their own opinion as an error. The student whose philosophic development has depended on some of our popular text books will be somewhat surprised to find the statement that "it is beyond all doubt that the consciousness of freedom cannot be based, as it is popularly supposed to be, upon a direct intuition of freedom as such."

The lecturer exposes in outline the classic theory of the re-

* *The Freedom of the Will.* By the Reverend A. B. Sharpe, M.A. (Westminster Lectures.) St. Louis: B. Herder.

lation between will and intellect, and endeavors to solve the *crux* which seems to arise when the two faculties are represented as mutually obeying each other in a seemingly endless merry-go-round. He intrepidly assumes as incontrovertible the view that the will cannot help obeying the final report of the intellect. He might, perhaps, have observed here that, while this is the opinion upheld by the school which has always claimed to be the faithful exponent and hereditary guardian of Thomistic doctrine, another school contends that the true Thomistic teaching is just the contradictory. In this "clash of yea and nay" the truth lies. But why disregard the authority which warns us of the folly of needlessly taking part in a neighbor's quarrel? In conclusion the lecturer slightly touches upon the theological problem of the relation of the will and grace, but he prudently excuses himself from undertaking a discussion of the topic. The task which he did undertake, that is, to show that the theory of free will satisfactorily accounts for the facts, whereas the doctrine of determinism fails to explain the most important ones, he has discharged in full; so that this little volume must rank as a useful, popular presentation and defense of a truth equally indispensable to morality and to religion.

This volume * covers the questions
SUMMA OF PHILOSOPHY. of the existence of God and the divine attributes. Like its two predecessors, it is remarkable for its clear, compact arrangement; for the happy medium that it strikes between jejune brevity and unnecessary diffuseness; and for the fairness with which it treats both sides in controverted questions.

The author, whose name religious modesty conceals from us, is conferring a benefit on ecclesiastical students. If one considers only the number of text-books that already compete for the honor of guiding the beginner to the perennial wells of scholastic philosophy, one would be inclined to say that a zealous scholar might easily find a more profitable occupation than adding to the plethoric list. But, as everybody knows, mere numbers here do not indicate an abundance of distinct and separate aids to study. There is a multitude of individuals, but no useful variations of the type. In this field of produc-

* *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ ad Usus Adolescentium Seminarii Beatæ Mariæ de Monte Mellario Concinnata.* Volumen III. (Pars Prior.) Theologia Naturalis. Dublini: Apud Browne et Nolan.

tion the law of characterization has reigned for generations. No useful divergence disturbs the monotonous current of heredity. Every new compendium is a copy of its predecessor, or of the model from which its predecessor was copied. Some slight, insignificant inversions in the order of the questions, a little more partizanship, or a little more impartiality, on the grounds where Neri and Bianchi are marshaled against one another, are the only apology offered by each newcomer for his superfluous existence. Beyond this—the same old theses, the same old proofs, the same old objections, just as if the human mind had been standing at gaze for ages.

For this reason we have welcomed the first two volumes, and we now welcome this third section of the Mount Mellary compendium. It has dared to add to the text copious notes, usually in English, from modern sources, and thereby it will give the students who use it at least an inkling of the position of the modern mind. This feature would be still more welcome if we could accept it as a pledge that from the same quarter our students will yet be supplied with some supplementary studies that will treat competently the problems of natural theology, as they are posed in our own day. Though at bottom the arguments for the truths of natural religion and the objections advanced against them remain the same, still the point of conflict shifts from age to age, and the foe must be followed and met on his own ground. As a consequence, the comparative importance of questions varies. Many that seemed capital in the estimate of the philosophical and theological mind three hundred years ago, have been crowded into the background by others more fundamental and, consequently, now more pressing. A good third of the present volume, we notice, is, in compliance with strict traditions, devoted to the subtle theories and never-ending discussions that are busied in finding answers to the problems of *how* God knows futurity of this, that, and the other kind; *how* he co-operates in human actions; how he, who is one indivisible, unchanging, unchangeable Act, wills one thing *antecedenter*, and wills something entirely opposite *consequenter*; and other such questions in which the plummet of reason is employed to sound the depths of infinity.

Certainly the study of scholastic speculation in this region affords excellent dialectical training. But does it pay, just now, to devote so much precious time to speculations which many

able and holy men have found to do little more than give added emphasis to the warning that, as it is not good for a man to eat much honey, so he that is a searcher of Majesty shall be overwhelmed by glory? As we listen to the fearless scholastic laying bare the inner workings of the divine nature, the solidity of his premises, and the force of his logic compel our assent. But a haunting thought, which refuses to be exorcised, suggests a pause. In other matters, incomparably more accessible to our reason, scholasticism built up, out of what it supposed to be solid truth, an imposing edifice, which, under the pitiless light of modern knowledge, turns out to be of such stuff as dreams are made. Is it not just possible that to a mind, not seeing through a glass darkly, but contemplating the Vision face to face, all this other speculation would appear as futile as the old theology about the universe, with its flat earth, its incorruptible empyrean, its cycles and epicycles, appears to the modern astronomer? Perhaps the time has not yet come to write a natural theology that would present ancient truth in a modern garb; the need for such a work is with us.

REMINISCENCES.

By Fr. Kirk.

At the request of the late Cardinal Vaughan, a member of the Oblates of St. Charles, the community of priests founded by Cardinal Manning, in the Archdiocese of Westminster, during the earlier years of his ministry, has published a history of the work done by the Oblates in the west of London. This little society, which was always dear to its founder, has done noble work and has been rewarded with abundant fruit. Father Kirk's chronicle* is of general interest, as the triumphs of the faith recorded in it are typical of what has been going on in several parts of England for the past half century. By those who cherish personal recollections of the many zealous priests here mentioned, or affiliations with the places and institutions recorded, this story, told so charmingly by the old man eloquent, will be highly valued. And, doubtless, the future historians of England's second spring will appreciate the foresight which has treasured up for him many precious details that more pretentious works will have left to perish in oblivion.

* *Reminiscences of an Oblate of St. Charles.* By the Reverend Francis J. Kirk, O.S.C. New York: Benziger Brothers.

A STORY OF FIFTY
YEARS.

The golden jubilee of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, which was celebrated last summer, has produced an inspiring contribution to our American Catholic history.* In a volume marked by an English style of real distinction, and a modest spirit to which all boasting is foreign, some unknown member of the Congregation has told the story of half a century of zeal and prayer, the results of which are as wide as our country and as imperishable as the heavenly kingdom itself. In schoolroom and in hospital, caring for orphans and soothing pain upon the battlefield, the Holy Cross nuns have given a shining example of the power and beauty of consecrated lives; and have done a work so noble as to elicit from the highest quarters testimonials of appreciation and gratitude. Their Civil War record is more than honorable; it is sacred. On the field at Fort Donelson, and in the military hospitals at Paducah, Memphis, and Louisville, these sisters wrought deeds of unobtrusive courage equal to the best display of valor on the part of Federals or Confederates. "None excelled them," says Archbishop Ireland, "in daring feats and religious fervor; no other order made such sacrifices as the Holy Cross."

The history of such a community is a consolation and an inspiration. We laid down this beautifully written book with a wish that the Congregation may be augmented with hundreds of new members who will pass on to a future generation the virtues and the courage of the beginners and pioneers.

* *A Story of Fifty Years.* Notre Dame, Indiana: Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 Sept.): Dr. Felix de Backer concludes his series, "Lourdes and the Doctors," with an article entitled "Rhythm and Mechanism of Miraculous Cures." Several cures are alleged, each attested by scientific recognition. The characteristics of the Great Force are discussed, and the fitness of supernatural intervention in behalf of the faithful poor and suffering is clearly set forth.

(23 Sept.): The full text of three sermons delivered by the Bishop of Newport, Abbot Gasquet, and the Bishop of Clifton, at the opening of the Abbey Church at Downside. All three are superior efforts of sacred eloquence. The subjects treated are: "The Past of Monasticism"; "The Story of the English Benedictines"; and the dominant note of the third sermon is that of thanksgiving joined with a strong confidence as to what the future still holds veiled. The Abbot President of the English Benedictines has received a letter from Pope Pius X., conferring important privileges upon the new church at Downside.

(30 Sept.): The Roman correspondent gives an interesting account of the Holy Father's endeavors to assist his suffering countrymen in Southern Italy.—At a recent Conference of the Catholic Truth Society, the Rev. Thomas Jackson laments the fewness of English and Irish missionaries in the heathen parts of the East. There are numbers of British Catholics filling all kinds of offices, and in nearly every capacity except that of *missionary*. This state of affairs seems to the writer strange and incomprehensible.

The Hibbert Journal (Oct.): The editor believes that our Christian scholars have heretofore given far too little consideration to non-Christian religions and especially to Buddhism. This can be the case no longer. Through the rise of Japan, Buddhism has been revealed as a factor of immense potency in the moral development of the race. The writer goes on to discuss the following ques-

tion, which he offers in a strictly hypothetical form: How would our views of the moral supremacy of Christendom be affected "if a race of non-Christian men should appear who, when judged by accepted standards of character, should be at once pronounced the moral superiors of Christian races"?—M. Anesaki devotes a lengthy paper entitled: "How Christianity Appeals to a Japanese Buddhist," to a comparison of the Christian religion with Buddhism. Both religions, he says, claim to be universal, both have the same mission, namely, to spread their respective doctrines over the entire world. He believes that the harmony of these two absolute religions is as grave a problem of the future as the harmony of the various divisions of Christianity. "Can," he asks, "a Buddhist nation contribute anything to civilization without being converted to Christianity?" "Is it possible that Christian nations and the Christian civilization adhering to Christianity should keep in harmony with the Buddhist nations and Buddhist civilization?" The latter and greater part of the article is devoted to a discussion of these questions.

International Journal of Ethics (July): In an article on the "Moral Training of the Young in the Catholic Church," Philip R. McDevitt gives a clear exposition of the principles that underlie Catholic education and explains the practical working out of those principles in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.—Two other articles of especial interest are, an historical sketch of vicarious sacrifice, by Charles W. Super, and a discussion of the analogies between moral causation and artistic production, by A. D. Lindsay.

(October): Robert A. Woods traces the growth of social work from the time when it was a mere avocation for gentlemen of means to the present day, when it is rightly numbered among the professions.—M. V. O'Shea has a remarkable paper on the development of the ethical consciousness in the child.—Henry S. Salt, of the Humanitarian League, London, condemns corporal punishment and writes a strong argument for its abolition.

The Crucible (Sept.): In this second issue of this Quarterly of Higher Education for Women, the editor invites articles

on educational and social topics, expressing the hope, that "diffidence as to literary gifts or want of experience will not deter any one from writing who is conscious of something to say," the object of the magazine being to offer a medium for the exchange of ideas on the education of women and the part they are to play in social life.—Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., contributes a thought-inspiring article on "Will Power and Obedience," in which he holds that we can be sure that obedience is a virtue only in the strong character—an idea apparently foreign to the prevailing notion of modern spiritual literature.—Miss Crawford makes a plea for a more systematic and extensive teaching of art to schoolgirls.—Sr. M. Catherine writes of "The True Goal of Education."—Mildred Partridge compares the advantages of home and school education.—Sr. M. Frances offers some suggestions for the arrangement of studies and classes in convent schools.

The Psychological Review—Monograph Supplement: "The Theory of Psychical Dispositions." By Charles A. Du-bray, S.M. A Dissertation Submitted to the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University of America, in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Washington, D. C., 1905. Pp. 170.

Revue de Lille (Aug.): Th. Lewridan, in his article on "Epigraphy in the Department of the North," gives many valuable hints concerning the importance of this science. The investigation of epigraphs, monuments, coins, etc., provides the student of history with most valuable information. It serves to fix uncertain dates, to rectify facts, to tell of the customs and usages of the people, etc. Especially is epigraphy important for local history of any kind. In the history of art it is useful, and likewise in the science of philology.

La Revue Apologetique (16 Sept.): "The Apologetic Problem" is taken up by J. V. Bainvel and given a very satisfying explanation. He writes of it from many points of view, considering it especially as a *practical* problem for all Christians. It is an intellectual problem for those entrusted with the defence of faith. They must know the needs of souls, and must be able to give reasonable ex-

planations for the faith they wish to propagate. It is not the sentiment of religious belief they should champion, but faith in a certain and particular form of religious belief. Apologists for Catholicity can find a great deal of faith in those without the fold to serve as a groundwork for Catholic doctrine, and another advantage to us comes from the fact that many outside the Church are dissatisfied, their usual state of mind is that of a critic or doubter. The Catholic mind, however, is normally in peace of spirit. We rest serenely in the possession of the truth. If all demonstrated this in life and conduct many would be led to enjoy this same truth and peace.

Études (5 Sept.): The Belgian Catholics have many reasons to acknowledge the protection and guidance of God in their religious and political life. Little did they think that the happiness of the present day awaited them when, in 1815, William I. ascended the throne of the Netherlands. Oppressed by the house of Orange, deprived of their rights as citizens, they remained firm in faith and in loyalty to principles. In 1830 the tide of affairs changed, Leopold I. was called to the throne of Belgium, now separated from Holland, and with him the Catholics, holding fast to their former principles, but changing their attitude, pleaded their cause. As a result, by degrees, they have regained their rights as citizens, and as Catholics have obtained many signal privileges. One case will suffice for illustration: Twenty fathers of families can demand from the community the organization of a school where religion is taught, and if a municipality so decides religious teaching is obligatory in all the schools coming under its power. Such is the scope of H. Prélôt's article.—Under the title "Protestant and Catholic Nations," Yves de la Brière undertakes to examine the statements of several Protestant historians, especially those of Rousset and Laveleye, concerning the condition of the Catholic and Protestant nations. Both of these authors conclude that Protestantism is the cause of the prosperity of Germany, England, and the United States, while Catholic principles have brought Austria, France, and Spain to their present industrial condition.

These last three in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were wholly Catholic and were the leading nations. But now, while they are called Catholic, it cannot be said that they are controlled by Catholic influences, but rather by Protestant and atheistic forces. On the other hand, England, Germany, and the United States cannot claim the title of Protestant nations, for a large portion of their populations is Catholic. Hence, the author argues, the conclusion of Rousset and Laveleye cannot stand the test of criticism.

(20 Sept.): In this number Yves de la Brière concludes his article on the "Protestant and Catholic Nations." He examines into the real causes of prosperity and misery in the Protestant and Catholic sections of Switzerland and Germany, and in Catholic Spain and Protestant England. In Switzerland the soil and climate are the chief causes; in Germany, Catholic Bavaria has not the rich coal mines of Protestant Saxony. For the causes of Spanish retrogression we must go back to the times of Charles V. and Philip II., when the wealth of the New World was poured into Spain, causing luxury, idleness, and sloth. If we are to investigate the prosperity of England, we must not forget the Hundred Years' War, the beginning of England's vast sway, when a Catholic Edward held the sceptre. Likewise in the social order we see that it is not due to Catholic or Protestant influences whether a country is good or bad, but rather to Christian influences.

Le Correspondant (10 Sept.): The close of the "Marriage of Talleyrand" tells of the separation of Mme. Talleyrand from the Prince and her deathbed reconciliation to the Church and her asking of pardon for the scandal her life had caused—and of the Prince's own reconciliation during his last hours at the hands of Mgr. Dupanloup.—In the form of a review of Mrs. Atherton's *The Conqueror*, Jean Teincey sketches the career of Alexander Hamilton; for he thinks this a timely topic, in view of the fact that Mr. Roosevelt's success at the polls signalizes the victory of the aristocratic party in the United States, and the progress of the country in a way which was opened first by Hamilton. Mr. Roosevelt is attacking those ex-

cesses which democracy makes dangerous in every land, and which in America had come to be erected into the very means of government. He is hard at work trying to make America a powerful unity in the world, to concentrate by imperialism the force which the federalist spirit leaves divided and weak.

(25 Sept.): Rudolphe Müller sketches the Fifty-Second General Congress of German Catholics held at Strasburg on the 20th of last August.—M. Aulard, Professor at the Sorbonne, having refused to serve on a committee for erecting a monument to Taine, whom he designates as a writer hostile to the republican and democratic and non-clerical spirit, an article is devoted by M. Pascal to a defense of Taine's patriotism.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuse (Sept.—Oct.): M. Loisy discusses critically the "great commandment" of love of God and neighbor. He thinks that the parable of the Good Samaritan should be the context of these words of our Lord.—M. Paul Lejay studies the theology of Cæsarius of Arles, especially his doctrine of sin. One of the peculiarities of the teaching of Cæsarius is the belief that small sins coalesce to form grievous guilt. His opinions on hell are of great severity. So systematic is his theology that M. Lejay calls him *le premier homme du moyen âge*.—M. A. Dufoutcq cites some verses of the poem of the pagan prefect Rutilius Namatianus which look like an indirect refutation of St. Augustine's *City of God*.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (August-September): M. Martin, writing on Origen as a biblical critic, says that Origen held: 1. That the Septuagint should be received as canonical; 2. That the Scriptures are divine; 3. That they contain hidden and mysterious teachings; 4. That no merely human study, and no soul not in God's grace, can discover their real meaning; 5. The greater number of men cannot understand the Scriptures; 6. That the rapid diffusion of Christianity is a strong proof that the Scriptures are true.—A writer on the religion of Israel maintains that the order of prophets was of Canaanitish origin, and originally composed of dancing dervishes. The earliest Hebrew service for the dead may have been

adopted from the Egyptian.—M. Girerd shows that God may not be the proximate and immediate cause of miracles, but may work them through second causes.—Other articles are on Cartesian Doubt; Dante as a Catholic Mystic; Tertullian's Theology and General Philosophy.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Sept.): Carlo Caviglione writes on the orthodoxy of the philosophical teachings of Rosmini in view of a couple of recent books on that subject. He applauds Professor Morando who, in the introduction to his three-volume work, first traces carefully the history of the war waged on Rosmini's reputation for holiness and orthodoxy, and then, putting on the one side the condemned sense of the forty propositions, sets over against it the sense understood by the author and deducible from the context, stating that this latter sense is conformable to the teaching of the Fathers and the Doctors of the Church.

Civiltà Cattolica (16 Sept.): Gives a résumé of a recent work by P. Lepicier upon *The Six Days of Creation*, which, after adducing St. Thomas' statement, "It is *de fide* that the first individuals of the various species have been immediately created by God," goes on to say: "Between Huxley, who called evolution incompatible with Christianity, and Mivart, who regarded them as reconcilable, we do not hesitate to side with Huxley."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Fair Maid of Graystones. By Beulah Marie Dix. Pp. 351. Price \$1.50. *A Dictionary of Saintly Women.* By Agnes B. C. Dunbar. In two volumes. Pp. 335. Price \$4. *The Educative Process.* By William Chandler Bagley, Vice-President and Director of Training, Montana State Normal School.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Lives of the English Martyrs. By Dom Bede Cam. Price \$2.75 net. *Cantate Marial.* Price 40 cents net. *Grammar of Plain-Chant.* Price 45 cents net. *Mirror of St. Edmund.* Price 80 cents net. *Reminiscences of an Oblate.* Price 75 cents net. *Outline Conferences.* Price 85 cents net. *Epistles and Gospels for Pulpit Use.* By Very Rev. Richard A. O'Gorman. Price \$1.50. *Meditations of the Passion of our Lord.* Translated from the Italian by a Passionist Father.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

A History of Diplomacy. Vol. I. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. Price \$5 net. *Bishop Gore on Catholic Claims.* By Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. Price 25 cents.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

The Crux of Pastoral Medicine. By Rev. Andrew Klarmann. Pp. 162. Price \$1 net. *I Salmi.* Tradotti dal Testo Originale e Commentati, da Salvatore Minocchi, Seconda Edizione.

- CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:
The Tragedy of Calvary; or, the Minute Details of Christ's Life from Palm Sunday Morning till the Resurrection and Ascension. Taken from prophecy, history, revelation, and ancient writings. By the Rev. James L. Meagher, D.D. Pp. 490. Price \$1.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Addresses: Historical, Political, Sociological. By Frederic R. Coudert. Pp. xviii.-452.
- THE NYVALL PRESS, New York:
The Crime of Christian Science. By Charles Stow. Pp. 24. Paper.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Modern Free Thought. By the Rev J. Gerard, S.J. Price 30 cents net. *The Household of Sir Thomas More.* By Anne Manning. Price 60 cents. *The Nun's Rule; Being the Ancien Rêgle Modernized.* By James Morton. With Introduction by Abbot Gasquet. Price \$1.25.
- HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., New York and Boston:
The Valerian Persecution: A Study of the Relations between Church and State in the Third Century, A. D. By the Rev. Patrick J. Healy, D.D., of the Catholic University of America. Pp. xv.-285. Price \$1.50 net.
- LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
The Indian Dispossession. By Seth K. Humphrey. With 16 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs. Pp. 300. Price \$1.50 net. Postpaid \$1.64. *The Ballingtons.* By Frances Squire. Pp. 445. Price \$1.50. *On the Firing Line: A Romance of South Africa.* By Anna Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brock Fuller.
- DANA, ESTES & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Mrs. Tree's Will. By Laura E. Richards. Pp. 318. Price 75 cents.
- LAIRD & LEE, Chicago, Ill.:
Webster's Modern Dictionary. Intermediate School Edition. Compiled by E. T. Roe, LL.B. Pp. 458. Price 75 cents.
- SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Where Copper was King: A Tale of the Early Mining Days on Lake Superior. By James North Wright. Pp. x.-352. Price \$1.50.
- M. H. WILTZIUS COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.:
Duties of the Married. By a Catholic Professor. Pp. 48. Paper. Price 20 cents net.
- THE YOUNG CHURCHMAN COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.:
The Doctrine of God: Theological Outlines. By the Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D. Pp. xii.-166.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
United States Department of Agriculture Annual Report of the Office of Experiment Stations for the year ending June 30, 1904. Pp. 724.
- A. C. MCCLURG & CO., New York:
In the Land of the Strenuous Life. By Abbé Felix Klein, of the Catholic University of Paris. With Portraits and Views. Pp. xi.-387. Price \$2 net.
- A. STORCK & CO., Paris, France:
Les Catholiques Français et Leurs Difficultés Actuelles. Par Léon Chaine. Pp. x.-754. Price 7 fr. 50. Paper.
- LIBRAIRIE PLON-NOURRIT ET C^{ie}, Paris, France:
Correspondance du Comte De Jaucourt avec le Prince de Talleyrand, Pendant le Congrès de Vienne. Pp. xv.-361. Price 7 fr.
- VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris, France:
Le Dogme de la Rédemption. Essai d'Étude Historique. Par l'Abbé I. Rivière, Professeur au Grand Séminaire d'Albi. Price 6 fr. *L'Espagne Chrétienne.* Par Dom H. Leclercq. Price 3 fr. 50.
- LIBRAIRIE BLOUET ET C^{ie}, Paris, France:
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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

HOW many members are needed to form a Reading Circle? This question has been asked by many of our correspondents. In reply we state that the Columbian Reading Union will not make any rules concerning the number of members or the private management of any organization affiliated to it. Our work is to gather information and publish lists of books which will be of assistance to all interested in the diffusion of good literature. Reading Circles can be organized in different ways, either in connection with parish or public libraries, or on an independent basis. It makes a considerable saving of expense if the books to be used can be borrowed from a library. Obvious advantages may be obtained by those associated with Catholic circulating libraries. The books selected are purchased by the parish library, and are made accessible without extra cost to the members of the Reading Circles. In many places the same plan could no doubt be applied to public libraries. There is no fixed way of starting a Reading Circle, except that some one or more persons must agree to talk about the matter. Five members are enough to make a beginning, although a much larger number should be enrolled wherever it can be so arranged. Very few rules are necessary.

Send the name of your Reading Circle for the register of the Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, and state the books and subjects now in use for the coming year.

The Loyola Reading Club, of Montreal, is now arranging plans for co-operative work, and we hope to get, in the near future, an account of its progress for publication in this department.

At the opening meeting, 1905-6, the D'Youville Reading Circle met in the Rideau Street Convent, Ottawa; the plan of work for the new season was outlined, which will be in natural sequence of what was begun four years ago, when the club was organized. The History of Education will be the special historical study. In these days, when the din of educational theorists is so loud, it was shown how desirable it is to discern the real significance of the psychological vaporings and vagaries, to see that all this so-called lore is not an unequalled improvement on the so-called slower times. This study will compel a review and a comparative appreciation of the great centres of intellectual activity, from the earliest achievements of civilization to our own twentieth century. In the purely literary order this plan will compel, as in the preceeding years, reviews of contemporary productions, a study of the following women of Shakespeare: Portia of Venice, Rosalind, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine. In view of the fourth centennial of Cervantes general notes will be made on the Spanish genius as reflected in the *Cid* and in its melancholy counterpart—the *Don Quixote*. The books reviewed for the first meeting were: *Glenanaar*, by Rev. Dr. Sheehan; *The Voyageur*, Dr. Drummond's latest; *A Daughter of Kings*, by Katharine Tynan; and the second number of *The Crucible*. This is a Catholic magazine published at

Oxford, bearing on the higher education of women. Several articles in the October magazines were mentioned as of timely interest, especially the editorial in the *Messenger*, "Vladivostok," in *Booklovers'*, and "Meredith's Heroines," in the *Critic*. A gem of a poem by Rev. Lucian Johnson, written for the Circle, was read. It was pronounced as beautiful as the reality, whose name it bears: "An Autumn Leaf."

The D'Youville Circle is one of the very best now in the field, and has earned distinction in preparing and giving for publication suggestive outlines of work, which may be followed by others at a distance. By this plan the only effective co-operation may be established between circles widely separated.

For this purpose chiefly the need of the Columbian Reading Union was presented to the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In December, 1888, appeared an unsigned communication in this magazine stating briefly the outlines of a society for young women having a mature desire for an advanced course of Catholic reading after graduation. It was suggested that the social element might be eliminated, as the work proposed could be accomplished by interchange of ideas at meetings and by correspondence among kindred minds in different places. This communication was written in Milwaukee, Wis., by Miss Julie E. Perkins. Further particulars regarding her valuable personal service in awakening latent forces for the practical realization of her plan may be found in the "Tribute of Praise" published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD August, 1894, shortly after her lamented death. She had very strong convictions that the Catholic people of high position in social life were in many cases allowing the intellectual opportunities of the present age to be monopolized by shallow, self-constituted leaders. Her efforts to make known the enduring claims of Catholic authors deserve perpetual remembrance.

In order to establish a central bureau for the guidance of the Catholic reading public, to foster the growth of Reading Circles, and to secure a permanent combination of forces for the diffusion of good literature, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, June, 1889, announced the formation of the Columbian Reading Union, which was located at the house of the Paulist Fathers, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City. An appeal was made for the voluntary co-operation of those having a knowledge of books, so that guide-lists might be prepared at small cost for those seeking the information thus rendered available. Catholic writers were especially invited to take part in the new movement; assistance was also expected from librarians and others qualified to make selections from the best books published. Many individuals, as well as those identified with Catholic Reading Circles, gladly donated small amounts of money, besides giving their time and energy to make known the ways and means of extending the influence of Catholic literature, and to secure a place of deserved recognition for Catholic authors in public libraries.

• • •

The State and the City Boards of Education have both officially recognized and approved the courses conducted by the Cathedral Study Club in conjunction with St. Angela's College, of New Rochelle, N. Y.

The former is an organization of young women, mostly school-teachers of this city, who endeavor to combine intellectual improvement with social enjoyment. They meet on the second and fourth Thursdays of every month, and discuss important subjects.

This Club has taken under its auspices the extension courses of the College of St. Angela, which is conducted by the Ursuline Nuns and chartered by the State Regents.

Any one who passes the examinations of the Club will not only be eligible for State teachers' licenses, but may be admitted to examinations for city licenses, including substitute teachers' licences No. 1; teachers' licenses for promotion; teacher of the graduating class; special branch teacher; assistant to principal; principal and teachers in evening or vacation schools.

The course to be conducted by the Club will be practically an extension course of the educational department of St. Angela's College. It will be under the direction of the Rev. William B. Martin, of the Cathedral, the director of the Club. The courses began on October 16.

The lectures will be given at the Cathedral College three days every week, from 4 to 5 P. M. All applicants for admission to the courses should apply at the Cathedral College, Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street, between the hours of 4 and 6 P. M.

The faculty selected up to date is as follows:

Educational Psychology.—The Rev. Francis Duffy, D.D., Professor of Psychology, St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, Yonkers.

Logic and Ethics.—The Rev. William B. Martin, S.T.L., St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

History and Principles of Education.—James M. Kieran, LL.D., Professor of Education, Normal College, New York.

Physiological Psychology.—James J. Walsh, M.D., Fordham University.

Methods of Teaching.—Louise E. Tucker, A.M., Professor of Education, St. Angela's College.

English Literature.—Joseph Vincent Crowne, A.M., Ph.D., Instructor in English at the College of the City of New York.

Courses in German, French, and school management will also be given.

The institution is designed chiefly for Catholic teachers, but women of other creeds will be welcome.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

PUBLIC LIBRARY,
SEATTLE.

EDITOR CATHOLIC WORLD:

Some months ago, in reading your valuable and authoritative magazine, my attention was arrested by an article in the department of the Columbian Reading Union explaining the valuable work which that body has done and is doing in disseminating Catholic literature. Connected as I am with one of the large and growing libraries of the country, the Seattle Public Library, the article had for me a special interest. After reciting various works that had been accomplished by the Union, it continued with the following statement:

"Our attention has been called to the defects of the American Library Association Catalogue of eight thousand volumes, prepared by the New York State Library and the Library of Congress, which is put forth as the standard for all public libraries. It contains no work on Catholic philosophy; under the heading of Catholic Church it has three titles; no mention whatever of any book by John Boyle O'Reilly and other Catholic writers. The only justification that can be advanced for this exclusion is that public funds may not be used to purchase sectarian literature. . . . The eminent writers, of what may be regarded as standard literature for American readers, should not be boycotted on account of their race or creed, as that is plainly against the Constitution of the United States. From this point of view alone it can easily be proved that many books intended for the general reading public have been placed on the prohibited list without sufficient cause, and with very inadequate knowledge of their worth, simply because the writers were known as Catholics. Here is the opportunity for Reading Circles to make known the claims of Catholic authors, and to use all legitimate means to secure for them equal justice."

This, it seems to me, is a very severe arraignment of the Board that prepared the A. L. A. Catalogue, and, if true, convicts them of ignorance of the value of many of the world's greatest literary productions; if true, it convicts them of prejudice, which is always associated with ignorance; if true, it convicts them of being narrow minded, a condition entirely incompatible with thorough education and broad, liberal culture; if true, it seems to convict them of violating the Constitution; if true, these persons are unworthy to hold any public position. But before convicting them, it is prudent to examine into the facts to see if the charges are sustained. Fortunately the A. L. A. Catalogue is found in nearly every community, and so there need be no difficulty in substantiating the charges of the Columbian Reading Union if they be true.

I wish to state here and now that I am not using your valuable space for the purpose of defending the A. L. A. Catalogue or its compilers. The Catalogue must stand upon its merits or be condemned by its demerits, and its authors do not need, nor do they desire any defense or apology for their work. In the preface to the work they admit that the Catalogue is imperfect, and all they ask is that the work be estimated at its true worth. But to the charges.

Charge No. 1. "It contains no work on Catholic philosophy." This

charge is proven to be untrue by the fact that on page 283 the Catalogue lists Maher's *Psychology*, which is admittedly a work on Catholic philosophy. I only mention the one work as that is sufficient to brand the charge as false.

Charge No. II. "Under the heading of Catholic Church it has three titles." On page 72 we find under heading of "Roman Catholic Church":

1. *Catholic Dictionary*. W. E. Addis and Thomas Arnold.
2. *Pope Leo's Encyclical Letters*.
3. John Ireland, *Church and Modern Society*.
4. Thomas O'Gorman, *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*.

There are other titles under the same head, but this is enough to show that the charge is not supported by the text in the Catalogue.

Charge No. III. "No mention of John Boyle O'Reilly and other Catholic writers." This is partially true, in that no mention is made of John Boyle O'Reilly; but when it adds "and other Catholic writers," that of course is subject to more than one construction. If the critic had said "*Certain other Catholic writers*," it would be correct. But as stated by the critic it may, I believe, be fairly considered to be at variance with the facts, as I shall prove further on.

Then, on this basis of untruths, our critic draws the wise conclusion that the compilers of the Catalogue proceeded on the assumption that public funds may not be used to purchase sectarian literature. But, since I have shown that the Catalogue contains sectarian works, even that wise (?) conclusion is seen to be without a fact to support it. If more proof were needed, every public library in the United States is a refutation of the statement.

Further. "The eminent writers, of what may be regarded as standard literature for American readers, should not be boycotted on account of their race or creed, as that is plainly against the Constitution of the United States." Taking that statement alone, I believe that every good citizen will agree with the sentiments expressed; but taking with what follows, *viz.*, "Many books have been placed on the prohibited list . . . simply because their authors were known to be Catholics," it must mean that Catholic writers have been boycotted because of their creed or race. It will not be difficult to show that these statements have as little truth to commend them as the others to which I have referred.

I shall now give a partial list of Catholic works and works by Catholic authors listed in the A. L. A. Catalogue, so the reader may judge for himself as to the truth of the charges of our Columbian Reading Union critic:

Father Hecker's Life.

Thomas Aloysius Hughes.

John Ireland (Archbishop), *The Church and Modern Society*.

J. L. Spalding (Bishop), 3 Vols.

John La Farge, 3 Vols.

Charles Lever, 7 Vols.

John Lingard, *History of England*.

Samuel Lover, 2 Vols.

St. Ignatius Loyola. Autobiography. Edited by J. F. X. O'Connor.

Michael Maher, *Psychology*.

Cardinal Newman, 6 Vols.

Thomas O'Gorman, *History Roman Catholic Church in the United States*.

Kathleen O'Meara.

Bernard O'Reilly, *Life of Leo XIII.*

Michael V. O'Shea.

Philip Henry Sheridan, *Personal Memoirs*.

Patrick Augustine Sheehan, 2 Vols.

Addis and Arnold, *Catholic Dictionary*.

Alzog, *Universal Church History*, 3 Vols.

Michael Angelo.

Brother Azarias.

Jean Baptiste Corot.

Corregio.

Dante.

Ozanam.

Henry Didon. Introduction by Cardinal Gibbons.

Rev. Bernard O'Reilly.

Charles Gavan Duffy.

F. P. Dunne ("Dooley").

Rev. F. J. Finn, *That Football Game*.

Abbé Constant Fouard.

F. A. Gasquet, *The Eve of the Reformation*.

J. Cardinal Gibbons, 2 Vols.

Anthony Guggenberger, *General History of the Christian Era* (For Catholic Colleges and Reading Circles).

Charles Warren Stoddard, 2 Vols.

John Augustine Zahm, 2 Vols.

A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelists.

A Round Table of the Representative French Catholic Novelists.

A Round Table of the Representative German Catholic Novelists.

A Round Table of the Representative Irish and English Catholic Novelists.

Francis Marion Crawford, 18 Vols.

The above is a partial and very imperfect list, which I note as I hurriedly turn the pages of the Catalogue, and it is possible that some of these may not be Catholic, but they are judged from memory. There are a great many Catholic authors listed in the A. L. A. Catalogue that I have not mentioned, as I regard the above list as sufficient to demonstrate to the mind of any one, except the critic of the Columbian Reading Union, that his contentions have no foundation in fact.

That many Catholic authors have been omitted no one will deny. That more worthy ones have been omitted, while less worthy ones have found a place, may also be true. That, however, is a matter of judgment. But the main truth, which I wish to emphasize, is that with such a list as I have named, included in an eight thousand volume library, the compilers of that list cannot fairly be accused of having boycotted Catholic writers, nor of having unwittingly or by design omitted the leading Catholic works from their list.

I regard it as most unfortunate that such a review or criticism should have found a place in your valuable magazine and have misled the thousands of your readers who have a right to expect the statements therein to be authoritative. It gives a false idea to them, and does no one harm except ourselves.

I have admired the work of the Columbian Reading Union very much, and know that the value of their work cannot be overestimated—and, if I may be permitted to make a suggestion, there is another line in which they may be of service in disseminating proper literature, and that is by working in harmony with the librarians of the public libraries everywhere. The librarian conceives it his highest duty to induce and enable people to read; to place in the hands of the largest possible number in his community the books which the individuals desire; to assist any individual in developing any chosen

line of thought by placing at his service all that has been written on that subject. He conceives it to be his duty to reach every individual in his community, and to that end he must supply each with that which is desired. To that end he will supply books for the blind, books for the foreigner, the Frenchman, the Italian, the German; books for every one who will read. He regards his work as an educational one, equal in importance with that of the schools and universities, and vastly more far-reaching in its results—since it reaches not only the products of these institutions, but also that vastly greater number who cannot or will not avail themselves of the advantages of these institutions.

Now, this being true, will any sane person believe that that same librarian will intentionally ignore and neglect the literary tastes and desires of from ten to forty per cent of his community when that percentage is Catholic? The truth is, that the work of the librarian unconsciously makes him broad and liberal in his views, and I have known even Catholics who, by working in libraries, have lost a large share of their narrowness and prejudice.

Now, if the Columbian Reading Union will attempt to work in harmony and sympathy with the librarians, they will find willing and eager helpers. The Reading Union will find that the librarians will place in every public library in the land every book that will be read. The difficulty, however, which has confronted me in my endeavor to place in our library the standard Catholic works, is the lamentable fact—and it seems to be a fact—that our people do not read, and when they do, it is not Catholic works. It seems to me that the Catholic press is in a measure derelict in one of its duties to our people. A vigorous review of each new work, with a quotation from the same, long enough to stimulate and arouse interest in it, together with the statement that the work may be found in the public library and therefore read without cost, would, I believe, have the effect of bringing to the notice of the Catholic reader the books that he should read. And if the work be not in the library, rest assured it will be placed therein if repeated calls are made for it.

In many places, however, the Catholic portion of the population have not accustomed themselves to the use of the public library. They apparently assume that the public library is a non-Catholic institution—an assumption which is not in keeping with the facts. Where a public library is found without the ordinary Catholic works, it will be found on investigation that we are to blame because no one interested himself sufficiently to request that they be purchased. We must not expect non-Catholics to place many Catholic works in libraries. That is our own business, and we should not find fault with others for not attending to it.

If the Columbian Reading Union and other influential Catholics will work in sympathy and harmony with the librarians in their respective communities they will find less prejudice than they believed existed—and the greater portion of the existing prejudice will be found in the minds of Catholics themselves. They will learn, too, that the librarians are more eager than they to have Catholics come to the library and use it, and will do anything in their power to induce them to come, and will place therein any book for which there is shown to be a demand.

J. H. LYONS.

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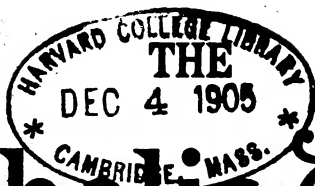


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DECEMBER 1905



Catholic World

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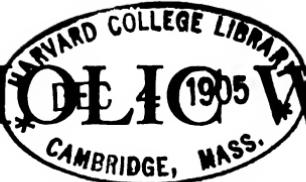
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No. 489.

A MODERN TENDENCY AND ITS CORRECTIVE.

BY JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

I.

E shall hardly be written down in history as a reflective race; our genius is above all else practical; Americans characteristically tend toward action rather than contemplation. To the field of external activity the eyes of the age are turned most often; and, measured by the standards which nowadays obtain the whole world over, theorists and dreamers and idlers and meditative men seem all pretty much alike. To be busy is the ideal—to meet and in strenuous combat to overcome the forces confronting the race in its progress toward wealth and convenience and culture. External achievement is the goal of ambition—so our little ones learn, whether their lessons be taken from men or from books. The plaudits of the crowd are won by Hercules, not by Atlas:

'Tis the transition stage, the tug and strain,
That strike men; standing still is stupid like.

We know there are peoples whose genius lies in the order of thought, and philosophies which consecrate a quiet ideal;

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK,

VOL. LXXXII.—19

but the races and the methods which, by right of conquest, prevail in this modern world are ours; and history, as we read it, seems to preach but the need of energy and to demonstrate the supreme worth of action.

With rare exceptions, the whole literature of modern philosophy has no good word for meditation as a factor in human development. In part this is the cause, and again it is the result of a reaction against a practice and tendency commonly looked upon as mediæval or Oriental. We are afraid of being monastic, of becoming contemplatives. "When religious mysticism was in flower, meditation held an important place among the means of education; but as the age of mysticism passed, the practice of meditation fell into disuse, and gradually came to be looked upon as a kind of mental idling."* Some one has affirmed that in old times the devoting of a half-hour each day to meditation was part of the ordinary routine of a Christian. It was then the privilege of the common man to appreciate and his custom to cultivate

That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened.

We have changed all that; and most of us have forgotten that there ever was such a time. Yet now, at last, the law-makers of the psychological world begin to tell us we are going too far in our reaction, and to warn us against cultivating to a fatal extreme the ideal of unrestrained activity. Philistine of the Philistines as he is, formed in the school of observation, steeped in the habit of experiment, and saturated with the philosophy of action, an occasional teacher lifts his voice to remind us of the neglected good and to recommend that henceforth meditation should be numbered among the approved means for developing the finer qualities of the spirit.

Such an attempt to control our tendency toward extroversion was to be expected. Who could long forget that the mere observer must ever be confined within the narrow limits of the little world which his senses can reach; that exclusive analysis

* *La Meditazione: Appunti di Psicagogia.* Di G. Colozza. Napoli: Pierro, 1903. P. 13.

will finally deprive a man of all largeness and breadth of view. It is possible to have too much "actuality." Critics of American scholarship find the weakness of our universities to lie in the "essentially practical purpose" which dominates them.* Never to rise out of the world of reality into the ideal sphere of thought; always to be either doing or planning; this must entail the fading of visions from shrines which have begun to hum with the industry of man. Even before "The Simple Life" had become a street phrase with us, we were made painfully aware that depression and world-weariness and black pessimism come from overwork with the same inevitable necessity as from idling.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
 And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
 While all things else have rest from weariness?
 All things have rest; why should we toil alone?
 We only toil, who are the first of things,
 And make perpetual moan,
 Still from one sorrow to another thrown;
 Nor ever fold our wings
 And cease from wanderings;
 Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
 Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings:
 'There is no joy but calm!'
 Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

Then again we, who are so skilful in fashioning and finding, begin to lack the capacity to enjoy. The marvelous and the rare give us less satisfaction than our ancestors drew from the trifling and the commonplace; else were the list of crimes shorter and the shocking news of a suicide more infrequent. We have truly much cause to be thankful in the material progress of the world; yet is the day of the telephone and the subway-express and the extra-edition also the reign of cynicism and of nervousness and of much insanity.

In what shall we find a corrective? Possibly in growing more thoughtful, reflective, contemplative. And what better means shall we employ to this end than the practice of medi-

* *American Traits from the Point of View of a German.* By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

tation? There is a time to speak and a time to be silent; apples of gold upon beds of silver are the deeds of a thoughtful man.

For those who can attempt it, the experiment is worth trying, even at some cost. As has been said above, teachers are beginning to appreciate the function of methodical reflection, and to recommend its practice as a means of grasping truth and of forming character. It is a far stretch from this attitude to the position of the Catholic ascetic; yet, after all, the saint and the scientist are looking at different aspects of the same truth. Both for the general education of the intellect and for the developing of a deeper religious knowledge and a finer moral sense in the souls of the Christian people, it would be expedient to spread wide a reverence for this practice, elementary in the spiritual discipline of the Church and fruitful of great results in the school of Catholic sanctity, but too little known elsewhere. On this account, it seems well here to consider what may be called the psychological estimate of meditation, and to see just what the practice may be expected to do in the education of a soul.

A professional psychologist has published a book* which will serve to inform us on these points. To meditate, he says, means to live in such intimacy with an idea, to unite our mind so closely to it, as to embrace its whole content, and to comprehend all its relations and connections. Meditation is a complex act by which the mind, turning in upon itself, throws the searchlight of consideration upon its own notions and judgments, and studies its own most lofty thoughts. To meditate means to become recollected and to concentrate one's thought; to reflect with patience and intensity on facts full of significance and of interest; to look backward and to look inward, so as to bring the past and the present into connection with the future and the internal into relation with the external. It implies that we think with discrimination and with vigor, that we apply ourselves with freedom and with perfect calmness, that we patiently and persistently pursue our investigations. Meditation is in part a kind of critical self-consciousness, a cross-examination, a species of retrospection which is at the same time a forecast and a preparation. It converts knowledge into conviction, and develops within the soul a power which is both purifying and

* The following six paragraphs are in substance a translation of pp. 20-48 in Colozza's *La Meditazione*.

liberative. It is meditation which we must often thank for our ability to control extravagant sentiment and to allay immoderate excitement.

Minute and patient analysis, followed by careful and earnest attempts at synthesis, gradually refines the meditative mind. Step by step, the reason goes along the road marked out; inch by inch, it delves deeper toward the ultimate causes of things; its aim being to reach the point where, with a single glance, it can take in the whole group of relations and facts that centre in the object of thought, and thus acquire sure and final standards of judgment. Gently and slowly, and through laborious meditation, analytical knowledge is converted into synthetic and becomes an inalienable possession of the mind. After having undergone a gradual filtration and clarification, ideas disclose the single master purpose which controls and shapes them all; and when the good and the true are at last revealed, they are revealed as one. It is through a process of this sort that the fruits of our thinking gain that maturity which conscious deliberation alone can give, and which render the life of the thinker solid and consistent.

Nor is this all. As Carlyle puts it, a man is enabled through meditation to see into the very heart of things, and knowledge becomes the voice, the energy, the very inspiration of his soul. Study can make us acquainted with the elements of a science; but through meditation alone shall we gain a full appreciation of things and rise to the higher and philosophical point of view. Can anything but meditation give us the taste of a national culture or gauge for us the peculiar character of a historical epoch? How otherwise than by meditation do men acquire their noblest thoughts, their firmest convictions, their most generous faith, their truest estimates of human knowledge and human power? For meditation penetrates the hidden recesses of nature and the soul, gives to facts the splendor of truth and the glory of a moral meaning, settles all discord between the various faculties and moods of the spirit, renders human life unselfish and social relations noble.

Quiet and patient as it is, this return of the spirit upon itself for the purpose of re-thinking its thoughts, of forgetting the subject in the object, helps not only to better our conduct, but to perfect our knowledge, to make it fairer and clearer and steadier than before. It even aids our very power of ob-

servation by controlling, correcting, and confirming the fragmentary data of experience. As polishing will make a diamond brighter, so patient and methodical meditation will render ideas clearer and richer in suggestion. Like the sea, thought becomes more limpid as it deepens. Under the influence of meditation, the mind rises to the sublime heights of the divine, at the same time that it reaches to the lowest depths of the human; yet it always retains its relation to nature and to ordinary life, its ultimate aim being to dominate both the one and the other by knowledge. Thought when nourished by meditation is like the tree which, in proportion as it grows higher and spreads its branches wider, in quest of air and light, strikes its roots ever deeper and multiplies incessantly the thousand shoots which reach out in the surrounding earth to get more nourishment and to gain new resisting power against the pressure of the winds above. From the point of view of the subject, the mind is purifying and enlarging itself; from the point of view of the object, the truth is extending and multiplying its applications, is reinforcing and refining its significance. Gradually by means of this orderly and assiduous labor—an activity, by the way, which is about as vigorous and as personal as is possible—we more and more idealize the real; and at the same time, without straining, we are slowly preparing ourselves to realize the ideal.

When we meditate, we give a definite direction to the apperceiving functions. By so doing we are able to illuminate the darkest problems, to clarify the most obscure questions, to catch and hold fast and utilize those subtle and fleeting suggestions which contribute toward the construction of a larger knowledge. Our souls are suddenly revealed to us; and the buried seeds of great achievements in art, in science, or in virtue are fertilized. It has, indeed, been maintained by some that the habit of meditating lessens the output of creative energy; and to the superficial observer this might seem to be the case, for the work of meditation is more like sowing than like reaping. But, in reality, it is a mistake to regard thought and action as opposed. In fact, even though we should fail to solve a problem on which we meditate, we are not without reward for the time and energy expended. In these quiet hours our mentality has been developed. By dint of meditation the mind has secretly and gradually grown keener and stronger, as

will be evident when some day we shall show ourselves capable of accomplishing, without an effort, tasks which otherwise we should find difficult, if not impossible. What gymnastics do for the body, meditation does for the spirit. In neither case is there any apparent result from a single exercise; yet, one following another, the series generates a latent fund of energy which is of amazing magnitude, and which we might vainly seek to acquire by other means.

That there is no opposition between meditating on the one hand, and working or producing on the other, we have the witness of great writers and artists and men of action, whose meditative bent was very pronounced. Many names immediately occur to us, as belonging to spirits of this order; and, in selecting examples, our embarrassment would proceed not from lack but from excess of candidates. Not the meditative man, but the man who carries meditation and analysis and introspection to a morbid extreme, deserves the reproach mistakenly directed toward the process itself. An Amiel meditates much, it is true, and wastes his genius as a consequence; but he is not a normal type. In the soul which is sound and healthy, meditation is not confined to the restricted field of the intellect, nor locked in the laboratory where ideas are corrected, polished, matched, contrasted, grouped, and unified. The process goes further. Knowledge perfected by meditation, instead of remaining in the region of ideas, overleaps these boundaries and invades the world of action. A thought which has been profoundly pondered is soon passionately loved; next it must be made to live; and though a man's first concern in meditation is that he may know things better, this, in the normal mind, is closely related to another interest, namely, that he may will better and work better.

The preceding suggestions indicate very clearly the important function of reflection in mental development. Coming as they do from a source which is strictly secular and scientific, they may serve to point a lesson in spirituality which would be far less effective if it emanated from a professedly religious teacher. Men are most apt to trust obviously disinterested testimony. They should, therefore, be quick to draw from the implications of the psychologist upon the worth of meditation conclusions which will make this practice seem a very profita-

ble form of spiritual exercise. A vital want in religion is the deepening and perfecting of the soul's appreciation of truth; and, if meditation be used properly, the want in question will be well provided for.

Manifestly, the present writer is not now attempting a demonstration of Catholicism; but, supposing Christianity true, it seems plain that the practice of meditation is very necessary in the life of the Christian. The truths our religion teaches are so rich and deep and mysterious; the inspiration of its virtues are so different from the prevalent motives of conduct in the multitudes with whom the believer is brought into daily contact; its ideals are so sublime; there is so great a danger of the accidental and the superficial crowding in upon and marring the beauty and the purity of its faith; that meditation would seem to be literally indispensable for the conservation and growth of the Christian spirit. Christian history—that is to say, the careers of those who have been the great figures and the main influences in the story of the Christian religion—and Christian literature—that is to say, the writings which contain the rules and the records of holy living—go far to show that the practice of meditation fulfils a most important office in the pursuit of the Christian ideal. It has been made the subject of regulations and the matter of methods and the topic of instructions, written and oral, since that pursuit began; and it is of the same concern to the contemporary teacher of spirituality as it was to the desert saints and the ancient anchorites.

To know God well the soul must rise and go forth into the life of action; yet, in some measure, it must already know something of him before it is moved to desire him. *Tu ne me chercherais pas, si tu ne m'aviez pas trouvé*, says Pascal—"Thou wouldst not be seeking me, hadst thou not already found me." In the secret communion of the soul with God the strength of the martyr and the desire of the lover are made perfect. So in the ordinary life of the Christian, quiet contemplation of the ineffable attractiveness of God precedes and prepares for the hours of labor or of suffering which perfect the character and fulfil the mission of the individual soul. In action and endurance we find only the God to whose service we have already secretly pledged fidelity.

II.

There remains much to be said as to the helpful light thrown by psychology on the practice of meditation; and a particularly illuminating view is that of the distinguished French writer * who describes meditation as the process of thinking with things instead of with words. Usually the actual image of reality is so complex and cumbersome that, for the sake of convenience, we substitute in its place a mere word easily retained in our own minds and easily conveyed to others. Now, if we were always to use a word which signified a thing perfectly familiar to us through personal experience, the symbol might indeed be trusted to recall the reality. But, unfortunately, we learn many words without having had any previous acquaintance with the things which they represent; and we may never have the time or the inclination to fill the empty shell with its proper content. Hence even the most intelligent of men are apt to go on using words, as a parrot might use them, with little or no appreciation of the realities which correspond to the signs. Meditating is filling these empty husks with grain; it is replacing signs by images, and not by vague and indeterminate images, but by images which are as particular and concrete as they can possibly be made, and which duplicate reality down to the very least detail.

Perhaps no one will read the preceding without at once recalling Newman's distinction between apprehension which is "notional" and apprehension which is "real." This is in fact the very point to be kept in mind in order to appreciate the function of meditation, which is to change notional apprehensions and assents into real. Newman calls apprehension "real" when words express things, but "notional" when they express thoughts. Now words can express things either because the objects are within the range of our senses at the very moment of our speech, or because they are reflected in memory as in a mirror. If I recall a past experience or a distant scene with accuracy, I create nothing; I see a picture of facts. "The memory of a beautiful air, or the scent of a particular flower, as far as any remembrance remains of it, is the continued presence in our minds of a likeness of it which its actual presence

* Payot, *l'Éducation de la Volonté*. Paris: Alcan. 1903.

has left there. I can bring before me the music of the 'Adeste Fideles,' as if I were actually hearing it; and the scent of a clematis, as if I were actually in my garden; and the flavor of a peach, as if it were in season; and the thought I have of all these is as of something individual and from without, as much as the things themselves, the tune, the scent, and the flavor are from without, though compared with the things themselves, these images (as they may be called) are faint and intermitting."*

To summon into consciousness images favorable to our reflection; to shut out all distracting thoughts and disturbing emotions; to hold ourselves by a united effort of all faculties in the presence of certain great realities full of significance and live with spiritual power; and resolutely to will both the present exercise and the future activities for which it is the effectual preparation—this is to convert the notional into the real, or, in other words, to practice meditation. "Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others, which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, as he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind and a charm which the current literature of the day, his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. . . . And what the experience of the world effects for the illustration of the classical authors, that office the religious sense, carefully cultivated, fulfils toward Holy Scripture. To the devout and spiritual, the divine word speaks of things, not merely of notions. . . . Hence the practice of meditation on the sacred text, so highly thought of by Catholics. Reading, as we do, the Gospels from our youth up, we are in danger of becoming so familiar with them as to be dead to their force, and to view them as a mere history. The purpose, then, of meditation is to realize them; to make the facts which they relate stand out

* *Grammar of Assent.* Pt. I. Ch. III.

before our minds as objects, such as may be appropriated by a faith as living as the imagination which apprehends them."*

But "assent, however strong and accorded to images however vivid, is not, therefore, necessarily practical. Strictly speaking, it is not imagination that causes action; but hope and fear, likes and dislikes, appetite, passion, affection, the stirrings of selfishness and self-love. What imagination does for us is to find a means of stimulating those motive powers; and it does so by providing a supply of objects strong enough to stimulate them. The thought of honor, glory, duty, self-aggrandizement, gain, or, on the other hand, of divine goodness, future reward, eternal life, perseveringly dwelt upon, leads us along a course of action corresponding to itself, but only in case there be that in our minds which is congenial to it. However, when there is that preparation, the thought does lead to the act."† And hence, in meditation, the mind ranges over the whole field of earth and heaven, of past, of present, and of future, seeking for thoughts and words and facts and possibilities which shall sway the feelings and affections of the human heart and irresistibly dictate a course of conduct in harmony with the divine will.

Meditation, then, consists in the search for, and the disposition of, motives of conduct, as well as in the contemplation of truth; the former more than the latter, indeed, so long as the soul is in a state of probation and concerned with ensuring its own conformity to an ideal difficult enough—say, rather, impossible—for any but the blessed in heaven to realize perfectly. Even in the cloister of the contemplative this holds true; for it is in the contrast of labors, more than in freedom from the necessity of laboring, that the Christian recluse differs from his brethren in the outer world. But eminently is it true of the man who infuses an element of reflection into a life which, in large measure, is devoted to the satisfying of demands for immediate external work. And so we meditate: to determine our choice of a policy, or to decide our vocation in life; to get illumination on clouded issues, when the road to perfection is in doubt, or to ensure fidelity to what has long been recognized as our proper duty; to arouse and reinforce our affections for the things we must love if the call to

* *Ibid.* Ch. IV.

† *Ibid.*

holiness or the appeal of duty is to hold us; or, again, to awaken emotions of fear and aversion for the evil but seductive idols which tempt us from the worship of the God of Israel.

We hear it said now and again that to be sincerely religious necessitates the playing of a personal and active part, that it is not enough to be the passive recipient of dogmatic teaching or of sacramental grace. And perhaps sometimes we have come so near to the realization of this necessity as to wonder just what a personal and active interest in religion would imply. It certainly does not mean merely attending at divine service, or helping to build churches, or relieving misery, or reading—or yet writing—pious books. What then? In truth, personal religion—and for the very reason that it is personal—implies something far too intimate and secret and sacred to be put into formulas or general directions. However, it plainly does imply at least this, that we shall use our powers of understanding and feeling and willing, so as to enlarge the share of God, but diminish the share of self and the world, in our conscious life. How best to do this is the problem of problems. But who can be blind to the fact that meditation will help much toward its solution.

The mind should not be passive but active with regard to truths which it has received. It should turn them over and over; it should grow familiar with their various aspects and deduce their consequences and study their practical bearings. It is not enough that occasionally I should hear in a sermon or read in a book the sentiment of some one else as to the duties implied by following after Christ or by one's faith in the Holy Spirit as an Indwelling Divinity in the just soul. These things should be worked out personally; each should study them over for himself; each must individually go through the process of development which has been gone through laboriously and slowly by the general Christian consciousness in the lapse of centuries. Merely to learn conclusions will not suffice; they must become my conclusions. I must trace for myself the connection between the life Christ led and my daily duties. I must endeavor to make the motives for devotedness and love which were revealed in him spring up in me. I must see for myself, and must gaze long and studiously at the picture of poverty and unselfishness and humility and patience and kind-

liness which he presented. The motives for contrition, repentance, amendment, gratitude, and affection must be held before my mind by concentrated thought and voluntary attention; they must be renewed by constant repetition. The moving scenes of our Lord's life must grow familiar through constantly revived contemplation. The deeper meaning and the inner significance of the institutions Christ bequeathed must grow clear, as alone they can, through reverent meditation and reflection. God's attributes, and the teachings of the Church and the ideals enshrined in the lives of the saints, must be cultivated until they yield up the precious spiritual fruit that nourishes and makes strong the soul. Inspirations and trends of thought and feeling, associations and suggestions that make for holiness, must thus be multiplied. In a word, I must meditate. Reinvigorated by faithful realization in the sphere of action, or weakened perhaps by surrender in the hour of temptation, this habit of living by meditation amid thoughts of God and sacred things will, at any rate, help me not a little in the saving and purifying and perfecting of my soul.

LEGENDS OF VALAIS.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.



SWITZERLAND is not a land of poetry and romance. It is a land which God has made surpassingly beautiful, and which man has made comfortable and commonplace. It is interlaced with a network of railways. It is filled with admirable hotels. It is kept swept and garnished for the army of tourists who invade it every summer, and whose money fattens the lean purses of a thrifty and far-seeing population. A sense of propriety and moderation keeps the Swiss landlord and the Swiss financier within the limits of good taste. They love their mountains, their lakes, their glaciers; they also respect them as sources of revenue—as the inexhaustible capital of an otherwise impoverished country. Accordingly, while they make smooth the tourist's path, helping him over every step of the way they intend that he shall tread, they preserve inviolate the austere beauty of his surroundings. They do not cut down their black woods, nor build factories on the shores of Lake Lemman, nor defile the fair face of nature with advertisements. It is not wholly their fault that Switzerland, for all its grace and grandeur, fails to nourish our emotions as do France and Italy and Spain. The great historic background is lacking, and lacking, too, are those sombre landmarks and traditions which link us forever with the past. Only the mountains of Switzerland are old. The rest of it seems newly furnished every year for our reception. It is pathetic to see tourists gazing at Calvin's chair in Geneva, or thronging to Chillon (a dreadful little trolley car goes bumping to its portals), in search of local color. We find them even endeavoring to follow the footsteps of Rousseau amid the dreary hotels and lodging houses of Clarens. The spirit of pilgrimage is inextinguishable in the human heart; but Switzerland is not a land for pilgrims.

Yet if we have courage to quit the traveler-ridden roads, if

we can make up our minds to forego the soft beds and clear coffee and well-baked rolls, for which Swiss hotels have grown so justly famous, we may find, even in this home of modernity, those remote and silent places which have never broken with the past—places which are not very comfortable, but full of poetic grace and charm. If, for example, we leave the fat vineyards and prosperous peasantry of Vaud, and climb into the austere, snow-encircled pasture lands of Valais, we leave behind us all oppressive civilization, and have in its place that sweet and grave simplicity which has ever been characteristic of a race which herds its flocks in solitude. The Vaudois is rich, churlish, and inhospitable; awkward in manner, and habitually uncivil in speech. The Valaisan is courteous and kind; he greets every stranger as a friend, and offers his hospitality with a simple dignity which would not have shamed Abraham, sitting in the shadow of his tent. Nature has taught him her lesson. She has guarded for him her beauty, her sadness, her deep silences. She has given him rocks and ravines and scanty pasturage instead of farm-land and purple vineyards. She has kept him poor, but she has nourished him with noble influences. He has the mental calm of one who holds unbroken the faith of his forefathers. He has the self-respect of one who seeks no profit from his neighbor. He has the poetic instincts of one who lives austere, and who is well used to solitude and danger. The Valaisan is always near death. There is not a pass, not a steep mountain side, unmarked by the wooden cross which bears witness to a fatal accident. These crosses keep green the memory of the dead. They also help the living to bear in mind the painful lesson of mortality.

In an interesting and sympathetic study of Alpine legends, those venerable superstitions which, like old ballads and old landmarks, are now the subjects of intelligent research, I find a French author tracing the traditions of the Valais peasantry to three main sources; a belief in a place of purification for the souls of the dead; a belief in the mystic and dangerous influence of the dance; and a belief in the holiness of hospitality. In these three deeply rooted convictions we trace sentiments older than Christianity. The thronging ghosts of an Alpine glacier are sad and sin-laden, like the grim spectres of the North. Dancing is for the Valaisan at once his keenest delight, his sole accomplishment, and his one approach to

rhythmical expression. Even the dead dance, mirthless and passionless, in lonely cabins and abandoned graveyards. As for the sacred duty of hospitality, that has been taught him by the unpitiful nature of his surroundings. Many of the tales he tells are but repetitions of the beautiful old story of Baucis and Philemon.

The village of Taesch, in the valley of the Viège, was buried beneath an avalanche for having refused food and shelter to a beggar. The ancient village of Sierre was also destroyed for its lack of hospitality. It lies sunken beneath the waters of a lake—the still blue Lake of Géronde; and it is perhaps in remembrance of its fate that the inhabitants of the modern Sierre are distinguished among the friendly people of Valais for their kindness to strangers and to the poor. Even inn-keepers are sternly warned against the lamentable sins of avarice and dishonesty. Upon them, as upon all good Valaisans, rests a duty to wayfarers, who are not to be regarded as lawful prey (the inn-keeper's customary point of view), but as fellow-pilgrims in a world through which we are all restlessly wandering to the same appointed end. Midway between Sierre and Vissoie there stood long ago an inn, the master of which grew rich by knavish tricks. Now his house is in ruins, and, from the rushing waters of the Navaganza, which hurry by its crumbling walls, comes the sound of perpetual lamentation. It is the inn-keeper confessing his sin, and bewailing the severity of his punishment.

I am that wicked John
Who watered his good red wine;
And my soul is now in prison,
Until help be given.

The same eddying torrent holds the spirit of an unjust magistrate who permitted the richer land-owners of Grimentz to encroach upon the scanty pasturage of the poor. For two hundred years he has vainly striven to churn the waters into cheese; and the yellow foam which curls forever around the rocks bears witness to the hopelessness of his task.

The Valaisan has an abiding pity for the "Souls." His charity so far outstrips his fears that the near presence of the dead fills him with compassion rather than dismay. The gla-

cier of Aletsch has always been deemed a haunted spot. Amid its eternal snows unhappy spirits expiate the sins and oppressions of their lives. Tradition says that for many years a woman dwelt alone in a rude cabin at the glacier's foot, praying always for the dead. All night long her lamp burned in her window, that wandering shades might see its friendly light. All night long her fire was replenished, that, through the open door, the poor, cold, outcast spectres might throng to its cheerful blaze. She heard them sighing softly round her hearth, and prayed devoutly until morning for their deliverance. When she was very old she died, and the watchers by her bed saw a long line of twinkling lights, carried by unseen hands, trail slowly down the glacier's side, and surround the little hut. No sound was breathed, but they knew that the souls she had comforted in prison, and helped to their release, were carrying her spirit over the icy fastnesses to the gates of heaven.

There is something very beautiful about a tale like this. It is superstition; but superstition dignified by piety, and warmed by the flame of love. These two elements, dignity and compassion, are seldom lacking in the legends of the *Alpes Valaisannes* which are neither trivial like legends of the South, nor savage like those of the Far North. They are melancholy, and sometimes grotesque; but always softened by a sombre grace. On the feast of All Souls the procession of ghosts winds through narrow defiles, and far up the heights; but those who meet it have but little fear. The great cross carried at its head gleams whitely in the moonlight, and, if the dead speak, it is to repeat the solemn formula: "God is just." These are the only words that an Alpine spectre has ever been heard to utter. He pronounces them gravely as he glides by the startled peasant, who breathes a soft amen.

Yet it cannot be denied that the Valaisan is a devout believer in "calls." So many signs and tokens are received as death-warrants, that one wonders he gets a chance to live at all. Some of the warnings are of a picturesqueness which commends itself to the artistic, if not to the reasonable mind. A peasant of Viège, being awakened by strange sounds outside his house, arose, and began drawing on his stockings. The sounds grew louder, his curiosity increased, and he stole to the window, still holding one stocking in his hand. By his

door swept the procession of the dead. A fever had lately carried off many of the inhabitants of Viège; and, as the watcher gazed at the spectral throng, he recognized the faces of friends and townspeople amid its ranks. Last of all came the figure of a man walking slowly with averted head. This ghost had one leg bare, and carried a stocking dangling in its hand. When the peasant saw it, he knew that his time was near, and obediently made ready and died.

In 1867 a citizen of Zermatt lay dangerously ill. His malady took a favorable turn. The doctor pronounced him out of danger. His family felicitated themselves on his recovery. At this point, a too outspoken friend entered the sick chamber. "Do not let them persuade you that you will get well," he said to the invalid. "The death-lights are gleaming over your pasture. They are almost at your door." It was enough. The sick man knew better than to resist these words of doom. The death-lights had signalled for him, and they never signalled in vain. He bade farewell to his acquiescent relatives, turned his face to the wall, and promptly and submissively died.

As for the peril of the dance, which is dangerous to the Valaisan because he loves it too well, there are innumerable stories to illustrate the risk he runs. Even the law takes cognizance of this peril, and sets a stern limit to his pastime. No public dance can be given in any township of Valais, without permission of the civic authorities, and such permission must be asked for twenty-four hours in advance. This ancient statute, which is still rigorously enforced, has been often evaded, the young people of a village meeting by stealth in some remote chalet; and to such law-breakers is told the story of the peasant-woman of Wisperzehnen, whose young, light-footed daughter stole away at night to attend one of these forbidden festivities. The mother, taking her infant in her arms, set forth to search for the prodigal; and, far up the mountain side, heard the sound of merry music. Guided by the strains, she made her way to the house; but, before entering, peered through a crack in the door. There, mid the dancers, she spied a little grass-green devil, with a long grass-green queue, leaping and capering joyfully. Trembling with fear, she entered, and told what she had seen. There was a rush to the door, a mad scramble to escape; and *then* the panic-stricken

revellers heard a mocking laugh, and a voice that said: "The last to leave belongs to me." At this, they all pressed harder still for safety; but the girl, who was young and feeble, found herself on the edge of the throng. Her companions paid no heed to her, and, in her terror, she cried sharply: "I shall be last. I shall be last." Her mother heard, and turned back. With one strong arm she pushed the girl through the closing door, and stood alone in the darkness—her baby lying on her breast. There was a moment's dreadful silence, and then the same voice spoke again. "I have no power," it said, as though in answer to a question; and, at the words, the door swung slowly open. The woman saw the stars shining in the heavens, and, running swiftly down the hill, took her repentant daughter in her arms.

There is no corner of Valais to which such legends do not cling. There is no hamlet which has not its own tale to tell. Sometimes, but not often, the stories are Gothic in their extravagance and grotesqueness. They bear a pleasant resemblance to those misshapen little monsters, those grinning demons, those strange ravening beasts with which the mediæval stonecutters decorated the great cathedrals of Christendom. The most striking of such half humorous legends is that of the pious Riborrez who dwelt on the steep incline of d'Arpittetta, which lies like an emerald between the Moming and Durand glaciers, and is the highest pasture land in all Valais. A blameless man, simple and devout, Riborrez lived with his herds far above the turmoil of the world. Every Sunday he climbed the Roc de la Vache, which overlooks the Vallée d'Anniviers, and assisted in spirit at the Mass which was being celebrated in the valley far below. But on feast days he journeyed down to Morasse, to be shriven, to attend the service, to walk in the inevitable procession, and hear the news of the country-side. It pleased heaven to set a mark upon his sinless life by granting him an oft-repeated miracle. For always, on entering the church, he hung his goat-skin mantle on a sun-beam slanting athwart the wall; and there it stayed—to the edification of priest and parish—until he left the holy edifice. One day, however, looking up from his rosary, he saw a little devil, perched on the pulpit steps, who was writing down on a scroll of parchment the names of all those whose minds were wandering from their prayers. Naturally the sight distracted

poor Riborrez—it was enough to distract any one—and he forgot his Ave Marias while he gazed at the apparition. After a while the parchment was full of names, and, to make more space, the devil took one end in his teeth, and tried to stretch the scroll. But, as he was tugging his hardest, his teeth suddenly lost their hold, and he tumbled backward, striking his little horned head against the pulpit rail. At this accident Riborrez laughed aloud, and, as he did so, his mantle fell crashing from the sunbeam to the floor. He knelt, abashed and humbled, a sinner like his kind.

This story has the true mediæval flavor—the simplicity, the grotesqueness, the satire. It might have been carved in stone on some squat pillar, or in oak on some fine old choir-stall. It might have been part of a miracle play, and have moved to mirth the motley crowd who dearly loved a jest at the devil's expense. It stands alone amid the *Legendes Valaisannes*, which are for the most part melancholy. People who live amid the eternal snows have seldom merry minds.

The drama has, however, been the favorite diversion of the Valais peasant for at least four hundred years. Plays and processions are his twin delights, and on many happy occasions he manages to combine the two. In 1619 the village of Saint Maurice, “pour défendre le pays contre les ravages de l'hérésie,” made a solemn vow to give a representation of the martyrdom of the Thundering Legion. In those hardy times a play lasted all day long. Now the eight hours have shrunk to a beggarly three; but the audience gathers so early to watch the decoration of the out-door stage, and the dressing of the characters, that most of the day is consumed between the pleasures of anticipation and reality. I saw the peasants of Vissoie in the summer of 1903 give a representation of the well-known *Légende d'Anniviers*, which tells how the Huns, who had overrun Valais, were converted to Christianity by a miracle vouchsafed to a crippled captive named Zacheo. Zacheo was flung, as an offering to the heathen gods, into a giant crevasse of the Durand glacier; but the torrent of the Navaganza bore him safely through subterranean passages, and cast him forth at the foot of the Besso—the sacred mountain of the Huns. This familiar story, acted with a simplicity which left no room for criticism, was received with enthusiastic delight. When the curtain rising on the last scene showed the beautiful twin peaks

of the Besso, and the converted Huns fell on their knees before the uplifted cross, the church bells of Vissoie rang out a joyous peal, and the audience, rising to its feet, sang the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the triumph of the Christian faith. They were as pleased about it, as if it had happened yesterday. "*Le théâtre en Valais*," says an old chronicler, "*est l'école de vertus.*"

On this occasion, as on every other which offers an opportunity, there was a procession through the village streets and down the mountain side. The ancient Egyptian was not more wedded to the delights of a procession than is the modern Valaisan. All seasons afford them excuse for this harmless diversion, which gains dignity from the antiquity of the custom, and picturesqueness from the extraordinary beauty of the surroundings. There is a procession in early summer for the blessing of "*les bisses*"—the canals which irrigate the pastures. There are processions from township to township through the *Vallée d'Anniviers* on Rogation days; and the villages of Ayer and Saint-Jean have, from time immemorial, furnished the food—bread, cheese, and wine—which is eaten by the participants. There is a procession on the 16th of August in honor of St. Théodule, patron of vineyards; and a bunch of ripening grapes, tied to a cross, is carried at its head. There is a procession in June, when the cattle are solemnly blessed, before being sent to the high pasture lands where many dangers await them. For three months they browse on the steep inclines, and the milk is made into the great cheeses upon which the sturdy Valaisan lives and grows strong of limb. In the *Vallée d'Anniviers* there is one day appointed, on which all the milk is set sacredly aside for the "*Cure's cheeses.*" These are marked with a chalice, and are carried down to Vissoie in mid-August, and piled in the sacristy of the Church. Thence they find their way to the scattered villages, whose pastors fare as hardly as their flocks. The fat, sleek cleric, forever dear to the satirist, has yet to be encountered in Valais.

For a "*plentiful poverty*" abides in this bleak land, and she has set her seal upon the mountaineers. The plainness of their gala dress, contrasting sharply with the rich, gay costumes of the *Vaudois*; their low chalets—so picturesque a feature of the landscape, but so eminently uncomfortable as homes; the bare

simplicity of their daily lives; the absence of decoration everywhere; all tell of poverty bravely endured, and so common it is scarcely deemed a hardship. Beggars there are none. It is not the custom of the Swiss to beg, and the Valaisan would take shame to ask ought of a stranger. Rather is he minded to give; and I have had a peasant woman, sitting on the hillside, offer me a portion of her bread and cheese with charming courtesy and kindness. Once, watching a pair of strolling musicians who were wearily climbing the steep road to Zinal, I wondered what harvest they could hope to glean; and why, with the cold September night settling swiftly down upon the valley, they had wandered so far afield. My companion, an Anglican clergyman and a true mountaineer, laughed at my concern. "They are all right," he said. "You and I will give them some money, and—this is not Vaud, but Valais. There is not a house nor a hut by the roadside that will not take them in."

It was the finest comment on the situation. "He is rich," says Sir Thomas Browne, "who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be so poor that a noble mind may not find its way to this piece of goodness."

"COME O'ER AND HELP US."

BY MARGARET FLETCHER.

SOME of our English newspapers devote a few columns daily—during the summer holiday season—to discussions on domestic and family ethics. By this device a little ferment of thought is raised among a class of people who seldom have time for reflection. Letters flow in which, if they are not very closely reasoned and not very wise, have the value of human documents. The chosen topics have been growing more serious, until this year we have had "The Decay of Domesticity" and "The Dwindling Birth-Rate." Much of the correspondence shows a restless and feverish intelligence, and but little vigor and courage in the face of life. The whole of it witnesses to the marked decline of definite religious belief. Religion would seem to be no longer reckoned with as a restraining and controlling power. With no common basis and no definite goal, these discussions only serve to illustrate the drifting ideas of the majority. They do not make cheerful reading, and, while following them, there has been stealing up from some dim recesses of my memory the refrain of a hymn heard long ago, a mission hymn sung to a grave, swinging tune:

Through midnight gloom from Macedon,
The cry of myriads as of one;
The voiceful silence of despair
Is eloquent in awful prayer;
The souls' exceeding bitter cry:
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

How mournfully it echoes on—
For half the earth is Macedon!

Unconsciously the cry of half the civilized earth goes up

in witness to spiritual starvation. It goes up to the Church of Christ, and Catholics have the power to help. And yet we are a small body and likely to be a quiet and a passive one. Are we as effective as we might be? Do we leave an impress upon society that is in proportion to our numbers? There seems to be a growing feeling that we do not; not because of the lack of a brilliant few, but because of the absence of certain qualities in the rank and file of our laity. It is the average Catholic in the world who first ploughs the furrow into which the missionary can drop the seed.

I venture to suggest that we are apt to be too timid and too unpractical in bringing up young people. We cannot hope to influence our times if we do not understand them. A Catholic atmosphere is the priceless accompaniment of a Christian education. But since, as a body, we stand to the modern world very much as the early Christians stood to pagan Rome, if we produce types of character which need a continuation of this atmosphere for their maintenance, we fail as educators.

Under the present conditions such an atmosphere can only be generated in a social set at the price of ignorance of, or indifference to, what is going on outside. Should we not rather aim at generating the Catholic atmosphere, which the early Christians carried within them and diffused into dark places? Their's was the type of character that conquered paganism, and that without the help of what we understand to-day as Catholic atmosphere. So many of the pious books placed in the hands of the young strike a note of timidity at the outset, and dwell upon flight from the world and thoughts of death. But the young have something to do before they die; they have to live, and if we do not teach them to live nobly, we are not teaching them to die well. We teach them to fly from the "world" as a spirit; do we teach them as well to labor and serve in the world, which is God's vineyard? If we stir enthusiasm in a young heart for promoting Christ's Kingdom in the modern world, and enlist a youth in some practical social service which demands some sacrifice, we have surely strengthened him in the hour of temptation more effectually than by countless warnings against the attractions and allurements of sin.

And to be more definite: Are Catholic women in the world

the centres of influences they might be? Through the discussions I have been reading, one note persisted, first struck in Eden long ago, and quite audible to-day: "The woman gave me and I did eat." In sober earnest the majority of writers laid the whole burden of social ills upon the shoulders of woman. That note would not have persisted as it has unless it expressed a measure of truth. The power of woman is increased, and to-day we behold that power run riot a little.

The spectacle of uncontrolled force, even spiritual force, is an ugly one. To take the fiction of the last twenty years, what an indictment could be brought against the women writers of two continents for the zeal with which they have worked to de-Christianize society! Admitting the solid progress that has been made in woman's position, the fact remains, that those who have led her forward have not been sure of their goal.

They have trained her intellect and starved her spirit, while they dreamed of some ideal age which these changes should usher in. An idealist woman will always be, and she is capable of following false philosophies with the self-sacrifice of a saint and the mental vision of the unbalanced. When her ideal is individualism and materialism, we find her heading blindly for moral destruction, and quite confident that the dawn lies over the horizon. She has drunk in the false reasoning which preached the practises whose fruit we call "racial suicide"; and while she sins, she persuades herself that she acts in the interests of progress. And the stream of this progress is swollen and swept along by all the selfishness and cowardice in human nature. She is no longer content to follow the taste of an individual man, but she is tricked into following the ideals of man at the cost of self-destruction.

For the truth is, when woman is in touch with God, her spirituality is a great force and she is capable of leading man. When she is not, man inevitably leads her. For, the strength of the spirit excepted, she remains in other ways the weaker. There is a need for the presence in the midst of society, not of an exact repetition of any previous type of woman, but of a "new woman" who is new in Christ. Catholicism alone can produce her. The Catholic Church alone has the ideal pattern and the living grace which can breathe the true spirit into expanding knowledge.

The education of women of this type implies the laying of solid foundations and must include some discussions of the questions which agitate the outer world. No Catholic atmosphere we can arrange will exclude these questions from the minds of girls who have left school. They are laid on our breakfast tables with the newspaper—are overheard in railway trains and tram cars; they filter through the novel and magazine into every home in the land. And if they did not, we might miss our incentive to work.

Yet with that cry from Macedon,
The very car of Christ rolls on.

My voice is crying in their cry:
"Help ye the dying lest you die."

If the introduction to false conceptions of life is anticipated while a girl is still under the influence of her school, she can be helped to discriminate between good and evil in subtle forms, and to have her powers of thought and sense of responsibility trained. Later she may have slipped from under any influence and may be far from help. We Catholics need to send young women out into the world in love with knight-errantry, eager to ride abroad redressing social ills, longing to atone for the untold evil women have wrought. If we give them this field for enthusiasm, they will not employ the stored-up energy of youth in the excitement of coquetting with temptation. Should not this awakening of sympathies be a part of education in the later years of school life?

Bishop Spalding says: "But true religion is life and thought and love and ceaseless striving for deeper insight and more unselfish conduct. If we were more alive in mind, in heart, and in conscience, we should be able to do almost incredible things to bring the Kingdom of God to multitudes who wander bewildered and lost because there is no one to throw about them the light which Christ came to kindle. Not the priest alone is his minister; we are all his servants and the servants of all for whom he died, if we are not recreant and false."

We must endeavor to foster a wider *esprit de corps* among all Catholic women, and an enthusiasm for using every means of intellectual advance, that they may be better fitted to influ-

ence others. I am much struck by some of the associations and guilds that are springing up in non-Catholic but Christian circles in England. They seem well aimed against some of the bad tendencies of the times.

One in particular I will describe, for a Catholic guild on similar lines might have a far-reaching influence. It is called the "Guild of Good Service," is under the patronage of the Anglican Bishop of London, and is connected with the magazine called *The Girls' Realm*. Young women and girls, who have more money than they actually need for their own wants, subscribe regularly to a fund, which is employed in helping girls of the professional and upper classes, whose parents are poor, to some training which shall fit them for a start in life. It is, in fact, applying the spirit of charity, which has long been directed to orphans and children of the poorest classes, to those of the class upon which social conditions press very hardly at present.

The idea is not to supplement school fees, but to help a girl to some technical training when she leaves school which will fit her to earn a living. Those who have remarkable artistic gifts are enabled to develop them. The cases of applicants for grants are carefully considered by a committee who recommend them to the voters. All subscribers have a vote. The names of applicants appear only under initials, both on the voting papers and in the published list of the successful. The use which recipients of grants make of their opportunities and their after successes continues to be chronicled in the magazine. In this way the interests of rich and leisured girls are enlarged, they are helped to acquire imaginative sympathies with lives less fortunate than their own, and to take a pride and pleasure in the gifts of others.

Upon the Catholic middle class the social pressure falls the most heavily of all. According to the teaching of our faith, the Catholic parent must not shrink from the bearing of many children. An income that will efficiently educate three will not educate nine; and the children of these classes are often obliged to bury their talents and perhaps to sink into a condition below the one into which they were born. In the case of girls this state of things often involves temptations, the thought of which must make the heart of the parent ache.

Now the Catholic body needs educated women, and the best intellectual material is usually found in the class which is compelled by circumstances to use mental faculties at full pressure. If the effort to help others entails a little economy and contrivance on the part of those exempt from labor, what a boon for them, since the worst feature of their lot is often the absence of any stimulus to exertion. Why should we not have such a Catholic guild? Or if not this, can we not inaugurate one that will tend to awaken new philanthropic zeal in women, effective because directed to the needs of the day and calculated to cultivate the qualities of character most needed as a corrective to prevailing weaknesses. When we Catholic women realize our corporate strength and, standing shoulder to shoulder, are prepared to share one another's burdens to a fuller extent, we shall be bringing help to Macedon.

Wake heart and will to hear their cry:
"Help us to help them, lest we die."



STUDIES ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

BY M. D. PETRE.

I.

A LIFE MILITANT.

THE title of this first essay may surprise those who are used to regard Nietzsche as the apostle of decadence, of egoism, of anti-moralism, of anti-Christianity. And yet, since we would naturally wish to strike the keynote of a man's life and character in one's first words about him, I can think of him only, in this place, as, above all else, a fighter. We can sum up his philosophy under the title of one of his posthumous works, and say that it all deals finally with *The Will to be Strong*; and we can sum up his life, in like manner, under a single heading, and say that it was, throughout, an assertion of strength, a prolonged effort at the mastery of self and the conquest of everything else. That this fighting instinct was often most mistakenly employed need not lessen our belief in the pluck and determination of the fighter; we can admit the courage of the soldier, though we may not always sympathize with his cause.

Nor would it, I think, be possible to spend a certain time in fair-minded study of the works and life of Nietzsche without drawing therefrom, not only admiration for his genius, but also kindness, if not personal love, for the character therein displayed. If a great spiritual-minded philosopher, like Professor Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, can speak with affectionate sympathy of his many great qualities, and with tender indulgence of his intellectual exaggerations and mistakes, we too may hope to find in the works and life-story of this tragic figure something to learn and something to admire, as well as something to criticise and condemn. It was a life, from first to last, of purity, integrity, utter unworldliness, and detachment from all low interests. It was a strenuous life, a suffering life, an unselfish life. (Yes; though he was the philosopher of egoism!) It was a life devoid of common pleasures and de-

voted to an ideal; it was, in the truest sense of the word, though not from religious motives, an *ascetical* life. His one great fault was, indeed, that which is recognized as the besetting danger of the ascetic—he was proud. We find this pride, tender and embryonic, in his younger days, and the grain of mustard seed has grown to a mighty tree in his later years. And with pride came, as usual, its own chastisement—blindness and limitations.

The light of that brilliant mind was extinguished before the world at large had come to recognize its existence. His interest in this life was extinguished before he became a name, on the lips of those who knew him not, as well as of those who knew him. But, by a not unaccountable Nemesis, this intellectual aristocrat has been lifted on the shoulders of the very crowd he despised. Along with more distinguished and appreciative recognition he who, in principle and conduct, was anti-decadent, has become the archpriest of the decadents. He who thought a man's pride was his strength, has been adored by the weak; the anti-feminist has become a favorite amongst women; he who boasted (and with truth) that he was a mountain-climber, "Berg-steiger"; he who lived with his own Zarathoustra on the heights; he who fought the world and his enemies and his friends, but who fought himself more than all, has been venerated and invoked as the patron saint of those who, consistently and deliberately, follow the line of least resistance; who confine themselves, as it has been said, "to the sunny side of the garden"; who teach that whatever is easiest is best.

Poor Nietzsche! he went through much self-conquest to be upheld as the teacher of self-indulgence; he did hard things to become the supposed advocate of easy ones. Nor is the reason so very far to seek, if we consider his deeds along with his philosophy. In those things wherein he had to overcome himself, he was stringent in his injunctions to others to do likewise; but there were whole tracts of life in which he had no personal experience of temptation or wrong-doing, and in such matters his principle of self-assertion was easily transformed into a doctrine of self-indulgence and license. He had to overcome himself in the endurance of sickness and pain and depression, and he has taught us noble lessons upon this subject; but, on the other hand, he had an instinctive loathing

for coarseness of every kind, he was neither sensual nor cruel, and yet he has made himself the apologist of the human beast of prey, the "Raub-Thier," and has mistaken lust and brutality for strength. To the sick man, who had not known the upheaval of animal passion, nor felt the struggle between the law of sin and the law of life, the uncontrolled instincts of a barbarous nature may have appeared to be high manifestations of force; anyhow his writings have, in places, more than justified this supposition.

And yet the man who wrote, in 1888, the following words: "The weak and unsuccessful shall perish, this is the first principle of our love of mankind, and we will even help them to perish," * wrote to his friend, von Gersdorff, in 1870, after his hospital service by the battlefield: "For a long while the wail of the wounded was never out of my ears."

And he who wrote, in 1876: "To aim, in all one does, *at one's own greater good*, that is better than those miserable emotions and actions for the sake of another," † says also to the same friend: "We must live, not for ourselves, but for others."

The apostle of anti-pity lost his health in the service of the wounded; the anti-feminist was the chivalrous friend of several women, and a devoted brother to his one sister; the preacher of egoism and self-assertion was patient in sickness, unselfish in his daily life.

Not but that, even in his writings as well as his actions, we cannot find, to a great extent, their own corrective. Some, indeed, of the latest works, are so marked by excess and exaggeration, that the sounder and stronger elements are hardly perceptible. But we must always remember that these were his *last* works, and that the shadow was already overhanging the mind it was eventually to darken. In the works of the middle period, on the other hand, if we take them as a whole; if we study them as the works of Nietzsche, which are a kind of inner autobiography, ought to be studied, in the light of his life and character; if we distinguish the part which is more strictly his own, and neglect the mere aphoristic smartnesses, which are less original; then, however strongly we may disagree with much of his doctrine, we shall be less disposed to pronounce him, as some have done, an unqualified decadent, or to regard him as the intellectual offspring of an effete and tired age.

* *Anti-Christ*. Par. 2.

† *Menschliches, allzu Menschliches*. P. I. Par. 95.

If he was an egoist, it was of the strong, self-reliant kind, in contrast to its parasitical form. It was not the egoism of one who lives upon others; it was an assertion of the rights of the self within, not of the claims of the self without. It was made up of self exertion, self-restraint, self-reliance. There is no labor so strenuous as that of self-formation, nor is there any activity so exhausting as that which is inner and personal. But this is just the one labor which, in a busy world, is most carefully avoided; and, as Nietzsche says: "We give away our hearts to the state, to commerce, to society, to science, and we give them away hurriedly, just in order not to possess them ourselves."*

But this part of his lesson has been overlooked, and he has been made to teach self-assertion at the expense of others only, not self-assertion at the cost of the lower and lazy self. In the same way, his doctrine of mercilessness cannot be rightly separated from his doctrine of the "will to be strong"; he is pleading in favor of the pitied also, when he deprecates that which he regards as an enervating treatment. To pity any one was, in his eyes, to exhibit one's own strength at the expense of the sufferer.

But Nietzsche was a philosophical thinker, and not strictly a philosopher, with any attempt at a rounded and completed system. His sister gives us to understand that such a complete system was in process of formation, but, as it cannot be said to lie before us, it is the more easy to gather contradictory impressions from his writings. Yet not for this need we believe with some, that his development consisted of a series of spasmodic changes with their corresponding periods. There was, I believe, more consistency and continuity than might at first be supposed and, in the biography, his sister has given us actual proof of this on the point of his relation to Schopenhauer, by furnishing us with a private note of 1867, containing a criticism of that philosopher, in which we see that, even in the period of his most ardent discipleship, he kept his head above water, and gauged the weakness as well as the strength of his admired master.

Friedrich Nietzsche was born October 15, 1844, at R \ddot{u} cken, in Germany. It is curious to know that this author of *Anti-Christ* had a father who was a clergyman, two grandfathers,

* *Schopenhauer als Erzieher.*

likewise clergymen, uncles and great-uncles also clergymen. He said, in 1882, in a moment, perhaps, of forgetfulness:

"One recognizes the sons of Protestant pastors and schoolmasters by the naïve assurance with which, as savants, they consider their point to be proved . . . they are thoroughly used to being believed."* Perhaps the latter-day assurance of our philosopher may have been a mark of atavism on this point.

He was educated amidst the most pious Christian surroundings, and seems to have entirely responded to these early influences. He lost his father when he was barely five years old, and always regretted the lack of this manly influence over his first formation. A brother also died quite young, and his mother and sister, with two aunts, constituted his family circle. They migrated to Naumburg after the death of his father, and in this town he received his first education and schooling, amidst simple, homely, loving people; his life, and that of his young sister, being varied by occasional visits to their grandparents. His sister, who still lives and devotes herself to the editing of her brother's published and unpublished works, gives us a happy picture of their home life, truly German in its cheerfulness and domesticity, and Germans have surely proved themselves the truest friends and guides of childhood. In 1858 he went to the great public school of Pforta, and remained there till 1864. Although his friend, Professor Deussen, tells of their mutual fervor in receiving confirmation at some time during this period, it was nevertheless during his life at Pforta that the simple faith of his childhood passed away, never to return.

We find the year 1863 marked by an event which might have passed without notice in the lives of many students. The event was that Nietzsche got drunk—the first and the last time—and the first and the last exhibition of sensuality in this proud, self-restrained life. He probably never forgot it and wrote at once to his mother to confess the terrible disgrace.

The same Professor Deussen relates a curious adventure of his friend in regard to another class of temptations. He was once being conducted by a cicerone through the chief places of interest in some town and the man brought him, in the middle of the day, to a restaurant of evil fame. Nietzsche found himself surrounded by a most unwonted company. In

* *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*. Par. 348.

his first moment of bewilderment and dismay he betook himself, not to prayer, but to a piano which stood in the room—"the only thing in the company possessed of a soul." Having struck a few chords he regained his presence of mind and escaped.

Music was a keen delight from early years, and an element in his philosophy. He possessed a quite unusual gift for improvisation, and we shall see how one of the great friendships of his life was founded on musical sympathy.

In 1865 he went to the University of Leipzig, where he lived, first as student, afterwards as teacher, till 1869—with, however, an interruption, in 1867, for military service. He entered with great zeal and energy into the soldier-career, and seems to have done well, until it was rudely interrupted by a bad accident, followed by a consequent illness.

Nietzsche had devoted himself specially to philology and the Greek classics, accompanying these studies with a good deal of philosophical reading and thought. It was during these years that he became acquainted with the writings of Schopenhauer, which were to him the bible of his new religion. Two of his greatest friendships, that with Professor Erwin Rohde* and that with Freiherr von Gersdorff, are partly founded on common sympathy with the philosophy of Schopenhauer.

In 1869, to the universal astonishment, this young man of twenty-four years was appointed Professor of Philology at the University of Basle; a distinction he had gained chiefly by his early philological essays.

This year was still more memorable for another event, one of the most important in his life, his first meeting with Richard Wagner, leading to the subsequent friendship with him and his wife. It was Wagner, and Wagner's music, that played a large part in the productions of this his first, and, we might also say, his artistic and romantic period. Between 1870 and 1876 were produced *The Birth of Tragedy* and the four *Treatises Out of Due Time* (*Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*). The first and last of these works had direct reference to the genius of Wagner.

The story of this friendship is tragic, passing as it does, from the record of such tender affection as can exist between disciple and master, through a stage of coolness, into its final phase of

* Philological professor and author of *The History of the Greek Novel* and of *Psyche*.

positive antagonism. Nietzsche was perhaps one of those to whom the pain of broken friendship is so intense that it can only be faced in a mood of violence. That, even during their greatest intimacy, there were occasional clouds, which gave forewarning of the future storm, his sister has shown us in the biography. It is certain that neither to the dead nor to the living did Nietzsche ever profess that kind of allegiance which would interfere with entire intellectual independence.

And when we watch the progress of his intimacy with the great musician, as also of that with Erwin Rohde, the friend of his youth, and his one-time *alter ego*, we ask ourselves sadly if such must not inevitably be the fate of too many friendships between great men of independent mind. An ordinary workaday intimacy may not demand perfect union of thought and aim, but when we come to the friendships of thinkers, whose thought is their life, we know that divergence in matters of strong conviction cannot coexist with real love and union. In *Human, too Human*, he writes: "We can promise actions, but not feelings, for these latter are involuntary. He who promises any one to love him always, to hate him always, or to be always faithful, promises something which is not in his power; he can only promise those actions which are the ordinary consequences of love, or hatred, or constancy." *

It is this conviction of the inevitableness of change and inconstancy in affection which underlies the sadness of some of our modern novelists—Thomas Hardy in particular. Love, they tell us, is just one of the things which cannot be commanded, it comes as and when it will, and it goes in like manner, and the more rich and complex the nature, the less fitted it is for an enduring passion or affection.

We will not so easily abandon our hopes and bid adieu to the ideal of lasting friendship. It may be that, if some hearts are faithful only because they are shallow, and if the deeper nature is less easily constant, perhaps the deepest love of all will more nearly approach the first and simplest types, and will be both enlightened and enduring. Still it is useless to deny that, in the course of a varied and independent life, certain intimacies will have to be sacrificed, if greater things are not to be abandoned in their place. Even though a certain slumbering affection may remain, its exercise and manifestation will have to be

* *Menschliches, allzu Menschliches*. Par. 58.

limited, if not effaced. It is not offered up to the genius of mutability, but to the demands of the personal calling, of that task which each one has been born to fulfil.

Nietzsche took up the position of son and disciple towards Wagner, but this position became untenable, in so far as he saw and felt things independently of the master. It is undoubted that he often endeavored to blind himself to the defects and limitations of his idol. His sister relates one little incident, in which her brother confessed with pain and shame that "Wagner was not great on that occasion!"

But wilful blindness is a very curable disease. The open-minded and clear-sighted must love in all openness and candor, or not at all. And Nietzsche was just the man to take up, with the same intensity and completeness, the task of breaking off a friendship as that of sacrificing everything to its perfection. His whole life testifies to his resolution that head should not be enslaved by heart, nor conviction by feeling. Indeed, we may say that Nietzsche, the anti-moralist, often lapsed into the extremes of asceticism, of which one first principle is never to let oneself go, never to lose hold of head or heart. This was, in Nietzsche, the "will to be strong," showing itself in the conquest of feeling and affection.

He says in 1888: "I think I know, better than any, the huge achievements of which Wagner is capable . . . and, such as I am, with force sufficient to turn what is most questionable and dangerous to advantage and to become stronger therefrom, I name Wagner the great benefactor of my life."*

This was to him the test of every wholesome experience: "Could he surmount it or not?" Friends and enemies, thoughts and feelings, joy and sorrow, health and pain, all had to be *surmounted* and were surmounted. Nietzsche was, undoubtedly, most conscious of the pain he himself underwent in the process of dethroning his idol from the middle of his heart, and so convinced that the deed, which demanded such courage and effort, must be an heroic deed, that he forgot a little that there was a second heart to be considered likewise, and that he was exercising his "will to be strong" at the cost of another as well as himself.

He writes, in 1879, to his friend Rohde: "The usual personal consequence of each of my books has been that a friend

* *Biography*. Vol. II. P. 201. From a note of 1888:

was wounded and abandoned me." (December 28. *Correspondence*. Vol. II.)

Perhaps they thought he cared nothing for their desertion; he really cared so much that, in the control of his own pained susceptibility, he overlooked their feelings altogether. Does he not remind us somewhat of those Christian ascetics who were so absorbed in the conquest of their own passions that they forgot to notice if they had left a few hearts strewn on the triumphal path of their own victory? Self-possession, self-control, are the noblest duties of man and, in so far as we are isolated entities, they cannot be carried too far; but we must distinguish those matters in which our lives are entangled with those of others, and not offer human sacrifices, even though our own blood be mingled with that of the victim.

We shall see Nietzsche, later on, dignified, self-controlled, triumphant, in sickness and mental depression, and then our whole sympathy can go out to the stricken man, who makes such a noble fight with adverse circumstances; but when he is dealing with the hearts of his friends, our admiration is necessarily qualified. For the sake of his own intellectual life and independence he was bound to master the influence which Wagner had exercised over him; to possess his own soul, even while acknowledging the benefits with which he had been enriched by this other great mind. In his beautiful treatise, *Wagner in Bayreuth*,* as he tells us later on, he at once fulfilled his debt of gratitude and accomplished the work of his own emancipation. It is just by the full expression of our feelings that we learn where those feelings end; and it was by all that Wagner had been to him that Nietzsche discovered where Wagner also ended. In so far as he simply worked for his own essential freedom, he was right, and some sort of estrangement may have been inevitable; but the violence with which, at one time, he worked out his own liberation, is almost comparable to the deed of the man who pushes his friend off the plank on which there is only room for one. Wagner was too strong to be drowned, but one fears that, even had he been a weaker man, Nietzsche might not, for this, have acted with any more gentleness and consideration.

In 1869 was the commencement of this close friendship, which was to end in such a tragic manner; in 1870 came an oppor-

* *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*—1875-1876.

tunity for the great manifestation of devotion to his country, another strong attachment, which was, later, to be dissolved in bitterness. If Nietzsche has deeply wounded the patriotic feelings of his countrymen, let them not forget that the origin of his fatal disease may probably be traced to the severe illness he contracted while nursing the wounded in the war of 1870. He would have fought, if he could; not being judged physically fit for it, he fulfilled the harder task of caring for those who could. His friend Rohde, whom he tried to tempt to the same course, said, rather sadly afterwards, that the material had been too precious and costly for the use to which it was applied. But Nietzsche did not stop to think of this. He, who was to heap derision on sentimental pity and devotion to the weak, forgot all the ambitions of his life to staunch wounds and bear with the cries and complaints of the sick.

This is the last external event of much importance in the life of Nietzsche, if we except the resignation of his professorship in 1897. From the year 1870, therefore, we need only follow the progress of his mental development and of his bodily sickness and decay, until the catastrophe of 1889.

In 1878 he startled his friends by the first publication of what has been classed as his second period, *viz.*, *Human, too Human*, which was followed by a second part, and by *The Wanderer and his Shadow*. This period was largely influenced by Darwinism, and it is evident that the scientific temper, and the love of clear, dispassionate knowledge, is asserting itself against the artistic and mystical tendencies of his younger days. He is "surmounting" the impressionability of the artist temperament; is freeing himself from the fascinations of the romantic school; and is stripping off any remaining vestiges of religious conviction.

Now we should not fail to note that this transformation is taking place in Nietzsche at the very time when, subjectively, he might have been most disposed towards any kind of æsthetic solace. It is not when a man is sick and suffering that he will usually turn from music and art to sober, unadorned science. And that Nietzsche did so, not from impulse, but from that instinct of self-conquest which was always so predominant, is evident from his whole life, and from what he himself tells us.

For the spiritual-minded sickness has a terror to which coarser natures are not exposed; the bodily pain and discom-

fort are little in comparison with that overclouding of the higher perceptions, that distortion of the mental vision, that acidity of the spiritual palate which are a result of the physical state. At such times it needs an almost heroic effort to maintain the independence of the soul, to save the objectivity of mental apprehensions from the influence of merely subjective and pathological conditions. Nietzsche felt this danger, and nobly did he face it. He knew that, if his work was to possess objective value, his mind must get the better of a diseased body. And so he tells us, in his preface to the second part of *Human, too Human*, that, even though it be a sufferer who speaks to us in the book, he speaks as though he were not a sufferer: "Ein Leidender hat auf Pessimismus noch kein Recht"; "a sufferer," he says, "has no right to be a pessimist." Therefore, he cultivated "Optimism as a means of recovery, that he might again be rightly pessimistic."

Whatever may be our opinion as to the philosophy which he evolved from this self-conquest, we can hardly withhold a cry of admiration at this lonely, godless man, who is so resolved that his personal pains shall not affect the clearness of his outlook and utterances, who waited till his will had obtained full mastery before once more taking up his life-task, his *Aufgabe*. If such a line of conduct were to be more frequently adopted, what deep silence would prevail in many quarters where now there is much noise of words! How often the utterances, however eloquent, of the man-hater, the woman-hater, the world-hater, the creed-hater, the society-hater, are, in reality, not words and opinions at all, but merely articulated groans, the expression of personal pain, anger, disappointment, sickness, not of any objective conviction whatsoever.

We are Christians, and he was an atheist, but let us listen and learn, none the less. Until he felt that there was something in him stronger than his private suffering, he trusted himself neither to form nor to utter an opinion. He always believed in pain as a necessary ingredient in a life devoted to truth, but his faith was in pain conquered, and not in pain triumphant. He knew, as we all may know, that, though the waters might inevitably cover him for a time, while there is life and perception at all, there is the possibility of lifting the head above the waves.

It is only too true that there came a time, later on, when Nietzsche no longer surmounted his subjective impressions, but,

in so far as this condition, at first partially, and then entirely, prevailed, we may say that all difference between the subjective and objective had been obliterated, that he could not conquer impressions which were no longer distinguishable from reality. Madness, like death, puts an end to further possibility of fight, but, so long as the will could do anything to uplift and control the sick body, valiantly was the combat sustained.

And that his task was no easy one, may be judged from the following passage of a letter to his friend and physician, Dr. Otto Eiser, 1880: "My existence is a terrible burden. I would long ago have cast it from me, had I not been able to draw the most instructive proofs and experiments in the spiritual and moral domain from this very condition of suffering—this *knowledge-thirsty* joy lifts me to heights where I surmount all torture and despair. *On the whole, I am happier than ever in my life*; and yet—continual pain, a feeling of sea-sickness during many hours of the day, a semi-paralysis which makes speech difficult; then, for a change, raging attacks of sickness (in one I retched for three days and nights and longed for death). I cannot read—I can seldom write—I can hold no intercourse with others—I can listen to no music."

In another letter to Frau Baumgartner he says: "We have all something to bear. We are burdened, heavily burdened, but we can still fly upwards and look out far abroad. . . . There are many means of growing strong and getting good wings. Above all wretchedness still a song of joy!" (July 15, 1881.)

He rarely complained, and, when he did, the words of hope and courage and self-restraint always follow quickly on the cry of anguish. With the abandonment of his professorship may be said to close the second period of Nietzsche's productivity. The works of the third period were: *Aurora*; or, *Morning Red*. 1880-1881. *Gay Knowledge*. 1882. *Thus Spake Zarathoustra*. 1883-1885. *Beyond Good and Evil*. 1885-1886. *The Genealogy of Morals*. 1887. *Anti-Christ*, etc. 1888.

It is a sad and strange fact that it is not always the most profound and original of the works of the three periods which have got into general translation and circulation. If we except *Zarathoustra*, which is certainly one of the most brilliant, it is rather the inferior and less original ones which have become more generally known, at least in English. *The Considerations Out of Due Time* (*Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen*), for

instance, are less known than the *Anti-Christ*. *Gay Knowledge*, with all its defects a really beautiful work of the middle period, and *Human, too Human*, are but little read in comparison with *Beyond Good and Evil*, a more sceptical and less original production. It is rather, as we have already seen, his extreme expressions and his negative utterances which have caught the popular attention, and given him his place and fame.

In spite of this enormous intellectual activity, the shadow of coming disaster steadily deepened from the year 1879, when he finally renounced his Basle professorship. Like many a sufferer, his instinct was to escape into solitude and fight his battle alone; and we must add to this instinct the self-reliance, which made him always draw on his own resources, looking neither to God nor man for help and sympathy. Utter fearlessness of mind and heart was his ideal disposition, cultivated, indeed, with a blind and fatal earnestness. He was himself the "free spirit" which he so often extols, that can "dance on the edge of precipices," having taken leave of all desire for belief and certainty.*

There is, indeed, a fearlessness which is the not enviable characteristic of those who have nothing to lose. Men without money, women without honor, can venture into places where others would tremble. But Nietzsche, on the contrary, thought his fearlessness justified by his own self-sufficiency; his "will to be strong" went mad with its own intensity. There are times when a simple child can point out a precipice, can tell us that we are tilting with a windmill and not a man. But Nietzsche, alas, had withdrawn into a solitude through which no independent warning could penetrate. He was alone, in the material and spiritual sense of the word. He heard no voice but his own, or its echo from those who could love and admire, but not wholly sympathize nor correct. And so, at last, he fell headlong into the whirlpool dreaded by the anchorites of the Thebaid, and this anti-Christian solitary toppled the more hopelessly into inordinate self-esteem that he would not even have looked to God to save him.

Nothing could be more sad than his last utterances of this kind before the final tragedy. One could almost close one's ears not to hear one, who had been so worthy of respect, give vent to sentiments so audacious in their self-assurance.

* *Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft*. Par. 347.

He was the one writer of good German, the one philosopher of his age, the Super-man, the Teacher so great that nobody would understand him. Friend after friend dropped away, only one or two remained, together with the mother and sister whom nothing could alienate. Now and again he realizes his utter isolation, and utters a cry of agony: "I am lonely—so lonely!" But the solitude has become now like an atmosphere around him, clinging and thick and impenetrable. In 1889 comes the final crash. He is found in the streets of Turin in a helpless and unconscious condition. After a short time in a Sanatorium at Basle his mother took him under her care until her own death, in 1897, when his sister succeeded to the charge, removing him to Weimar, where he lived amidst the archives of his own works, all unconscious of the activity around him, lovingly tended by the one to whom he was ever wise, ever faultless, and who has made it her life-work to preserve and establish all that he had done or but partly done. In spite of his past cynical utterances, he did find one who could know all, who could see into the depths of his nature, and who could yet be constant and loving to the end.

It speaks not a little for the lovableness of his character that not eleven years of a living death could in any way obliterate the impression of what had been. Perhaps, indeed, with those who knew him and loved him so well, he did actually still live, in mind as well as body, more than others could perceive or guess. On August 25, 1900, he quietly passed away.

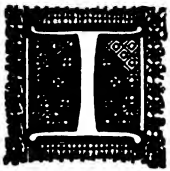
The title of his posthumous work, *The Will to be Strong*, shall furnish us with our last word of this first essay. In order to know Nietzsche, to rightly appreciate and get good from him, we must follow his own advice, even though that very advice should lead us often to differ from him. We must read him, that is to say, *in order to grow strong and to surmount him*. We must take the lesson of his life along with the lesson of his works, and we must take these in their deepest, and not in their superficial sense. He has done more harm to those who know him little than to those who know him well, and this is just because they have taken what was easy and have left the rest. We cannot afford to take over our religion or our philosophy from Nietzsche, we cannot be his disciples, but we can learn from him something that will enrich the truths we already possess.

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOVERS AND PILGRIMS.



It was surprising how many things Hugh Randal contrived to do for his patroness that winter. The factory was now open and the increased output involved Lady Anne in much business. Besides that, her circle of friends had widened. People who were interested in the things she was interested in, sought her out with the wider publicity. It had been comparatively easy to reject butterfly acquaintances; it was another matter when friendship was offered her which was based on a common passion.

A little colony of wooden houses had grown up about the factory. In one there were teachers teaching wood-carving and cabinet making; in another the tufted carpet-weaving; in yet another a row of white-pinafores little girls were learning to embroider vestments and church banners. For the rest, a good many of the little huts were dwelling houses. It did not do to accustom workers to clean and healthy surroundings all day and to send them back to the ragged and filthy villages at night. They were fed as well as housed, that is, so many of them as were at present accommodated with sleeping rooms. That practical person, Mr. Hugh Randal, had had time to think out the fact that cooking in the wooden houses would probably reduce itself to a question of the teapot. Lady Anne did not propose to have her workers fed on stewed tea and white bread. The houses were separated from each other for fear of fire, and were dotted about like so many little beehives. Nothing could have been sweeter and fresher than their aspect, opening by latched doors on to the lake-side and the row of quicken trees covered with their scarlet berries.

Hugh Randal had found all the teachers for the various handicrafts and many of the pupils. As he went through the villages he had a knack of selecting here a boy, there a girl, with an aptitude for the various kinds of work.

"It only takes a little imagination," he said, when Lady Anne praised him in her impulsive way to Mrs. Massey in his presence. "The ordinary business man wouldn't think of looking at their fingers. A good many people would think me mad for doing it. Those children now—they will be missionaries—as they go to and fro between their homes and us, they will carry the gospel of discontent with squalor and laziness."

"So long as you don't make us too industrious," Mrs. Massey said, "and too energetic. Imagine Ireland a second America!"

By this time young Kenneth Campbell and his bride had returned from their honeymoon, and were living under Mrs. Massey's roof, to her great contentment. She reported that Kenneth was learning his new duties, at least so far as the first and most important of them went, and that was winning the people to him. Indeed the bride and bridegroom were the delight of the country people, who never ceased to be interested in the beautiful young couple, beautifully dressed, who walked about hand in hand, and were so ready to talk with the poor people and to slip a half crown at leaving into the baby's dirty little paw.

That habit of walking hand in hand presented itself to the people's minds as "Quality's foolishness." In fact, they had a sort of loving contempt for Captain and Mrs. Kenneth.

"Sure what are they but childer?" they would say. "You'd think himself came out of a bandbox every morning; an' to think of her, with her lacy petticoats an' her little boots, streelin' about over the mountains an' the bogs, an' they staring into each other's faces like as if they'd never look enough! Och, sure Quality has quare ways!"

However, Mrs. Massey was so pleased with the general effect of the golden pair that she whispered delightedly to Lady Anne that she really believed Kenneth was a born diplomatist; and that Lucy was even better. For to be sure Lucy had a sense of humor in which Kenneth, dear fellow, was somewhat lacking, and that carried her a long way towards

understanding and being understood by the people. They were a constant delight to Mrs. Massey, they were so innocent about money-matters and so proud and delicate and generous. Captain Kenneth had lived in his smart regiment on the tiniest income of his own, supplemented by big tips from the rich aunts. Lady Mary Mowbray had been a very Haroun-al-Raschid in the matter of tips, and was quite willing to continue them on a more business-like basis, now that Kenneth was a married man. But, to the amazement and amusement of those members of the family who were admitted to the secret, he had actually refused Lady Mary's bounty. "Now that I am a married man," he had said with a proud uplifting of his young golden head, "I am going to earn my wife's living and my own."

Mrs. Kenneth had a couple of hundred a year; his small income, all told, amounted to no more. Hitherto it had kept him—just a little more than in button-holes—say, in bouquets for Lucy.

Now they declared their intention of living on this sum; that is to say, over and beyond their actual board and lodging, which they were to let Mrs. Massey provide for them.

"I am not worth even that, yet," Captain Kenneth had said with beautiful humility. "When I know my business, Aunt Ida, and am worth it, you may talk of a salary. As it is, we shall do very well."

"Luckily they got a good many cheques among their wedding presents," Mrs. Massey said with a chuckle to Lady Anne. "For he thinks it contrary to his wife's dignity to accept the benefactions of her aunts any longer. She orders her stockings—real silk, my dear—by the dozen. Her trousseau's paid for, but how long are the delicate things going to last through an Irish winter? He's looking for a horse for her—she's going to hunt. Jacky Callaghan asked him a hundred and twenty for a nice little mare. Before they could clinch the bargain, I went behind his back and bought the mare for forty pounds. You should have seen his look of reproach: 'Aunt Ida,' he said—I have insisted on being an aunt—'it is too much, far too much.' It's not in him to be ungracious, or he'd have made the poor little thing refuse. I haven't dared tell him that Jacky sold the mare to me for a third of what he had asked him, the villain. Oh, they're immortal, that's just

what they are, those two; they're a delight. They'll put down a sovereign for a tale of distress, and what's more she'll spill her dear tears for it. He'll go on having his clothes from Poole's, and she from Jay's and Redfern's. She's doing without a maid heroically. One of the aunt's allowances provided her with a maid. I believe he fastens her frocks for her. By and bye they'll have to let me do what I like. Meanwhile, the independence is charming. I saw her trying to mend a flounce of her petticoat the other day. She was making a bad job of it."

"If you want a maid for her, there's Mary Anne Cronin, Sutcliffe can give her a few lessons in hair-dressing. I give Sutcliffe so little to do for me that she grows discontented. I know she's been teaching Mary Anne a good many things. I rather suspect that Mary Anne does more of my mending and 'getting up' than Sutcliffe. The appetite for not doing grows by what it feeds on."

"Mary Anne would be excellent. Meanwhile Lucy refers casually in my presence to the tyranny of maids in general, and the freedom of being without one. She wears a tousled head. I grant you, it doesn't impair her loveliness."

"You'd better make her understand presently that it is her duty to have Mary Anne. If you put it on the score of kindness?"

"Lucy would rise to the bait. Meanwhile, let me enjoy my little comedy a little longer. After all, we can't expect children of their age to accept adoption right off. When they acknowledge that they are my children they shall want for nothing."

The winter was a very busy one for Hugh Randal. Above all, and beyond all, he was occupied with the affairs of the Mount Shandon exhibit at Washington. He had gone over himself about the site. To the pretended indignation of Mother Patrick he had secured, or she said he had, the site which she had coveted. She acknowledged that he had got her the next best, but all the same she pretended to a stormy indignation with him.

"I don't know what kind of a comethor her Ladyship put on me, at all," she said, "that I let her have you, Hugh Randal. And here am I now a lone woman, with no one to look after my affairs in America except one who hasn't my interests

at heart. Sure, why wouldn't the Point play second fiddle to Mount Shandon?"

"Indeed, I did my best for you," Hugh remonstrated. "Haven't you got the police station in the Irish village, and haven't we got the priest's house? And aren't we straight opposite each other in the middle of the village?"

"It should be the other way about. Why not I the priest's house and you the police station? Did you want to make me unpopular?"

"It will be the most popular thing in the village. Isn't the Royal Irish Constabulary Band going over? And won't they all be crowding to see where such fine men live?"

"I ought to have had you, Hugh Randal, and not her Ladyship."

"Only you'd never give me the reins. You know, Mother, you'd never let any one manage but yourself."

"Maybe there's some truth in that," the nun said, with a twinkle. "And maybe you'd never have done as much for me as you do for Lady Anne Chute. She has a way with her, as I ought to know, or I'd never have given her you."

All the workers felt the stir and excitement of the big coming event that winter. They were on their mettle. It was a young industry to compete with some long-established, and only the best work was to go to Washington.

Lady Anne was in and out the workshops and the various class-rooms, inspecting, encouraging, praising, every day. Hugh Randal told her that the workers always looked for her praise, that the work was the better because of those visits. They would walk up and down the lake-side talking after these visits, Lady Anne with the skirt of her habit over her arm, if she had ridden, as she often did.

Many a glance was cast at them from the windows of the workrooms, but nobody thought the air of great intimacy strange. Perhaps the difference in rank between Lady Anne Chute and Hugh Randal was too enormous to the conservative Irish mind to make any vulgar misapprehension possible. Once a girl said, with a smile and a sigh, that it was a pity her Ladyship couldn't find anything better to talk about with a handsome boy like Mr. Randal than "ould carpets an' blankets an' such ould trash." But the sense of the meeting was against her.

"Sure, if she wasn't talkin' to him about the likes o' them, Polly Ryan, she wouldn't be talkin' to him at all," said one wise damsel.

There had been some suggestion of Mary Hyland going to Washington in charge of the exhibit, but this Lady Anne had promptly negatived.

"She's not strong enough for it," she said with an air of tenderness. She had grown very fond of Mary, whose innocent devotion to herself was most touching, and had made herself a sort of a guardian of the girl's health and happiness.

"There is only one other person I can think of," Hugh said in a hesitating way.

"I wonder you didn't think of her before, or at least mention her," Lady Anne said in pretended rebuke. "As it is, I found her out for myself. It is your sister, Mrs. Kane."

"You've talked to Honor?"

"I've found out what you wouldn't put me on the track of, that your sister is a good business woman and will not mind leaving her little girls for the six months the exhibit will be open."

"I've often wanted to talk to you about Honor, Lady Anne, only, you see, I had a delicacy about my own family."

"Which was very unkind to me."

He sent her a glance which might have been called adoring, if she had not been an earl's daughter, and he Hugh Randal, late of the tailor's shop in the little provincial town.

"She has a good business head. She understands business. More, she's devoted to your interests—like the rest of us. Devotion can't be bought."

As he said it a little flush came into his clear, brown cheek.

"Indeed, I know it can't," she said gently, turning her beautiful eyes upon him. "And I am so grateful for it. What should I do without it?"

The speech, and the voice in which it was said, lingered like the sweetest music in his ears after she had gone. It emboldened him, while yet the delight of her presence was all about him, to make a suggestion which he had had in his mind for some time.

"When the exhibition is opened, Lady Anne, you must come over and see for yourself."

"See for myself! To America! I have never thought of

going to America. Yet, after all, why should I not? It would be very pleasant. Perhaps Mrs. Massey would come too."

She broached the matter later to Ida Massey; but there was no chance of her companionship. A certain event was expected in the summer, about which she confessed herself as fidgety as any real prospective grandmother could be.

"Those children!" she said with a voice, an intonation, that made the words exquisitely tender. "Think of them! I have to see them through it. The shadow of it is over him already. She is an incarnate joy, like a little light—'a tall candle' as that young man, Mr. Yeats, might say. I'll be happier myself when it's over."

Lady Anne put a sympathetic hand on her shoulder.

"I'm so glad, Ida, though I shall have to do without you. Don't take it too much to heart beforehand. Reserve yourself for the joy."

"I shall have my hands full looking after them and getting the baby clothes. And your American expedition?"

"I shall take Cousin Anastasia, I think. Miss Graham has asked me for a holiday this summer to go see her sister, who is a governess and is growing superannuated, I fear. They were to meet at Margate. She shall have her sister here for the whole summer, if she will. Mr. Randal will look after us. He has thought of everything already. He wants to book our rooms from the first of June. They have to be booked a long time in advance."

"Wonderful young man!" Mrs. Massey remarked, in what Lady Anne had been accustomed to call "her caustic voice." "He has time for everything—except to get married."

"You seem to have his marriage on your mind, Ida," Lady Anne said, a little irritably. "Why should they be in such a hurry about their marriage? They are very happy as they are."

"Perhaps it is because I have such an example of married felicity before my eyes every day," Mrs. Massey said, dropping the cynical tone.

Later she shook her head over Lady Anne's irritability.

"I shall have to re-consider my large, calm Anne," she said. "She is growing short-tempered."

CHAPTER XVII.

A BUSYBODY.

At Christmas, when there was a large house-party staying at Mount Shandon, Mrs. Massey spoke to Lord Dunlaverock about Lady Anne's going to America. Hugh Randal was staying in the house among all the fine folk. It happened to be a spilling wet day, and the house-party had betaken itself to bridge. Mrs. Massey had had the library fireside to herself. She had been reading a novel, but it had lain neglected on her lap since she had seen Lady Anne pass the window with Hugh Randal, a pack of dogs at their heels. Lady Anne was wearing her Scotch plaid and a deerstalker cap. Hugh Randal had his hands in the pockets of his homespun Norfolk suit, his cap pulled over his eyes; he wore leggings. They were off for an eight-mile walk in the teeth of the rain, and would return in time for lunch, hungry as hunters.

"What can she have to say to him?" she asked herself jealously, and then answered herself: "To be sure it is only the industries, always the unending industries. About what else could Lady Anne Chute talk to Hugh Randal?"

Then she remembered that a few days before she had heard Lady Anne, for the first time in her life, quote modern poetry. It had been a bit of the incomprehensible Mr. Yeats, too, in his most incomprehensible mood. She did not altogether like the signs when a young man and a young woman began to read poetry together. She had a memory of Paolo and Francesca. And why should not Dunlaverock have been his cousin's companion on that wet walk? To be sure, Dunlaverock had been out of the way. He had taken in his solitary life to inventing time-saving and labor-saving machines for use in mining. Lady Anne had been profoundly interested in them, and when he had arrived with a box full of chains and cog-wheels and all manner of things that rattled, she had given him a room for his own use, with a long table where the pretty miniature engines and cars could be fixed and remain undisturbed.

"Why shouldn't Dunlaverock have gone with her?" she asked herself; and as she did Dunlaverock came into the room.

"Where's Anne?" he asked. "Where's Anne?"

There was excitement in his voice. A spot of color had

fixed itself on each of his high cheek-bones. He looked around impatiently, as though he suspected Anne of hiding, or Mrs. Massey of hiding her.

"I have made a discovery," he went on. "It will do more than save time and labor; it will save lives. It is the germ of the thing that will vanquish the fire-damp. If I can complete it the world will be shocked no more by the fate of miners buried alive so that it may enjoy its fires, may have its iron and tin and copper. Sir Humphrey Davy was excellent, so far as he went, but he did not go far enough—they *will* open their lamps to light their pipes. I think I have got the fire-damp by the throat. Where's Anne?"

"She has gone out with that young man, Mr. Hugh Randal, for a walk in the rain."

"Ah!" He sat down with a blank expression. "I thought I should have found her here. He, too, would have been interested. I shall have to wait till they come in."

Mrs. Massey turned to him with her most winning expression. She could be very winning when she liked, although she would never see forty again. A slight, small, red-brown brunette, with eyes and hair the color of a squirrel's fur, lightly freckled over her pale skin with golden-brown freckles; her face full of shrewdness and humor, and a cynicism that was not unkindly. Even yet men's eyes followed Ida Massey.

"Wouldn't I do?" she asked sweetly.

"Would you care to see it?" he returned, the inventor's eagerness springing to his face.

"Perhaps I ought to wait for Anne," she said, with something which would have been coquetry in another and was just wayward femininity in her.

"Oh, she won't be back for hours yet. Come along," he said, jumping up and preceding her to the door.

His workshop, as he called it, was at the end of a long passage, side by side with the billiard-room. He hurried her along the passage. As they passed the billiard-room door they heard the click of balls and the sound of merry voices and laughter. The cousins were not all at the bridge table.

He opened the door and let her pass within. She glanced round the room, which had painted deal cupboards by the wall and many gaily-hued pictures. A big screen stood round the fire. In the corner was pushed an immense doll's house.

"So you have Anne's old nursery," she said, her eyes coming back to the big window which opened on a grassy terrace, where the snowdrops were already springing up in the grass.

"Is it Anne's nursery?" he asked absently, his fingers moving over his beloved models. "I hadn't discovered it."

"Why, it has the aroma of childhood about it. If you opened those cupboards you would find inside Anne's toys and books. I dare swear you would find fewer dolls than horses and trains and soldiers. Anne always liked the toys of boys better than those of girls, I believe."

"Yes?" he said indifferently. He was fitting little sections one into the other. Plainly his thoughts were not with Anne's childish preferences.

For a moment Mrs. Massey felt slightly indignant. She glanced at the abstracted face and the epithet "cold-blooded" died in her thought unspoken. No; he was not cold-blooded. Only, if he had so little feeling for Anne's nursery, which ought to have been a sacred place to him, what business had he to have the shadowy bond with Anne which her friend guessed at?

She showed so much intelligence and so much interest in the discovery that Dunlaverock plainly forgot his disappointment about Anne. One thing led to another, and the luncheon bell was not so far off when at last the explanations, which Dunlaverock gave with such painstaking patience, were at an end. And there was a rift in the clouds; a white glint of watery sunshine lay on the drenched terraces.

"Anne will soon be back now," she said, going to the window and looking out. "She will be sopping wet, but she will come in with the air of the rain having washed her clear and bright, which is a reproach to most of us."

"It is very wise of her to get out in all weathers," he said, putting away some of his beloved toys.

"You ought to have been with her," Mrs. Massey said suddenly. When she had said it she was rather alarmed.

"Why?" in a placid voice. "To be sure I should have liked it. There are no companions I should like better for a brisk walk than Anne and Randal. But I was so busy. And now I am glad I was not tempted."

"You would have made your discovery to-morrow just the same. You were bound to make it, sooner or later."

"Perhaps." He had an air of gentle unbelief. "Perhaps not. There are fortunate days. This is one of them."

"I wonder what they find to talk about—I mean Anne and Mr. Randal? Endless business discussions, I suppose. Anne's enthusiasm is so wonderful."

She looked at him from under her eyelids. She wanted reassurance if he could give it to her.

"Business," he repeated after her. "Bless you, they don't talk business all the time. He is a splendid talker. Haven't you found it out? He talks about business least of all. There are so many things in this country of yours he sheds a light on. And he has such sad stories, beautiful stories, and good stories as well. You should hear Anne laugh; she laughs like a child."

Mrs. Massey felt a sensation of justifiable indignation.

"She is a child," she said. For a moment she struggled with what she was about to say, seeking for words to put it in.

"Anne is a great deal with this young man," she said, "who is not of her own station in life. To be sure we understand it, for we know Anne. I hope no one will misunderstand it."

"Nobody will," he said cheerfully. "What on earth put such an idea into your head?"

A little color came into Mrs. Massey's face. She had a very feminine desire to shake Dunlaverock.

"My love for Anne," she said coldly.

He turned and looked at her, and his rather pale eyes were kind.

"To be sure love is often over-anxious," he said. "But no one will misunderstand Anne's kindness to Randal. You see, the fellow's a gentleman. And, by Jove, he makes a wonderful manager for Anne. I think I can answer for the cousins. They're not the least likely to misunderstand."

"They are not, perhaps, but I assure you, Lord Dunlaverock, that we are more conservative here. Colonel Leonard and Mrs. Leonard join our party to-morrow. Sir James Talbot and Mrs. Hamilton Crosbie come the next day. They will all misunderstand it. Colonel Leonard is furious about it already. If Hugh Randal was the finest gentleman living, and had all the gifts and all the graces, he'd just be the tailor of Ardnagowan to us."

"Not to you."

"To me also. I'm tarred with the same brush as the rest

of us. They'll be amazed to see the terms on which he is received here. I don't suppose they'll be rude to him, but—"

"If they were, I should advise Anne to show them the door," Dunlaverock said calmly.

Mrs. Massey had gone much further in discussing her friend's actions than she had ever intended, and her uneasy sense of disapproval of herself made her irritable.

"Anne is too careless of what people may think," she said. "She has always sufficed for her own law. But, as you agree with her, I don't suppose it's any use saying to you what I had meant to say."

"And what was that?" he asked; adding, as though he understood her thoughts: "To be sure we are both Anne's friends, and why should we not take counsel with each other in anything that concerns Anne?"

"It is about her going to Washington in the summer. Has she told you of her project?"

"She has told me. She has even suggested that I should join the party there."

"And you will do it?"

"I certainly shall if I can spare the time."

"If you were going that would make all the difference. The difficulty is that I can't go, and Anne will have only Miss Chevenix and a maid. She will attract attention by her rank and wealth, as well as by her looks. I don't see Anne housed in a caravanserai in Washington with only Miss Chevenix and a maid, and Mr. Randal in constant attendance."

"He would take very good care of her."

Mrs. Massey looked at him in despair. Again she had the desire to shake him, but at the moment there came a tap on the window, and there was Lady Anne herself looking through the pane, with Hugh Randal beside her. Dunlaverock hastened to undo the French window so that she might come in.

"We're so disgracefully wet that we thought we'd come in this way," she said merrily. "Look, amn't I like a water dog? I daren't give myself a shake or I'd drench you both. Better shut out the dogs, except Fritz. They'll find their way to the stable-yard."

The rain was hanging on her curling eyelashes and the rings of her hair like jewels. Her eyes were bluer than ever. The wet plaid clung tightly about her, showing the full curves of her figure.

"Come," she said to Hugh Randal, "we shall just have time to get into dry clothes before lunch. I feel little pools forming beneath my feet as they do on the sands when the tide is out."

"Go and change," Mrs. Massey said. "You will give me a cold being in the room with you. You will get a horrible cold yourself."

"I have never had such a thing," Lady Anne said laughing. "If you will only trust the elements, they will be good to you. After lunch you must tell me what you have been doing, Alastair."

"I have something very good to tell you, Anne."

She looked back at him, with her hand on the door handle.

"Ah, good! good!" she said. "Have you told Ida? Imagine Ida knowing before me! Shall I wait and hear now?"

"No, go"; he pushed her through the door gently. Hugh Randal had vanished before her. When the door had closed after her he went back to his table.

"You worry over Anne because you love her," he said. "But you see there is no need to worry about Anne at all. Anne always does right. What is more, she makes people feel that she is doing right."

"Anne always does right." Ah, that was better. If Dunlaverock would be purblind it was better to be purblinded by a serene trustfulness rather than by indifference.

"I believe I agree with him," she said to herself, thinking it over afterwards. "Still, if I can leave Anne to herself, what about the young man? And what about the young woman? You would never forgive me, Anne, my dear, if I were to speak plainly; yet I may have to do it one of these days! Even though I shall feel a busybody and a vulgarian among all these well-intentioned, trusting people."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SQUIRE OF LOW DEGREE.

The winter turned round to spring. Every week showed something gained in the matter of Lady Anne's many projects—another strip won from the bog; more customers for the carpets and the tweeds and the flannels; for the lace and the wood-carving and the vestments; a greater proficiency and accomplishment on the part of the workers.

Mrs. Massey would have carried Lady Anne to Dublin this year as last year for the Dublin Castle season, but Lady Anne declared that she had not time; and when the interests of the industries were urged upon her, she answered that next year would be time enough. Next year she would be able to wear the Mount Shandon poplins.

Hugh Randal had discovered for her an old poplin weaver, who had pretty well lived out his day as a man, but not as a craftsman. He had removed him from a hideous slum street in Dublin, himself and his young granddaughter, and had installed them in one of the little, clean, wooden houses opening on the lake-side, the quietness and peace of which the old man declared were like heaven after the noise of the scolding women and crying children, the drunkenness and general squalor of the Dublin street.

"It wasn't quiet enough to die in," he confided to Lady Anne; "but, sure, it wouldn't ha' mattered for the like o' me, I could ha' gone to the Hospice an' died in company. You wouldn't be lonely dying there, for all the boys an' girls that 'ud be takin' the journey wid ye; but the child was on me mind. I used to look at her, soft an' innocent-lookin', an' I used to see her brazen like the others. I can tell you, my Lady—I never told another except the priest—the temptation was terrible strong on me at times to take her wid me. Sure, what matter if they hung me for it? Mary's child 'ud go innocent."

"Hush! Hush!" Lady Anne said; "it was a temptation of the devil. You must never think of it now. The child is safe. I will take care of her. She can go to school at the Convent at the Point for a while. Afterwards you had better let her come into my house. Mrs. Cronin will look after her like one of her own children."

"That will do very well," the old fellow replied contentedly. "There'll be a good many years yet before I'd need her to nurse me. You've given me a new lease of life, your Ladyship. I often felt there that I'd slip out of it, if it wasn't for havin' little Kitty on my mind."

Old Felix—Felix Quinn was his name—seemed indeed to brighten up wonderfully with the new interest. He had one of the brightest and airiest of the huts given to him and his class of poplin weavers, and he had another for himself and his granddaughter who, going and coming from the school at

the Point, a fair-haired child with innocent blue eyes, bore no trace about her of the slum over which her grandfather shook his head while he forbore to talk of its horrors.

In the last week of April Hugh Randal left for Washington. He had been coming and going so incessantly, during the months between Christmas and Easter, that the factory had pretty well learned to do without him. He had been able to impart to those under him something of his absorption in the work, and things went on very well indeed.

Not, to be sure, that the factory was a Utopia. Human nature there, as elsewhere, had its occasional failures; but, on the whole, it worked admirably, and if drink and idleness and dirt and laziness had not disappeared, they were at least much lessened by what was a civilizing influence, which lifted the people up to an interest and hopefulness they had not known before. Lady Anne was delighted with the workers, and the quick, artistic instinct that many of them developed so easily. Presently there would be no lack of designers and draughtsmen to set the clever fingers working to beautiful ends.

"Your Ladyship is better than a dozen policemen," said Father Gillman, the parish priest, meeting Lady Anne on the road one day; and her Ladyship was delighted—apprehending the compliment intended. "Not that we ever had much use for them," he went on, "excepting for the drink. The village on a Fair night used to be shocking. But the boys and girls are making the parents ashamed. When you can level Dooras village, your Ladyship, you'll have done a great work."

"It will not be so long, I hope," she said, her eyes sparkling. "How could any one be good in those hovels? Wait till you see what we'll win from the bog."

"You are very sure about the bog," the old priest said looking at her with sideways head and shrewd, kindly eyes, half-closed.

"Yes, I am sure; although I know what they say—that I'll never conquer the bog. It has made some of them slack at the work. I know. But they will see."

"If any one can do it, your Ladyship will," Father Gillman said, lifting his hat in farewell, and muttering to himself as he went on his way that she deserved to succeed, but that she was too sure, too sure. In which judgment of Lady Anne Chute he but agreed with other people.

The exhibition was to open nominally on the First of May.

"It will open; oh, yes; it will open," Hugh Randal said grimly, "and the President will declare it open, standing in a wilderness of confusion, scaffolding poles over his head, shavings under his feet, ladders and painters' buckets and all manner of things knocking up against the visitors. It will take a full month from the opening day to adjust itself."

"And I am not to come till June?"

"It would break Honor's heart and mine if you were to come and find everything in confusion."

She was accustomed to a certain quiet vehemence which occasionally came out in his speech, and the conjunction of his sister's name with his own made this particular speech harmless.

"You think too much of me," she said, with her wonderful smile. "I believe you and Honor and Mary—all of you—would make the world new for me if you could. You would fling your velvet cloak in the mud for me to step on, like Raleigh with the Queen."

"That would be a trifle," he said, with a sudden flush.

She had a thought that he looked a fine gentleman. Through the ordeals of the big house-parties he had come unscathed. He could withdraw himself into a silence and unobtrusiveness, that none could have taken for conscious humility who noticed his bright, alert eyes. He could assert himself when needful; he had a quiet dignity of his own. It had conquered Lady Anne's servants, the most difficult class of all to be won over, who, since they could not accredit him with birth and breeding, nor with money, which would have had no place in their hierarchy, accepted him as one unusually gifted.

"Sure, why wouldn't he," they said, "keep company with the gentry? Hasn't he the great brains and learning?"

Even Lady Anne's Irish-born guests, who had at first ignored Hugh Randal as much as they might, had gone as near as possible to being rude to him, had come in time to tolerate his intrusion into their charmed circle.

"Depend on it the fellow has good blood," Sir James Talbot had said one night in the smoking-room where Hugh Randal was being discussed.

It was handsome of Sir James, a burly, stupid, kindly man, who was a patriot after his fashion, and was a leading member of the central board which gathered all the industries under

its wing, for that very evening Hugh Randal had said, with bright-eyed incautiousness, that there were too many fine ladies and gentlemen, and too few business men managing the industrial revival.

"One tumbles over peers and peeresses," he said, "where a few shopkeepers would be of more use."

Every one had laughed. The remark had hit so many of those present that it was impossible to feel specially aggrieved. And Sir James, after a few moments of silence, in which he pursed his lips and stuck out his eyebrows, said, in the manner of one who has been led to a discovery: "Upon my word, Randal, I believe you're right." And had again subsided into thoughtfulness.

Hugh Randal had profited by his opportunities. The slight solecisms of his early days were not repeated. He did not consciously watch the ways of others to see what they did, his mind was too preoccupied for that, his observation given to bigger things. But he seemed to remember things he had known long ago and forgotten. The shibboleths of good society were at least easily understood by him. He fell into its ways easily, as though he were at home there, and looked more of it than many of those who had been born to it. Lady Sylvia Hilton whispered maliciously that he might have been the Lord and Dunlaverock the factor. But, to be sure, Lady Sylvia had her own reasons for disliking Dunlaverock.

All the same, to be at home among the gentlefolk made no difference in Hugh Randal's way towards the people among whom he was born. When the occasion arose he could return among them, adapt himself to their ways, as though he had never left them. Even Patsy Boland, the dashing commercial who had come to be fitted by Hugh Randal on that February morning more than two years ago, when Lady Anne had become acquainted with the tailor's shop in Ardnagowan, watching jealously for any sign of uppishness in his old acquaintance, found none.

Two people were, however, dissatisfied with Hugh Randal's easy assumption of the ways of the world to which he had been admitted, preposterously, one would have said.

The first was Mrs. Massey, who, watching the young man with an appreciation of his pleasantness, which she could not have helped doing for the life of her, was yet chagrined at it.

"He is leaving Mary far behind, far behind," she said.

"What is to become of Mary in a marriage where their minds will never meet? It grows more involved. Even her not understanding Mr. Yeats' poetry might have been got over. But he becomes less and less a mate for her. I will never forgive him if he breaks Mary's heart."

Another malcontent was Colonel Leonard. His complaint was that Hugh Randal was well-mannered, looked a gentleman.

"Confound the fellow," he raged to that unfailing confidant, his wife. "Confound the fellow, what right has he, a snip, a breeches-maker, to look like a gentleman? Upon my word, I wouldn't have minded so much if Anne had brought on her carpet, and asked us to sit down with a clodhopper, a fellow whose boots smelt of the stable, who didn't know what to do with his hands and feet, who put his knife in his mouth, and committed all the other social sins."

"Oh, yes, you would"; Mrs. Leonard said softly. She was the still, small voice that recalled her husband to reason and common sense when his heat carried him away. "You know that you would object a great deal more, Hugh."

"I shouldn't, then," said the Colonel, obstinate for once. "I tell you, Nell, it sickens me to see the way every one accepts him. He took Lady Talbot down to dinner last night. And when he talks—he isn't always ready to talk—we listen; yes, by Jove, we listen like a set of idiots. And Anne beams at him, beams at him, while we are all listening. Good Lord, it is enough to make poor Shandon turn in his grave."

"But why shouldn't Anne beam? Anne likes to play providence to people. She is proud of lifting this young man out of obscurity and bringing his gifts to the light. I believe her father would have done the very same thing. You remember Owny Driscoll, the boy he had taught, whose wood-carving went to the Paris exhibition and won the gold medal?"

"Yes; I remember." The Colonel's frown was grimly impatient. Nell generally understood his point of view, and in this matter it was something he did not exactly care to put into plain words. "You are quite right, my dear. Shandon would have done the same thing; but, with a difference, with a difference."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMOGEN AND DESDEMONA.

BY A. W. CORPE.

THE plays of "Cymbeline" and "Othello," in addition to their own intrinsic beauty, are interesting as presenting in each the character of a faithful and loving wife unjustly suspected—the same is the case in "The Winter's Tale"; but the conduct of the fable is so entirely different, that it does not enter into the comparison—Imogen, of a lofty and noble temperament, whose trial ends happily; Desdemona, of a disposition rather tender and sweetly affectionate than heroic, whom one pardonable false step leads to destruction—her fidelity to be manifest only too late.

They are both ladies of rank; Desdemona, the daughter of a Senator of Venice in the fifteenth century; Imogen, the daughter of the King of Britain in the time of Augustus.

We first hear of Imogen as having been lately married to one Leonatus Posthumus, "a poor but worthy gentleman," who, on account of his marriage, has been banished; it having been the intention of the King that she should be married to Cloten, son of the Queen, her step mother, by a former marriage, a man "too bad for bad report."

Posthumus is about to take leave of his wife; Imogen gives him a ring—

Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Posthumus takes it with the usual protestations:

Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep thee on,

and gives her in return a bracelet, "a manacle of love," and fastens it on her arm; and so they part, not without foreboding.

O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Imogen exclaims; and afterwards:

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Posthumus is about to set out for Italy. Imogen remaining a state prisoner in the palace, where she is the object of her father's reproaches:

O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? Past obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Meanwhile Pisanio, Posthumus' servant, has been bidden by Imogen to see his master off, and a charming scene occurs:

Imo. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!

He relates how, as long as Posthumus could be distinguished, he would wave glove, hat, or handkerchief.

Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

she says; and again:

I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
Have turn'd mine eye and wept.

She tells Pisanio how she was interrupted in her leave-taking :

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honor, or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing."

We are now to see Imogen in presence of the enemy. Posthumus is in Rome, the guest of one Philario, a friend of his father's. He has made a wager with an Italian, Iachimo, whom he had previously met in Britain, in which he laid the ring Imogen had given him against ten thousand ducats "that Italy contained none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor of his mistress"; a wager, however foolish, we are assured he might safely have made so far as Imogen was concerned. Posthumus gives Iachimo a letter of introduction to Imogen, and he accordingly presents himself. Of the skill with which their interview is conducted, it is superfluous to speak; nowhere has Shakespeare employed his magic art of laying open to the spectator by a few short words, the heart of his characters to more advantage.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

When he was here, he did incline to sadness.

When Iachimo hints that Posthumus had spoken in contempt of marriage, Imogen replies :

Will my lord say so?

Not he, I hope.

When Iachimo affects to pity her :

What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

She begins to doubt, and Iachimo, proceeding with his slanderous inventions, she says :

My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain.

He ventures to hint at revenge, at which she bursts out with splendid indignation :

Reveng'd,
How should I be reveng'd . . .
. . . if it be true, how should I be reveng'd ?

and presently bids him begone :

Away ! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.

Perceiving that he has made a false step, Iachimo artfully retracts and begs pardon : " He only spoke to know if her affiance were deeply rooted."

" You make amends," she quietly says. He then proceeds to lay the snare which he is contriving to deceive Posthumus, by gaining admission into her chamber concealed in a trunk supposed to contain treasure.

The scene is Imogen's chamber ; it is midnight ; she has been reading till her eyes are tired ; she desires her lady in attendance to fold down the page in the book where she left off—the same anachronism, it may be remembered, occurs in " Julius Cæsar"—she goes to bed and sleeps. Iachimo—like another Tarquin, as he does not scruple to remind himself—creeps out from his trunk ; takes note of the furniture and decoration of the room ; approaches the bed on which Imogen is lying ; steals from her arm the bracelet Posthumus had placed there ; observes with particular care a curious mole upon her breast ; even notes the book with the leaf turned down—it is the story of " Tereus and Philomel " which she, unthinking of its applicability to herself, has been reading—and, satisfied that he has furnished himself with sufficient materials to deceive Posthumus, creeps back again into the trunk.

The following morning, Imogen misses the bracelet :

Go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kissed it;
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Hitherto we have seen Imogen in the palace and a prisoner; we are now to follow her, like another Rosalind, in different circumstances. Posthumus, too credulously convinced of his wife's dishonor by Iachimo's specious proofs, confesses that he has lost the wager, and gives Iachimo his ring. He comes to the determination to contrive the death of Imogen, which he purposes to effect by means of Pisanio. He accordingly sends him a letter directing him to murder Imogen, for which purpose, he says, he will make an opportunity. This opportunity is to be brought about by a letter he has sent to Imogen, informing her that he is at Milford-Haven and directing her to meet him there. Imogen's joy on receipt of this letter is charming:

O learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters.

She opens the letter:

Good wax, thy leave. Blest'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel.

And, learning where she is to meet Posthumus:

O for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?

a passage which seems to anticipate the possibilities of the railway and the motor car.

How far is it
 To this same blessed Milford? and by the way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
 To inherit such a haven . . .
 . . . Prithee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

and she arranges to get her attendant out of the way and to effect her escape as a franklin's wife; and so sets out with Pisanio to meet her husband.

As they near Milford-Haven, Imogen, noting Pisanio's distracted manner, expostulates; and he hands her Posthumus' letter, from which she learns her husband's belief of her dishonor and his design that she should be decoyed to Milford-Haven and murdered, which draws from her the magnificent apostrophe:

False to his bed! What is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him
 And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed, is it?

Then a little after, turning to Pisanio:

Come, fellow, be thou honest;
 Do thy master's bidding; when thou sees't him,
 A little witness my obedience; look!
 I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief;
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed
 The riches of it; do his bidding; strike.

And again:

. . . Prithee, dispatch;
 The lamb entreats the butcher; where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

This strain is too intense to be borne long, and we are relieved when Imogen upbraids Pisanio with having brought her so far before declaring his purpose. "But to win time," he

says, "in the which I have considered of a course"; which is no less than that she shall assume male attire and "forget to be a woman."

Imogen answers:

Be brief,
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

The scheme is that she shall obtain service as a page under Lucius, the Roman ambassador. Pisanio proceeds to furnish her with doublet, hat, and hose, which, with convenient forethought, he has all ready in his cloak-bag.

This done they part and Pisanio returns to the court. Before leaving, he has given her a box containing, as he supposes, a cordial of sovereign power, which the Queen had given him. Imogen seems to have failed of her purpose and to have missed her way; and we meet with her, faint with fatigue and hunger, before a cave, repeating:

I see a man's life is a tedious one;
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick
But that my resolution helps me.

Many years before one Belarius, an old lord about the court, had been condemned to banishment, and he in revenge procured Imogen's two brothers, then infants, to be stolen from the palace. He had carried them to this spot and had brought them up as his own sons; and here they lived together, remote from and unknown to the world.

Timid as Imogen is, hunger conquers fear; she approaches the cave and calls out; hearing no reply, she ventures in and helps herself to food. Before she has finished Belarius and the two boys return. After a prettily spoken apology on her part, and friendly offers of welcome on theirs, she stays with them.

After a time she falls sick—"heart-sick," as she says—and bethinks herself of Pisanio's cordial. This drug had been given to Pisanio by the Queen in guile—she believing it to be a poison which her physician had prepared pursuant to her instructions; the physician, however, doubting her purpose, had prepared a drug which, instead of killing, caused a death-like swoon, out of which the patient would recover after a certain

time. Imogen then, having swallowed the drug, fell into a stupor resembling death and was believed by the brothers to be dead, and was by them committed to earth with the song beginning :

Fear no more the heat o' the sun.

In due course, Imogen drowsily awakes and finds beside her the headless body of her step-mother's son, Cloten, who had been killed in fight by one of the brothers; she mistakes it for that of Posthumus, and concluded that he had been killed by Pisanio and Cloten; being overcome, she again swoons; Lucius and his soldiers find her and, on her recovering, she takes service with him under the name of Fidele, the name she had assumed with her change of dress.

The conduct of the conclusion of the play has been much admired for its ingenuity, but we almost lose sight of Imogen. The embassy of Lucius has failed, and war has broken out; in a battle, mainly through the valor of Belarius and the two brothers, the Britons are victorious. Among the rest, Lucius and Posthumus—who has accompanied him from Italy—and Iachimo are taken prisoners; they with Fidele are brought before Cymbeline; Lucius begs Fidele's life, which Cymbeline grants, and bids her demand a boon. Fidele, instead of asking the life of Lucius, as the latter had expected, demands to know whence Iachimo got Posthumus' ring, which he was wearing, and so at length the whole story comes out. Iachimo tells how he had deluded Posthumus, and Posthumus, rushing forward, denounces himself as the murderer of Cymbeline's daughter:

. . . O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

She interrupts and Posthumus strikes her:

Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part.

Pisanio says:

O my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er killed Imogen till now. Help, help!
Mine honored lady!

And so Fidele is made known as Imogen. Presently they embrace and Imogen's trials are at an end.

One would have expected some expression of surprise and gentle reproach on Imogen's part, that Posthumus should so lightly have credited her dishonor, and some loving words of forgiveness and reconciliation, but there is nothing of this. From the extraordinary masque in the last act, as well as from the refrain to the dirge sung over Imogen, it has been suggested that another hand has tampered with this beautiful play.

In the "Divine Desdemona" we have a simpler, softer, and perhaps even more lovely character.

Maiden never bold
Of spirit, so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself.

Though she has had many suitors, she is still home with her father, a magnifico of Venice. The action of the play begins with Brabantio being aroused in the dead of night with the news that his daughter has left his house; this he finds to be only too true. She has been seen with Othello, a noble Moor in the military service of the State. Brabantio and others come upon Othello in the street, and he is straightway called before the Senate, to answer for the abduction of Brabantio's daughter, which, and his marriage, he frankly admits. In his "round unvarnished tale" before the Senate he relates how, having been received as a guest at Brabantio's house, he would relate his adventures, to which Desdemona listened with rapt attention. Observing this he found occasion to incite her to ask for the telling of his whole life's story:

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore: In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man!—she thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story
And that would woo her. In this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

We are not to measure the code of etiquette of the South in

the sixteenth century by that of England in the twentieth; still the hint was sufficiently broad; but Othello would be only too well aware that "the shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun" might be unacceptable to Desdemona and, therefore, he would desire to have some encouragement from her before he ventured to declare his love. However, "she saw Othello's visage in his mind." Desdemona now enters, and in a modest little speech, somewhat reminding us of Cordelia, asserts her position and her duty. Othello, who had been already sent for by the Senate, on account of a sudden movement of the Turkish fleet before Brabantio's complaint came before them, is now despatched on the instant to Cyprus, and the question is as to the disposal of Desdemona; she, in a spirited speech, elects to accompany her husband:

That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world . . .
. . . Let me go with him.

Brabantio's parting shot is ominous:

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

Arrived in Cyprus, a proclamation is made for a public festival on account of the destruction of the enemy's fleet, which had met with disaster in a storm. During the festivities, Cassio, Othello's lieutenant, at the crafty instigation of Iago, his ensign, unhappily admitted the enemy which stole away his brains; a drunken brawl ensued, and Cassio is dismissed from his office:

Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.

Cassio was known to Desdemona, having been employed as a go-between in Othello's courtship, and Iago suggested to Cassio that he should obtain Desdemona's intercession for the purpose of being reinstated in his post; Iago's real object being to entangle Desdemona, and thereby work his revenge upon Othello, who had preferred Cassio for the lieutenancy, and had (as he chose to suspect) done him other wrong. Cassio, accordingly, applies to Desdemona, who assures him of her influence:

Be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor will rather die
Than give thy cause away.

She presently meets with Othello and presses her suit with unfortunate importunity; for, just before, Iago had seen Cassio coming away from her and had slyly hinted to Othello: "Ha! I like not that"; refusing any explanation of his meaning. This struck a spark of suspicion in Othello's mind, and made him put off Desdemona's repeated entreaties with some slight irritation.

It is not to the present purpose to go into the artful insinuations of Iago and their reception by Othello. While we sometimes wonder at his credulity, we sympathize rather than blame; his passionate love for Desdemona is, at once, the explanation of and the excuse for it:

Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

When we next see Desdemona, Othello has been deeply moved by Iago's suggestions, and she, observing his manner, asks if he is not well. He complains of headache, and she offers to bind up his head with her handkerchief. "Your napkin is too little," he says, and, putting it from him, it falls upon the ground. Emilia, Iago's wife, who is in attendance on Desdemona, secretly picks it up, for he has often told her to try and get possession of it; so it comes into Iago's possession.

When, shortly afterwards, finding that she has lost the handkerchief, and Emilia falsely denying all knowledge of it, Desdemona says:

Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes; and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Is he not jealous?

says Emilia. Desdemona replies:

Who, he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humors from him.

We are not to judge Emilia too severely for not disclosing to Desdemona what she knew as to the handkerchief; Iago had expressly told her to keep the thing secret, and she might think she was in honor bound to do so; and she had no suspicion of Iago's design.

Presently Othello enters; he takes Desdemona by the hand:

This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona answers:

It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello replies:

Hot, hot, and moist,

and then, with a double meaning which Desdemona does not perceive:

'Tis a good hand,

A frank one.

Desdemona simply answers:

You may indeed say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Desdemona again brings up the unfortunate subject of Cassio. Othello, to whom Iago has represented that he had seen the handkerchief in Cassio's hand, without heeding her, asks for *the* handkerchief. Desdemona unhappily equivocates: "I have it not about me"; and presently flatly denies its loss: "It is not lost, but what an if it were?" And again: "I say it is not lost." "Fetch it," he demands, "let me see't." "Why so? I can, sir, but I will not now; this is a trick to put me from my suit." He again and again demands the handkerchief, she trying to divert his thought and bring him round to the matter of Cassio, when he abruptly leaves "in strange unquietness."

"Is not this man jealous," now asks Emilia.

Much has been said, to her discredit, about the innocent part Ophelia took in the deception practised upon Hamlet; if, in this instance, Desdemona had told the simple truth, and confessed the loss of the handkerchief, the whole matter would have been cleared up, and Iago's treachery laid bare—and the world would have been the poorer by an immortal tragedy.

It has, I believe, been objected that the loss of a handker-

chief is too slight a thing upon which to found a tragedy.
Iago knew well enough that

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

Desdemona is now hopelessly lost; she is still unable to understand that Othello's perturbation of mind is due to anything on her part; she attributes it to political affairs, and is still hopeful of befriending Cassio. To Emilia's hint, that it may be something nearer home, she says:

Alas, the day, I never gave him cause.

Cassio's name is casually mentioned and Desdemona says she should be glad to see Othello and him reconciled "for the love she bore him." Othello, incensed, cries out: "Fire and brimstone!" and presently strikes her.

As she gradually realizes Othello's meaning, Desdemona's demeanor is exquisite. A few passages may be quoted:

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

To Othello's question:

Why what art thou?

she answers:

Your wife, my lord, your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Heaven truly knows thou art as false as hell,

Des. To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I false?

Othello in his agony falls to weeping.

Des. Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

I hope my noble Lord esteems me honest.

Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. What committed! impudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong,

We note her direction to Emilia; the little passage in the vein of Imogen:

'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet;

the tenderly reproachful,

Those that do teach young babes
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding;

and the address to Iago:

Am I that name? . . .
Such as she said my lord did say I was?

Iago, heartless as he was, must have been stung when, in reply to his brazen-faced question:

How comes this trick upon him?

Emilia says:

I will be hanged, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.

And he has the audacity to say:

Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Desdemona answers:

If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

And Emilia:

A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

For once, we may feel inclined to side with Emilia. To continue with Desdemona—she thinks still that Iago is her friend and appeals to him:

Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. . . .
. . . Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

We come to the closing scene. Othello has commanded Desdemona to get to bed, dismiss her attendant, and await him.

Some premonition brings to her mind her mother's maid, Barbara, whose lover went mad and forsook her; and who had a song of "Willow" which she died singing—that song will not go from her mind; she will sing it "like poor Barbara."

Othello returns soliloquizing:

It is the cause, it is the cause . . .

Put out the light, and then . . .

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after.

Desdemona wakes; Othello bids her prepare for death; less brave than Imogen, Desdemona is frightened and entreats for life and respite:

O banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

But half an hour!

But while I say one prayer!

Othello smothers her. There is some one calls without. 'Tis Emilia; she will speak to his wife.

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.

Desdemona, however, was not yet dead; partially recovering, with her last breath she protests her innocence and seeks to screen her husband. To Emilia's enquiry:

Who hath done this deed?

she replies:

Nobody; I myself. Farewell.

Commend me to my kind lord! O farewell!

A MODERN PERSECUTION.

BY G. H. T.



MUCH has been written of late about the Emperor William. In fact, of all living monarchs, he has been most advertised; but there is one branch of his activity, and that not the least among his many preoccupations, which is apt to be overlooked. We refer to the Polish question, of which the Western world has been for a moment reminded by the speech of the Emperor at Gnesen.

This speech, taken point by point, presents a good opportunity to expose, in a brief way, the relations existing between the imperial government and its Polish subjects, an opportunity which I gladly take, knowing how few Western people have interested themselves in the question. The speech is not lengthy. The reader, therefore, will not find it too tedious a task to peruse it before reading my comments upon it. The crowd on the occasion of William's visit to the ancient capital of Poland was far from large. It was composed principally of Jews and Germans, the Emperor's Polish subjects being represented only by the schools, and the Bishop and Chapter, who were ordered to be present. The Polish nobles and gentry, as well as the remainder of the clergy, were conspicuous by their absence. They knew full well that they could expect nothing but repetitions of the unwarrantably severe remarks which the Emperor, within the last few years, has uttered, both at Marienburg and Posen. That they were not mistaken, the following translation of the Gnesen speech will prove:

I thank you for the words of welcome which you (the burgomaster) have just pronounced in the name of the town of Gnesen, and I wish to thank you all. I am most anxious to express my thanks here publicly on the market square for the hearty reception which has been prepared for me, for the beautiful decoration of the houses, and especially for the

gay and happy faces which surround me. I am still more pleased that the colonists have come in such numbers to greet me, and I hope that you will find the opportunity to express to these colonists my most hearty thanks for gathering here in such great numbers. I rejoice that the work of German culture advances so heartily and bravely, though with difficulty and slowly. I am glad that the Prussian town, Gnesen, knows how to pay homage in such a becoming manner to the Prussian King. The warnings and admonitions which I expressed a few years ago in Posen, everyone, probably, has kept in his heart.

It seems, however, that some of my Polish subjects have not clearly understood whether or not, under the banner of the Hohenzollern, they are to find protection and justice; and the imagination, heated by historical memories, can easily lead an inflammable mind to false conclusions. As then, so to-day, I repeat that every Polish Catholic should know that I respect his religion, and that he shall find no obstacles in fulfilling his religious duties; but that on his part he should respect other creeds, just as we know how to respect his.

From the German side, the work of culture should be carried on. A German who sells his property in the East, sins against the Fatherland; of whatever class or age, on this point he should persevere. It seems to me that among many Germans here there is a battle between heart and reason. When a German finds himself in the position of financial independence, then the heart argues: "Rest thyself, retire, and return to the far West, where life has greater pleasure." But then reason ought to speak: "One must first fulfil his duty and afterwards think of pleasure." It is a duty, both to the Fatherland and to Germanism, to work here in the East. As a sentry may not abandon his post, neither should the Germans recede from the East.

I would remind every Catholic, whether he is a Pole or a German, I would remind him of one thing further. When, at my last visit to the Vatican, the Venerable Leo XIII. bade me farewell, he took both my hands, and, though I am a Protestant, he blessed me, and gave me the following assurance: "I promise and declare to your Imperial Majesty, in the name of all your Catholic subjects of every nationality and every class, that they will always remain the faithful subjects of the German Emperor and King of Prussia." It is your duty, gentlemen of the Chapter, to realize these

words of the Venerable High Priest, that good faith should not be broken, after his death, with the German Emperor. You may always count on my help. Germanization means culture, freedom for every one, in the religious field as well as every other field of thought and action. I drink from this goblet to the happy future of Gnesen.

To one unacquainted with the state of religious and national affairs in the eastern provinces of Prussia, this speech may seem at first sight quite inoffensive and formal; but let us follow the Emperor and explain the real meaning which his words carried to the minds of the millions of his Polish subjects who read them.

The colonists, whose presence caused such evident satisfaction to his Imperial Majesty, are German peasants, imported from all parts of Germany by the Governmental Colonization Commission, which sells land to them on easy terms, supports and protects them in every way. This Commission was instituted expressly with a view to colonize, little by little, the whole of the Polish provinces with Germans. These Germans are bound, by their contract, never to sell the land to Poles. A Pole can never, at any price, obtain a piece of land from the Colonization Commission. It is easy to infer from this that the colonists are the natural enemies of the Kaiser's Polish subjects, especially of the agricultural population, which is important and industrious, and ever anxious to acquire land.

"Germanization means culture!" If this were so, these colonists would seem to us most ill-suited to prove it. They are the scum of Germany, for an honest and industrious man will find work in his German home, and will not expatriate himself and live among a people differing completely from him in religion, language, tradition, and custom. Besides, he will not choose to become the paid slave of the Government, which will certainly protect and help him most assiduously, but only on condition that he become the weak instrument of its plans and its aims. These plans and aims may be condensed into the words "Germanization" and "Protestantization."

The following incident will show the enormous advantage which the imported German farmer has over his Polish neighbor, thanks to the ceaseless protection of the Government. Within the last few months the German colonists of Malachowo,

formed a co-operative society for the purchase of agricultural machinery. The amount required was twenty thousand marks. The colonists themselves collected only sixty marks, but the Government contributed the whole of the remaining sum! The Colonization Commission always has precedence over all other buyers, for it has at its disposition large sums voted by parliament, and it does not hesitate to use them lavishly and pay fabulous prices whenever land is on sale in the Polish provinces. This is not the only difficulty with which Polish buyers must contend. During the session of the Prussian Diet, in the winter of 1903-4, a law was passed prohibiting the foundation of a new "colony" without obtaining the permission of the governor of the province. A small peasant may buy (from another Pole), or inherit, a piece of ground, yet he will be utterly unable to dwell upon it, because the authorities will refuse him permission to build a house or cultivate a farm. A German, in the same circumstances, obtains this permission without difficulty. Therefore the law is directed against Poles, though it seems to apply to all, for the customary policy of the Government is to oppress without laying itself open to accusations of injustice. If such be the legitimate application of these laws, it may be imagined to what infinite abuse and chicanery the Polish population is subjected in every field of economic activity, at the hands of a numerous and insolent bureaucracy, which aggressively opposes them by every possible means, both moral and material.

The allusion to the protection which the Poles are to find under the Hohenzollern banner would be amusing were it not so brazenly cynical. If the Emperor thinks that he is deceiving the Poles, he is mistaken; they know but too well that under the Hohenzollern banner there exists for them neither justice nor protection. For what are the just and inalienable rights of every nation? Its language, its tradition, its religion, and a free scope for economic development. These the Emperor entirely ignores. He asserts that the Poles have perfect religious freedom. We shall see later on that this statement is not quite correct; but even were it so, there are other points, scarcely less vital, which must be considered before one may so boldly assert, as does the royal speaker, that the Poles under his rule have no reason for discontent, and that all their grievances are but the phantasies of "the imagination heated by his-

torical memories." These phantasies of the imagination present themselves as follows to a just and impartial mind: the Polish language is practically banished, and scarcely allowed to take refuge by the family fireside; in the whole extent of the country, annexed by Germany from the ancient kingdom of Poland, there is literally not a single Polish school of any category; moreover, in the existing German government schools Polish is not taught even as a foreign language; in fact, it is absolutely prohibited. Not even as an aid in learning German is it tolerated. Such a system is bound to wipe out every advantage which the peasant children of all other countries derive from their elementary schools.

Let us bear in mind that a Polish peasant child of six—that is the age required for attending public instruction—does not understand a syllable of German. The schoolmaster, be he even a Pole, may not address his infant class in Polish, but must have recourse to pantomime. A few weeks ago the schoolmaster in the little town of Witkowo, endeavoring to convey to his pupils the German rendering of the verb to scratch, exercised his nails on his own cheek. We know as a fact that only one boy understood his meaning; the others were divided in opinion, some thinking he meant to indicate his nails, others his cheek, etc. And so it is with every new word that the children learn. Of course, in a numerous class, the master cannot stop to explain clearly to every individual child who has not caught his meaning. The result is that the children, after eight years of effort, can pronounce German fluently enough, perhaps, but scarcely understand it; at the same time, we must suppose that they cannot read Polish—for if they can, it is certainly neither the merit nor the wish of the Prussian Board of Education. The consequence of all this is that the elementary education has no civilizing influence over the children who frequent the schools. On the contrary, it stupefies them and leaves them for the rest of their lives without the possibility of profiting by worthy books and newspapers.

Of course there is a general endeavor among Poles of all classes to make up, by private efforts, for this serious insufficiency of public instruction. Poor parents with difficulty find time to teach their children how to read Polish, and they are encouraged by the higher classes and by the priests in this task; proprietors seek to distribute Polish books among their

workmen; ladies, both in towns and in the country, gather children together and teach them; but this must be done in secret, for it is a crime watched for by the police and punished by imprisonment, as was the case with Madame Omankowska, of Posen, a few years ago. It must be understood, also, that in Germany education is the monopoly of the State. No one, therefore, may start a school without having previously obtained the sanction of the Board of Education; and as four children constitute a school, one may not gather that or a larger number to teach them, much less to instruct them, in the Polish language or the history of Poland. That history is banished completely from the State schools.

The Prussian police is most vigilant, and very prone to suspect a Polish propaganda, even where no thought of it is entertained. Thus nuns have been prevented from gathering together small children, while their parents are at work, and teaching them kindergarten subjects and little childish rhymes and songs, because these songs and rhymes were Polish. Some years ago an English lady, utterly unable to speak Polish, was watched and warned by the police, because she had formed a small carpentry class in a village. She was immediately suspected of teaching Polish.

As we have said above, the gentry distribute Polish books, chiefly small historical novels of the most innocent description, lives of the saints, elementary reading-books, and catechisms, among the peasants. This also must be done with the greatest precaution in order to evade the vigilance of the police.

The following incident regarding the distribution of Polish books is typical of the attitude of the Prussian authorities towards the Poles. A young lady, living with her mother on an estate on the confines of the Province of Posen and Silesia, was accustomed, while riding through the neighboring villages, to distribute among the children small Polish catechisms and readers. Her brother was a student at the gymnasium of Ostrowo, and was to pass his final examination at Easter, 1905. A few months previously, being at home for his holidays, he rode out with his sister, who, as usual, had her pockets full of books. In the course of their ride they crossed into Silesia, and the young lady distributed her books among some children there. Her brother naturally assisted her, and they returned

home, never dreaming of the consequences. Shortly afterwards a small local German paper published an indignant protest, crying out, as is usual with the Germans, about the imminence of the "Polish danger." This time it showed itself in the shape of catechisms and readers, distributed, oh, horror! by a student of a German gymnasium! Soon after, in November, 1904, his mother's house was invaded by several officials, accompanied by an interpreter, while a detachment of police occupied the garden. The latter were hidden behind bushes and trees, ready at a given signal to protect the officials from any danger which the two ladies might have prepared for them. The officials had been sent to find any books or papers which might form the basis for a charge of revolutionary tendencies. For more than six hours they searched the house, examining thoroughly every cupboard in the library, every drawer in the bed-rooms, every box in the garret, and leaving no corner unsearched. They confiscated several Polish books, newspapers, and pamphlets, whose only offence was to refer to Polish history and politics. Both brother and sister were summoned before the court of law and accused of circulating dangerous literature. The case was tried; the young lady questioned by no lenient judge; but as no legal offence could possibly be proved against either, both were acquitted. This, however, did not please the school authorities, who always seize every opportunity to make a Pole feel the weight of their iron fist. The boy was denied the right of passing his final examination at the due time, and, in spite of all that could be done to get this unjust sentence commuted, was kept at school six months longer—no small penance for a Polish boy in Germany. One cannot be surprised that, with such examples of Prussian tyranny before their eyes, the Poles should have recourse to stratagem in distributing books. One gentleman, for instance, has told me that he drops parcels of them by the roadside, at places where the peasant children are accustomed to find them.

Before concluding this short account of the state of elementary education in the Polish provinces of Prussia, it is essential to add that the children in some villages have been cruelly ill-treated by the schoolmasters because they refused to learn their catechism in German; as, for instance, in Wreschen, where the protestations of parents resulted in the imprisonment of the parents for months. The schoolmasters are, for the

most part, Germans; some are Poles; but the latter are under constant supervision and terrorism, lest, by some act or word, they incur the anger of the inspectors, and thus lose their means of livelihood. Even the quietest and most submissive among them are handicapped by the mere fact of being Poles. A secret order issued to the school inspectors some weeks ago forbids them ever to appoint a Pole to the post of head master in a village school. This order includes German Catholics with Polish wives. The Polish schoolmasters are not left in peace even by their own fireside; they have been warned, under threat of censure, not to speak Polish with their families!

In the higher schools, called gymnasiums, which correspond to the English grammar schools, the condition of the Polish pupils is not enviable. Not a word of Polish is pronounced in the school. The opportunity to speak Polish during recreation hours depends entirely upon the good will of the director. The scholars' private lodgings in town are liable to be searched, and any Polish book may be confiscated at the discretion of the school authorities. The boys are forbidden to associate, or even to meet together for the purpose of studying Polish literature. A few years ago, the students of several gymnasiums, having formed such societies, were arraigned on the ground that secret societies are forbidden. Strictly speaking, these societies were secret, for in order to exist they had to conceal their being from the gymnasium authorities, but they certainly did not merit this title of secret society in its legal sense. The members, however, were tried in Thorn and punished by several months imprisonment; by the forfeiture of their right to serve only one year as volunteers, instead of two years as common soldiers in the barracks; and by expulsion from school. And this last is tantamount to inability to pass the final examination—an absolutely necessary condition for entering any profession.

It is impossible to enumerate all the petty occasions when nationality handicaps a Polish boy at school. In order to have some idea of this we must remember: first, that all the gymnasium professors—except the priests who teach religion—are Germans. Any Pole who takes up this profession is sent off to the Western German provinces; secondly, that to a German professor—as in fact to any representative of authority among

the Poles—the reputation of a zealous persecutor is one of the guarantees of advancement and promotion.

In his speech the Emperor continues: "I repeat that every Polish Catholic should know that I respect his religion, and that he shall find no obstacles in fulfilling his religious duties; but that, on his part, he should respect other creeds, just as we know how to respect his." The Emperor William seems to understand the word "respect" in a very one-sided way. Certainly, if a religious creed is ever ready to obey his word of command, and serve his views, he will allow it to breathe, but not to grow and develop independently and get beyond the control of his government. Certainly, if one takes the expression "religion" in a purely superficial sense, the Emperor is right. The Poles may hear Mass and receive the sacraments without interference. An open persecution of the kind implied is not of the twentieth century, and would draw the indignation of the whole world, whether Catholic or not, upon the Germans and the Emperor, who is ever anxious for public approbation.

But besides church going, a Christian has other moral duties. To the Polish population these duties are made difficult by the want, not only of instruction, but of a certain moral education which children in other countries receive at school, but of which, as we have seen above, Polish children are deprived. This want should and could be supplied by religious instruction, but the Prussian government interferes and handicaps the Church. Religious instruction, in rural districts, is not left to the priests, but is confided to the schoolmasters, and imparted in German. Here, again, the deadlock repeats itself; the children do not understand German. They might as well, therefore, not learn their catechism at all as learn it in that language. The preparation for the sacraments, at least, is left to the priests; but what can one parish priest do with a numerous class of children who are to be prepared for confession or Communion in six months, and who are yet unable to read Polish well, because it has not been taught them at school? They know their catechism only in German, but do not understand a word of it. The law introducing religious teaching in German is recent, and is being applied little by little. As yet, therefore, its results are not openly apparent. But in order to grasp the disastrous nature of that law, we

need only picture the state of things fifteen years hence, when a generation will have been brought up under it.

To sum up. Polish children are not taught at school to read Polish. They are taught German under such a system that they cannot learn it. In spite of this they study catechism by rote in German, which amounts to not studying it at all. And, as a result of all these laws and rules, we now see a generation condemned to grow up in utter ignorance, without religious instruction or elevating influence.

That portion of the Emperor's speech which follows the paragraph about religious toleration is characteristic, and requires no comment. It speaks for itself. And we will pass to the description of his interview with Pope Leo XIII. It must be remembered, first of all, that even the German Catholic press asserted that whatever the Pope's promises were, they were not unconditional, and that they bound the Emperor as well as the Church. *Germania* even cast a doubt upon the authenticity of the conversation. It is strange, indeed, that no one should have heard about it until now. As to the reproof which William II. seems to convey under this allusion, it falls completely flat before the fact that the Poles do not use any but the most lawful means to defend their religion and nationality from the ceaseless aggression of the Prussian Government. In fact, the present Archbishop has gone so far, in his willingness to conciliate, that he has dissatisfied most of his flock, by consenting, for instance, to the decree of religious instruction in German.

From a Catholic's point of view the Protestant Government of Germany has, indeed, far too much influence in ecclesiastical affairs. This influence is felt, without doubt, in a much more painful and harmful manner in the Eastern Polish Catholic provinces than in the Western German provinces, because national persecution can be, and is, exercised over the Poles also through the medium of the clergy. This may, in time, undermine the conscientiousness and absolute integrity of the clergy, and eventually estrange them from the people, who, till now, have had complete confidence in their priests. The Government has a voice in every ecclesiastical election. When a parish becomes vacant, and the patron singles out one of the candidates, and the bishop sanctions the election, the Government may still exercise its veto. It is clear that, by a repeti-

tion of this proceeding, the Government can always eventually place its own candidate.

The choice of the members of the Chapters is also, to some extent, in the hands of the authorities. Every alternate month of the year is a so-called governmental month. Any canonry which becomes vacant in the course of one of these months is at the disposal of the Government. Thus, disproportionately, many members of the Chapters in the Polish provinces are Germans. The selection of an archbishop is, of course, the prerogative of the Chapter; but that selection must proceed in the following manner: the Chapter selects three candidates; from these the Government selects its choice for the archbishopric. The approval of the Holy See must, of course, be obtained. But if none of the three candidates is agreeable to the Government, it rejects them all, and the election must recommence.

The absence of all convents—except such Sisterhoods as nurse the sick—and monasteries is also a heavy grievance to which only the Polish Catholics must now submit in Germany. To all the other provinces convents have been readmitted; but not to the Polish province of Posen. And it is here that religious orders, of men especially, would be exceedingly helpful, because the closure—for thirteen years, during the *Kulturkampf*—of all the seminaries, thinned the ranks of the secular clergy, which is, even now, scarcely numerous enough to fill all the vacant posts.

We see then that the Emperor scarcely has the right to assert that he respects the Catholic religion, especially among the Poles. All these ecclesiastical arrangements were negotiated between the Vatican and the Prussian Government after the *Kulturkampf*. But when the Pope allowed the Government to mix in ecclesiastical affairs, he certainly did not mean to sanction all abuses; or to deliver up the Polish part of his flock to the mercy of any oppressor; or, by any promise given to the Emperor, to tie their hands and forbid them under honor to use any means of defence.

We have mentioned briefly the principal points of the national and religious situation in Prussian Poland, but we have not by any means exhausted the subject. In fact, if we endeavored to go into all the details of this situation, the matter would be inexhaustible. We will therefore enumerate only

some striking features, which may not perhaps be classified under the heading of either intolerance or religious persecution, but which will serve to prove that "Germanization" is not always and everywhere synonymous with "culture," and "freedom for every one."

The right of expelling undesirable foreigners from the empire is exercised by the Prussian Government against Poles from Austria and Russia with incredible frequency. In the time of Bismarck forty thousand, principally laborers, who had settled here, were driven out in the space of three months. As laborers are scarce in Prussian Poland, the landed proprietors are compelled to bring them from Russian Poland and Galicia. But they may not keep them for more than six months. A Polish country gentleman lately requested permission to introduce laborers from Russian Poland. He received the curt reply that he had laborers enough! Country squires who possess land here, but who are not Prussian subjects, are under a perpetual menace, and at the least ill-humor of the local bureaucracy may be deprived of the pleasure of inhabiting their houses, which by every right belong to them. Examples are not wanting wherein this was the fate of the quietest and least enterprising persons, who are obliged, henceforth, to crave special permission for every day that they wish to spend on their property. In most cases this eventually compels them to sell it.

Another abuse widely practised is the disposal of the electoral districts in such a way as to assure therein a majority of German voters. Instead of dividing a certain number of villages—of which some are Polish and some German, but where the Polish population is in excess—into two electoral districts forming natural geographical groups, in both of which the Polish majority would elect a Pole, the authorities form only one electoral district of all the Polish villages, and a separate one of all the German villages, even if the latter is geographically very small. In this way the Poles are deprived of their second representative, and one is assured to the Germans, who without this trick would have been unable to elect any.

The postal service is also a medium for constant trivial persecution. Two offices have been recently established, one in Posen, the other in Bromberg, their avowed object being the translation of all addresses incomprehensible to the ordinary

sorting clerks. But it is remarkable that all languages seem to be intelligible to the postal officials except Polish alone, the native language of the country. I have known of a letter addressed in Spanish to Posen, with even the name of the street written in Spanish, arrive at its destination quite safely and without delay; while hundreds of letters addressed in Polish have been considerably retarded by being sent to the "translating" offices. Here, as in all things in Prussian Poland, the Polish public is utterly at the mercy of the small local officials, on whose caprice depends the safe delivery of the mails, and who know full well that no transgression on their part will be punished by the higher authorities. It is interesting to note that the officials in the Eastern Provinces are all Germans except a few postmasters in small villages. This is not caused by any scarcity of Polish applicants, but by the unjust and partial way in which a German is always advanced to the detriment of his Polish rival. The latter never has a fair chance to rise in the ranks of any government service, even though he show the greatest capabilities. Poles who enter government service are sent off to Western Germany, as in the case, already cited, of gymnasium professors. The Government has also strengthened its hold over the officials employed in Poland by instituting a special fund at the irresponsible disposition of the provincial governor.

"It is your duty, Gentlemen of the Chapter, to realize these words of the Venerable High Priest, that good faith should not be broken, after his death, with the German Emperor." These were the actual words of William II. to the Chapter of Gnesen Cathedral. The perusal of this hasty survey of Germano-Polish relations in Prussia will, I hope, enable the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to measure the audacity of this royal injunction. "Germanization is Protestantization," was the motto of the celebrated Catholic leader, Schorlimmer Alst, and became the watchword of the Centre in the days of the *Kulturkampf*. Among the nations of the world there are few with whom Catholicism is such an integral factor in national life as with the Poles. Even at present, among the uneducated classes, the word "Polish" is synonymous with "Catholic." Consequently, there is no doubt that the future of Polish nationality in Prussia is one of capital importance to the Church. The victory of the Government over the Polish

element would be the victory of Protestantism. On the other hand, the Poles are now in imminent danger of being thrown into the arms of the anti-religious socialistic party through the common interests created by a long strife against their common enemy, the Government.

That is why I consider that this bitter struggle carried on to-day in the Eastern Provinces of the Kingdom of Prussia deserves the attention of every thoughtful Catholic, whatever his nationality. With the outcome of this struggle, which some—and they are either uninformed or dishonest—would call purely political, rests the religious and moral future of three millions of Catholics.

THE SACRISTAN.

From every outpost of our battle seen
As on a hill, the swinging sentry-flame
Lightfooted comes and goes, since it became
First of Thy Kingly Tent the guardian keen;
And night by night, and all the hours between,
Set votive there unto thy conquering Name,
Field-lilies lean against the Tent, the same
Thou lovedst when Thou wert a Nazarene.

Lord, if I bring Thee flowers and fire, behold
In them my symbol and my counterpart;
Yea, listen to the lilies well, for these
Are my breath towards Thee in the silences,
And that lone lamp that in the dark grows bold,
The foolish bright sad flicker of my heart.

ANNUNZIATA.

BY HOPE LESART.



N Italy this happened; in a tiny town on the seashore, where the men are brave and the women beautiful. The men there are all fishers, earning their daily bread in a constant hand-to-hand struggle with the treacherous sea. The women, with their dark eyes and brown, glowing complexions, a combination of sea and sun, stay at home and discuss the affairs of their little world.

To-day the sea is as blue as the sky above, and we who love Italy know how blue that is; the tiny ripples—fit playfellows for a babe, so gentle are they—break on the shore with a faint tinkle that sounds like fairy sleigh-bells, while away out on the horizon the sea and sky meet in a glimmering haze that is neither gray nor blue, but an exquisite blending of both.

Harmless and innocent as a child at play the sea seems to-day, but ask the dark-skinned children sporting in the pools left by the receding tide, their few clothes twisted up out of the water's reach—even they can tell you tales, heart-rending tales, of the sea's malice. The women could point to the many candles burning before the altar in the little church, each a prayer for a loved one's return. But the men—it is useless to ask the men—they would only shrug their shoulders or raise one eyebrow, and say that the sea was their very good friend. For they are superstitious, these fine sailors, and what is the use of making an enemy of one in whose power you are daily, almost hourly?

But I, who have spent many days in this little seashore corner of the world, and who am not dependent on its bounty, can tell you of sudden gales that sweep across the Mediterranean, and in an instant's time transform the blue, dimpled waters—that to-day serve only as a mirror for the sky—into a black, heaving mass, terrifying to look upon. We have only to count the tall white crosses in the churchyard, to appreciate what a monster the sea is when he is roused, and how much he can

devour when his appetite is keen. I, too, have felt his hate, and sometimes, like these men, fear his malice.

Little Nicola, with the long, brown legs, who has been talking to me in his pretty, broken English, is an orphan now. His father's boat was overturned in a squall the day after I came. Nicola's mother, with her blue-black braids and great, sad eyes, sat by me at Mass yesterday morning, and I wished to ask her not to let little Nicola be a fisherman when he grew up, but to keep him by her; only I knew it would be quite useless, for here all other means of livelihood are looked down upon. It is a disgrace for a man to give up the sea when his father and his father's father gained their living by it. So, from generation to generation, they are fishermen, and are lost—and their sons grow into men and take their places, and are lost in their turn. There are few old men in the town, I have seen only two, but of old women—I am sure there must be a score. So you see it would have been quite useless to speak to Nicola's mother. I could only shut my eyes and pray, and try not to see her sorrowful face.

There are sad faces wherever one turns; they are taken as a matter of course. "Life is life," say these folks with a shrug, "the good God gives us eternal happiness as a reward." Dear people—they deserve it! Yet their lives are strangely happy before the sea claims its victim. Their natures are sunny and bright as their own clime. They love deeply, passionately; and are true in life as in death. A second marriage is rare among them, and is looked upon somewhat as a disgrace. Disgrace—what we call disgrace in the world—is not known here. At least, I have never heard of it, and I know most of their histories and a number of their secrets. It is, in their eye, the unpardonable sin. Theft—even murder—I have been told about, and they have many smuggler's tales of which, I am afraid, they make a boast—for they are not saints, these children of the old world—but of the other I have never heard a whisper.

My special friend in the village is Annunziata. I have known and loved her ever since she was a winsome scrap of humanity—aged six—when I cut wonderfully shaped dolls out of my best note paper to console her for her father's loss. Both he and her grandfather, one twenty-eight years and the other fifty, had sailed away one morning and had never returned. To-day Annunziata is a tall maiden of seventeen,

and when I watch her at the *festa*, with her snowy linen and bright bodice and skirt, or when she comes down to the shore to wait for the boats, I think she is the most beautiful picture in all beautiful Italy. Her mother, Maria Dolores—as she is called to distinguish her from all the other Marias—is still a handsome woman, though sorrow and work have marked her face with lines that have cut too deep for beauty.

“Donna Lisa,” Annunziata said yesterday—she came in just as I was getting my easel ready. “Donna Lisa, I love you very dearly. May I go with you and watch you paint?”

Now there are few things I dislike more than having some one watch me while I work, but could any one refuse a request prefaced by “I love you dearly”? I could not, so Annunziata went and I did wretched work. I am not sorry, for the summer is just beginning. I had not seen Annunziata through all the long winter, and she had so much to tell me. Her mother wants her to marry big Alessandro Lecci, who owns his own boat and has two boys to help him, and all this before he is twenty. When I asked her if she loved him, she shook her head coquettishly, her eyes, all the while, holding so much sunshine that they well-nigh dazzled me.

I had thought she cared for Alessandro, and that it was for his boat that she waited.

“He is very handsome, Annunziata,” I urged, as I washed in the background of my sketch.

“Yes, Signora; I know,” she answered, her white teeth showing between her red lips. “That is what every one says.”

“And—” I went on, feeling like an old mercenary match-maker—“he is rich—he has money put away.”

“Ah, Signora,” the girl answered again, “money is not everything.”

I put down my brush and stared at the child. She had turned away, but I could see the color mounting to her cheeks. Then it came to my stupid old brain. But who could it be?

I picked up my brush and pretended to work industriously.

“But you always danced with Alessandro oftener than with any one else,” I retorted.

No answer—though her cheeks still looked like twin roses.

“At the *festa*, you know,” I repeated stupidly, “you always dance with him.”

"He dances so well," she urged in extenuation. "I could not help it."

"Annunziata—" I began, in my excitement forgetting all about my picture and turning around so quickly that it nearly went over—"I have always thought—yes, and hoped—that you and Alessandro would marry, and now you are going to disappoint me. He is a good son and will make you a good husband. He is handsome, well-to-do, and—loves you. And you ought to love him—" I finished weakly.

"I know he has all the virtues, but still I do not love him."

I stared hopelessly across the blue waters. There was really nothing more to be said. I could not in conscience urge a loveless marriage.

"It is such a pity," I sighed. "Don't you think you could learn to love him?"

"No, Signora"; she answered firmly. "I am sure of it."

Of course she loved some one else. I was sure of it now. But why did she not tell me? It could not be Stefano, he was too old, nor Matteo, he was too ugly. I wonder if it could be Felipe—with his merry tongue, always singing and as beautiful as Apollo—but a sad good-for-nothing. Surely, surely it could not be he. I looked at Annunziata with a world of inquiry in my eyes.

"What is it, Donna Lisa?" she questioned, as if she had a suspicion of my unspoken query.

"Surely," I began, "it is not Felipe?"

"No, no, Signora. What made you think of him?" Ending with a merry laugh at the very thought of it.

"Because he is so beautiful," I answered.

"But, Signora," she drew herself up very straight and looked far away, a new light dawning in her eyes, "the man I love is not beautiful." It was very simply said.

"Who is he, Annunziata?"

She hesitated a moment and then—the light still in her eyes—told me.

"Marco Santo."

"Marco Santo!" I repeated like a child learning a lesson. "Marco Santo!" Why it was impossible. Annunziata love him—marry him! It was nonsense. Like many another, she had mistaken pity for love. But, for all my astonishment and

dismay, I could not make her repent of her words. "Love comes of itself, Signora," she remarked wisely.

"And Maria Dolores—your mother—what does she say?"

"Like you, Signora—'Impossible.'" She unconsciously imitated her mother's voice.

I could not tell the child all the thoughts that came crowding into my brain, I could only say—as I washed my brushes and gazed disheartened at the wretched work I had done—"Another day, Annunziata, we will talk about this. You have surprised me very much. I must think it over. You know I love you and have your happiness at heart."

"I thank you, Signora," she murmured, rising to her feet. "I shall be happy, never fear. He is not a sailor," she said almost defiantly; and before I could answer, she had slipped away.

No, he is not a sailor, I thought angrily. He is too frail, too puny, too delicate to wrest a living from the sea. Among the sturdy fisher-folk he seemed a being apart. From his very birth he had a horror of the sea; never playing in it as the other children did, screaming with fright if a wave but touched his bare, brown toes. Not even now, when he was a grown man, had he overcome this great aversion. The trade he had chosen, while honorable and worthy, and at which—it must be acknowledged—he had made a success, was looked down upon by these Italian fishermen. When one can love and marry a brave, good-looking fisherman, bronzed by the sun, fearless as the sea, and strong as the elements themselves, it does not seem right to choose a weak, white-faced boy, who dares not so much as even sit in a boat.

I picked up my traps and started for home. Annunziata deserved a good scolding and I should have given her one. To love a shoemaker, instead of picturesque Alessandro, with his scarlet kerchief knotted around his brown throat! It was a delight to see him bring his boat in over the waves, standing upright in the bow; his body swaying with the motion, while his strong arms skilfully wielded the unhandy oar. It was no delight, no pleasure to see Marco make shoes! True he always bowed with a pleasant "Good morning, Signora," when I passed his shop, and if I chanced to stop for a moment's chat, the color would fly to his pale cheeks, and his brown eyes grow luminous when I talked of his beloved "Patria."

But he barely reached to Annunziata's shapely shoulders, while Alessandro towered above her.

I met Maria Dolores the next day as I was passing the padre's house. "The good man was down at the beach helping the fishermen with their nets," she told me. She had wished to ask his advice and, not finding him, asked mine.

"Was it not impossible, quite impossible, for Annunziata to marry a shoemaker?" Utter contempt marked her dulcet voice.

Annunziata's love-lit eyes rose before me. I hesitated, and then hedged shamefully.

"You do not like him, Maria Dolores?"

"Not like him has nothing to do with the matter. He is a shoemaker and all the Galdi have married seamen." The dark eyes grew threatening. "Annunziata shall not marry a shoemaker."

"He might become a sailor," I ventured; though I knew how impossible this was.

"Marco become a sailor!" Her voice grew shrill, as only Italian voices can. "Do you not know, Signora, that he has a horror of the sea? His father was drowned and his mother—God rest her soul!—found his body on the shore. Then the boy was born, and he had a horror of the sea."

I remembered that I had heard the story. So his dread of the sea was constitutional; an inheritance from his grief-stricken mother. The first throb of pity I had felt for Annunziata's chosen lover thrilled my heart.

"Annunziata has always cared for him," Maria Dolores went on rapidly. "When they were children together she took care of him and shielded him when the other children—little imp—only laughed at him. But to marry him—" Maria Dolores clasped her hands and called on all the saints of the Church to preserve her beloved daughter from such a fate.

I fear the distracted mother found me of little comfort, for I did but listen, nodding my head in sympathy, and promise that I would speak to Annunziata.

Almost a week passed before I could fulfil my promise. Annunziata seemed to avoid me, if such a thing were possible, when one morning I heard her step on the stair. "Annunziata, mia!" I cried. "What ages it is since I have seen you. Come, sit down, and I will tell you how I have missed you."

"A thousand thanks, Signora," she answered.

Her manner was constrained and ill at ease. She was no longer the light-hearted, happy girl whose very presence was a joy. Her eyes looked heavy with much weeping, and the twin roses had faded from her cheeks.

"What is the matter, dearest," I asked anxiously; for, in sight of such storm signals, to pretend was impossible.

"Marco will be a sailor!" She dropped on her knees, buried her face in my lap, and burst into tears.

Annunziata crying! Annunziata, who was always happiness personified, whose merry laugh had chased from my threshold many a goblin dressed in blue. An angry Annunziata, enraged at her mother's opposition, I had expected; but I had never looked for tears. Tears are only for the poor in spirit.

Gradually the sobs grew less violent.

"It is sad, Signora, nothing could be sadder. Marco—whose horror of the sea is known to all—Marco has become a sailor!"

Here the sobs threatened to get the better of her again, but my face of amazement, together with an astonished cry of, "Impossible, Annunziata!" brought her back.

"Not impossible at all, Signora," with a little touch of dignity. "It is only too real. He heard that the Galdi never married any but sailors—and he said if that was all that stood in the way, he too would become a sailor."

"Annunziata, it is all foolishness. He is too frail for such work. Besides, he dreads the sea!"

"Yes; that is true, Signora. But what can one do? It is no use. He goes. Our Lady and all the saints pray for him! And may God bring him back to me in safety!" she added, making a reverent sign of the cross that was a prayer in itself.

"Dearest child," I answered, laying my hand on the head that was bowed again over my lap, "Marco has no boat, and who would take him? He knows naught of the sea. He must not risk his life. Let him keep to his work, of that he knows plenty."

"Yes, Signora, he does indeed"; her tear-stained face looked proudly up at me. "He has made enough by his work to have money in the bank, and—and—he will buy a boat." The sobs again became unmanageable.

"Nonsense, child; you must stop him!" I retorted sharp-

ly. "He and his money would both be lost. Why, the man is crazy! He might as well jump into the sea and be done with it." My indignation increased as the picture of Marco rose before me with his haunting fear of the water. "Why, what would he do in a storm? Even in fair weather he knows nothing of boats."

"Nothing," Annunziata agreed sadly. "Only he says he will sail first with Stefano. When he learns—then he will buy his own."

This was putting off the evil day for a little while, at least, as I tried to make Annunziata see; though I was amazed that Stefano would employ a weakling like Marco.

It was, if I remember rightly, the next day that I saw Marco. I met him as I was trudging home after an afternoon's work. I was not in the best of moods, and when I heard the soft Italian accents—"May I carry the Signora's box?" and turning, saw the slight figure hurrying after me—my temper was not improved. If I had been gentle with Annunziata I would not spare Marco. So, without stopping, I refused his offer with a few words of thanks, and continued on my way, even quickening my pace.

"The Signora is offended?" the voice went on.

"Yes"; I replied. "The Signora is offended."

"But, Signora," he pleaded, with a clasp of his hands, and in a tone of mingled despair and exultation. "I love Annunziata, and—" the exaltation predominated now—"Annunziata loves me."

"I know, so she has told me," I answered in as crisp a tone as I knew how to use. "But Annunziata is young and she may mistake—other feelings—for love." I had intended to say "pity," but my courage failed; he looked so absurdly unhappy.

"Ah—Signora! I hope not." The color flooded his face and I knew he had read my meaning.

"Well," I went on ruthlessly, "Maria Dolores will not consent, and you know Annunziata will never marry without her mother's approval."

"We will wait," he answered. "Our Lady is good and she may soften her heart some day."

"Is it true you have become a sailor?" I asked, looking across to where the sea lay shimmering in the twilight.

"Yes, Signora"; he answered simply.

I thought as he followed my glance across the shining water that he shivered slightly.

"I begin to-morrow," he continued. "There is Stefano's boat coming in now. I go with him—just at first," he added. "Will you not wish me good luck?"

The appeal was so direct that I could but murmur "good luck," in a half audible tone.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, Signora!" This with a courteous bow as he left me at the door of my little house.

Had I not always felt so positive that Annunziata would marry Alessandro, I might have become reconciled to Marco; but matchmakers do not like their plans to miscarry.

June and July were always wonderful months in this little corner of the world, but this summer they were surpassingly beautiful. Long, golden days they gave, each one more beautiful. Earth, sea, and sky seemed joined in a trinity of beauty.

Marco had sailed with Stefano and each day had come home in safety; though it was rumored among the gossips that on the first day he had fainted. Stefano stoutly denied this, and no one dared to question Marco. I thought the sea was benefitting him, and, in a measure, making a man of him. He looked brown and less delicate and his shrinking look had departed. But Annunziata seemed pale and worried, her eyes lost their old confidence.

"Annunziata," I said one day when we met on the beach—it was time for the boats and the girl was scanning the horizon—"you have come of a race of seamen—it is not right to worry so. Marco is in God's care."

"Oh, Signora! that is what I tell myself constantly; but it is of no use. I cannot help it. Do you think that is his boat?" she asked, pointing to a tiny speck that to my eyes looked as much like a bird as a boat.

"Indeed, child, I cannot tell. It is a fair day and there is no danger."

"Signora—" she turned to me earnestly—"I never wanted to marry a sailor, and now—I am very unhappy, and unless—ah, that *is* his boat!" All the unhappiness had gone now and once more she was my Annunziata, with the twin roses and dancing eyes.

So day after day passed. Maria Dolores had, meanwhile,

consented conditionally to the match. "When he sails his own boat," she had said; and that was to be in the following spring.

Marco had been sailing for two months now, but Annunziata's fear instead of growing less only increased. She concealed it from every one save me; and I, knowing the terror that was always in her heart, pitied her more and more as the summer went by.

Then came that terrible day in August. It had been fair and beautiful as all the days that had gone before, then like a flash came the storm. The sea changed from a mirror to a maelstrom. In an instant the shore was crowded. I found Annunziata standing close to the raging water; and, putting my arm around her, I drew her back. She looked at me without a sign of recognition, but she did not resist.

"The boats saw the storm coming," I said, "and have made for a safe harbor."

She shook her head and pointed across the water. I strained my eyes and there, outlined against the dark masses of clouds, were two fishing-boats. Nearer they came, pitching and tossing on the black water. We could see now that they were Alessandro's and Stefano's boats. Then a cry arose from the watching people and I hid my face. When I dared look again I could see only one boat. Instantly a living chain was made, which reached far out into the water—the last man was up to his shoulders in the seething mass.

Alessandro, when they carried him in, was just able to speak. A mournful wail arose as he named two boats that had capsized when the gale first struck them. Of the other boat, still tossing about outside the line of breakers, he had little hope to give. Stefano had been washed overboard as they were running for the harbor, and Marco had injured his arm and was practically helpless.

I turned from the crowd standing about the rescued man, and looked out over the waters. The boat was still tossing and pitching from side to side. If it could only be brought inside the line of breaking waves, a life-line might be again formed and Marco saved. But this seemed impossible. If Alessandro, with all his strength and knowledge of boats, barely succeeded in doing this—how could Marco—disabled, too—even attempt it?

I looked for Annunziata. She was standing, rigid as a statue, her arms stretched out as if to grasp the boat and draw it to safety.

"Can nothing be done? Can you stand here and see two human beings perish—almost within reach of your arms?" I cried aloud. "Surely there are men who will risk their lives to save a friend. Gregorio—you at least will do something?"

But the brawny fellow shook his head and muttered something that I did not catch. I repented of my words when his wife—her baby deftly folded in a corner of her shawl—besought me with tears in her eyes not to allow him to risk his life.

"Ah, Signora! he could do nothing. It would only be another for the sea to devour."

All at once a clear, ringing voice was heard above the noises of the storm: "Courage! courage, Marco! I am coming! Courage for a few minutes!"

I started. What did the figure flying up the beach, followed slowly by one or two men, mean to do? I heard a great clamor—voices raised in excited pleadings—then I saw men dragging a boat to the water's edge.

"It is madness—madness!" "Annunziata has gone mad!" "It cannot be done!" were the many cries. "It is too late. We could not reach them in time."

The women's shrill tones rose like a wail. The men—protesting all the while—helped launch the boat.

The first to step in was Annunziata. I started forward—then drew back. Why not? She was strong and fearless, and well able to manage a boat. Two men stepped in after her; she had shamed them into bravery—or, perhaps, they lacked but a leader, I saw them cross themselves, a wave caught the little boat and it seemed to stand on end. I hid my face and prayed—for the dead, as I thought.

A gentle hand touched my arm. I looked up, dreading what I was to see. It was Lucia, who had begged me not to let her husband go. "Courage, Signora!" she said, "See! They are most there."

Slowly the two boats drew nearer each other. How it was done I cannot tell.

"Look, Signora!" called Lucia, "all is well. They have thrown the line. Heavens! he has missed it! Ah! he has it

now; his arm broken—too! They are coming back. Signora—look! Only a little wave—see, they ride on top.” All I could make out was a raging sea with huge waves threatening every instant to end a life that was dear to me—so that, for very fear, I had to hide my face.

“Ah! misericordia! Signora!” said Lucia, in a voice of despair; “it is all over. The boat has overturned—but—no—no! they have them. Ah! how brave is my Gregorio!”

Again the waiting men formed a line headed by strong Gregorio, and Annunziata first, and then the three others, were carried in safety beyond the reach of the terrific sea.

The next day, when the sea was blue and laughing in the sunlight, I stopped to ask how Marco was. I found Annunziata looking pale but so happy that I envied her. It is not given to every woman to save from death the man she loves. I looked upon Annunziata with an awe that I had never felt before. Somehow her love had passed beyond the commonplace of every-day life, and had become exalted—glorified. When Maria Dolores came to greet me I saw that she also recognized that truth.

“Yes, Signora; Annunziata may marry Marco. The good God wills it, so I gave my consent. Marco goes back to the shoemaking. Annunziata insists.”

October came and found me still in my holiday home. I had waited for Annunziata’s wedding. It took place in the little church, that was gayly dressed with green boughs and stiff paper flowers. If the bride was beautiful and stately, and the bridegroom pale and small—I think no one noticed the discrepancy, for the perfect happiness shining in the eyes of both caused all else to be forgotten.

And if I chanced to glance at tall, splendid Alessandro standing by my side, I had only to look a bit further through the little window, where the sight of many crosses—grim in the glorious sunshine—made me think of that figure of despair—standing with arms outstretched to the pitiless sea—and thank God that such grief had been only for an hour.

Current Events.

Russia

For a few weeks things were comparatively quiet in Russia; it seemed as if the reformers had accepted the Tsar's concession of a *Duma*, with great reluctance, indeed, but with the hope and the fixed purpose to get the most out of it. The government was supposed to be elaborating the details and to be preparing for the election of the representatives. Assurances were given by Count Witte, to members of the Reform party, that the Tsar was sincerely desirous of meeting the wishes of the nation. He declared that the Tsar's strongest desire was to become a constitutional sovereign; that his ideal was a monarch who ruled over loyal and loving subjects without the terrible burden of responsibility imposed by an autocratic *régime*, and that the only reason why he hesitated to grant a constitution was because he was not convinced that the nation really desired one. The disorders in the Caucasus had been so far suppressed that there was no longer any news from that region.

The topic most discussed was the probable arrangement of an agreement with Great Britain, somewhat on the lines of the Anglo-French agreement. Writers who had hitherto been bitterly opposed to England, and who looked upon her as Russia's sworn foe, advocated the new *rapprochement*. It is asserted—with what truth we do not know—that the Emperor William had made a great effort to detach Russia from France, and had even proposed to Russia an agreement for the partition of the Austrian dominions. The Slavonic peoples were to become the share of Russia, while Germany was to become the possessor of the parts occupied by the races of Teutonic blood. Hungary was to be made into an independent principality. These proposals, if they were ever made, were rejected by the Tsar; and the alliance with France is to be maintained as a fixed point of Russian policy.

In a Manifesto, published on the ratification of the Treaty with Japan, there appears for the first time the recognition of the defeat inflicted by Japan: "God has caused our Fatherland to suffer sore trials and blows of fate in a sanguinary war . . . against a brave and mighty enemy." The hope

for the future prosperity of Russia, the Tsar declares, is to be looked for from the blessing of God upon his own labors in conjunction with those of the men elected by the people.

But the comparative quiet which prevailed was only the calm before the storm. The distrust of the government was felt by too many for the nation at large to be willing to accept, even as an instalment, the proffered concessions. Even if confidence in the good faith of the officials had been felt—which was far from being the case—it was soon seen that those concessions were altogether inadequate. The working classes of the town, and the poor of the villages, would have been without representatives in the projected *Duma*. Of peasant proprietors only two per cent could have become electors. Only independent householders, above twenty-five years of age, could have voted in the first stage. The election was to be in two or three stages; the members of the *Duma* were to be elected by delegates chosen by these few electors. And when elected, the *Duma* was merely a powerless law-advising assembly. Out of its proposals the government could select and realize only those that suited it.

And so, while the moderate Reformers were willing to accept and make the best of it, grateful for the principle, as they were, of election being recognized in any degree so ever, the vast mass of the people who took an interest in political questions could not bring themselves to accept this course. They adopted a method of securing decent government hitherto unexampled in history. Theologians generally condemn revolution, but allow passive resistance to iniquitous measures; as a rule, however, it has been by revolution of one form or another that tyranny has been overturned. It was left to the Russian people to show how potent an arm the people themselves possess in the power of passive resistance without violence.

The movement began by the strike of railway operatives in Moscow; thence it spread to St. Petersburg; and gradually extended so widely that Russia was cut off from the rest of the world: ambassadors had to depart in ships; the mails had to be entrusted to the good offices of neighboring states; the Tsar himself had to be dependent for intercourse with the rest of Europe upon the war vessels of the Kaiser.

The strikes soon spread to various other trades, and even lawyers and doctors struck; and soldiers and their officers

showed their sympathy. The number of strikers rose to more than one million; in many places the necessities of life were unattainable. The cities were in darkness. The people were willing to endure the privations involved for the sake of the hoped-for change in the way of government. In some mysterious way or other the workers were organized, and thoroughly organized, from one end of the Empire to the other, and so wisely that the military were powerless. Except in a very few places, no barricades were erected and but little blood was shed. The demands of the strikers were for the calling of a Constituent Assembly to be elected by universal suffrage. To this Convention was to be given the power of framing a Constitution for the Empire. In a few days the government was dismayed, as it might well be; for it had to face a nation in passive revolt. It was incapable of enforcing even the semblance of authority. This much is to be said for it, perhaps for the first time in its history, it made no effort to disperse meetings by military force, although it threatened to do so. The maintenance of order in many places was secured by committees of public safety. In various cities mock republics were formed. The nation went on strike, the people stopped work as a protest against misrule, against a succession of blunders and of broken pledges.

The Tsar, in this collapse of the national life, saw the necessity of making further concessions. He issued a Manifesto by which guarantees of civil liberty are promised, the suffrage is extended, legislative power is granted to the *Duma*, and the responsibility of ministers to it established. He says that his happiness is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of the people, and that the sorrow of the people is the sorrow of the Sovereign. The present agitation menaced the safety of the Empire. It is, therefore, his duty to efface himself and to bring the troubles to an end. Accordingly, he grants the population the immutable foundations of civic liberty, based on real inviolability of the person and freedom of conscience, speech, union, and association. He establishes it as an immutable rule that no law can come into force without the approval of the State *Duma*, and the elected of the people are to exercise a real participation in the supervision of the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by him. The suffrage is extended, but it is not stated how far this extension goes.

In the preparation of this Manifesto the Tsar took as a guide a Report submitted to him by Count Witte. In this Report the Count plainly stated that the agitation in Russian society was not the outcome of partial imperfections in the social and governmental *régime*, nor was it the outcome of the organized proceedings of the extreme elements. Its roots were deeper and sprang from the violation of the equilibrium between the moral aspirations and the external forms of life in Russian society. Thinking Russia aspires to rights on a basis of civil liberty. The main problem of the Government is to realize all the elements of civil liberty, and to secure the equalization of all Russians before the laws without distinction of religions and nationalities. The next problem, the Count proceeds to say, is the establishment of legislative measures for guaranteeing the benefits of civil, political, and economic liberty. The object to be pursued should be the good of the masses of the people.

Of the first Ministry constituted on the lines adopted in the West, Count Witte has been appointed the Premier. He is to be the leader of the Russian people into the path of Constitutionalism. He will choose his own colleagues, and the anarchy hitherto reigning even in the highest State circles, where each Minister strove to get his own way, independently and even in opposition to the rest, will cease and will be succeeded by the definite system under which the whole Cabinet is pledged to a common policy. It is too soon to ask the question to whom the Cabinet is to be responsible, to the Tsar or to the *Duma*.

The concessions of the Tsar have not yet brought full peace. Russia, like every other country, contains all sorts of people, and whether the wise or the foolish are to dominate cannot be ascertained in a few weeks. The bureaucrats, who have for so long a time exploited Russia as if it were their own private estate for their own personal emolument and pleasure, will not surrender their selfish aims without a struggle. We hope that those at the other extreme, to whom the concessions made are not sufficient, those who wish for a Constituent Assembly and for a Constitution framed by it, will not play into the hands of the Reactionaries, but will be content with a gradual evolution from the less to the greater.

It is, however, one of the evils of despotism that it assumes

as a first principle that the people are not fit to govern themselves, and proceeds, by its methods, to render them unfit. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to hear still of uprisings and unsettlement, and even of the heartrending massacre of Jews at Odessa and in many other places. There is very good reason to think that this massacre and other disorders, which have taken place since the publication of the latest Manifesto, were promoted by the present possessors of power, in the hopes of nullifying the Tsar's concession. Russia, so long a scene of despotic tyranny, cannot become at once a dwelling-place of freedom and of order. The greatest enemies of the common weal—the bureaucrats—manifest openly that virtual revolt against the Tsar, which in secret they have long practised. At Warsaw the Governor tore up the Manifesto, declaring that the people were not fit for freedom. The police and Cossacks still continue to shoot and sabre men, in despite of the word of the Tsar. One thing, however, has happened calculated to give as much satisfaction as the Manifesto itself—the most prominent of the bureaucrats, M. Pobiedonostzeff, has resigned the Procuratorship of the Holy Synod, and his resignation has been accepted. To him are due, more than to any one man, the evils which have befallen Russia during the last and the present reign. He has been a hater at once of civil liberty and of the Catholic Church. The best hope that Russia will pass triumphantly through the present crisis is to be found in Count Witte's assurance that the majority of the nation understand the necessity of being patient. At present, however, Russia is in a state of chaos, the outcome of which is still beyond human calculation. Will a strong leader appear to bring peace and security?

Germany.

The German Emperor has made two more speeches, and these have tended to darken the outlook. At

Dresden he expressed his gratitude to the King of Saxony for the sympathy and support which had rendered it easy for the "first official of Empire" to face the difficulties encountered by Germans in the world. With open vizor, and with the free manly German courage, the Empire would look every one in the face who chooses to cross its path and to interfere with it

in the legitimate promotion of its interests. A day or two later at Berlin, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to Moltke, the Emperor was even more outspoken: "You have seen, gentlemen, how we stand in the world. Then—powder dry, sword keen, eyes on the goal, muscles taut, and away with pessimists. I empty my glass to our people in arms. The German army and the German Staff. Hurrah!" These speeches led some to think that war with France was imminent, while others considered that it was at Great Britain that these threats were aimed.

Anxiety was somewhat removed, however, by the recollection that the Reichstag is on the point of meeting and that it will be necessary to get large additional sums of money voted. The demand for an increase of the navy, the expense of suppressing the native risings in Southwest and East Africa, and the readjustment of taxation, require a sum of nearly fifty millions per year of additional expenditure. The Emperor was, therefore, speaking rather as a canvasser for votes than as the War-Lord and Head of the Empire. The feeling, however, in Germany is very strong that coalitions are being formed against the Empire. Outside of Germany the impression is just the reverse: that the Emperor is endeavoring to break the alliance between France and Russia, or to unite France and Russia and even the United States with his own Empire in a league against Great Britain and Japan. But, so far, nothing has been accomplished. The methods of German diplomacy do not inspire confidence, and the objects which the German Emperor has in view are too exclusively his own for other nations to be willing to become his allies.

France.

In France the attention of the public has been devoted to the events of the quite recent past.

The statements made by Prince Bülow to the correspondents of two French journals, in which he insisted that the sole aim of Germany in the recent negotiations with reference to Morocco had been to guard her own interests and to maintain the principle of the "open door," met with little credence in France and led to various revelations of the events which took place in June last, when M. Delcassé resigned. It is quite

clear this resignation was brought about by the dread of a war with Germany. The French Foreign Minister was thrown over by his colleagues under the influence of fear. The men who were ready to support M. Combes, in his attack upon defenceless nuns and monks, quailed before the angry looks of the German Emperor. To appease him, M. Delcassé was sacrificed—and to no purpose. The Kaiser, so far from being appeased, made further and more exacting demands. He asked France to submit to discussion rights which had been hers since 1835. What France would have done if she had not been assured of England's support it is idle to speculate. As a matter of fact, M. Rouvier stood firm and secured for France the position with reference to Morocco which she has so long held. The Conference of the Powers which is to be held—how soon is not yet fixed—will not have a right to enter upon the questions already settled. Germany must be content with having prevented that peaceful penetration of Morocco which France had undertaken, and with prolonging over a large extent of the earth's surface that domination of cruelty and iniquity which France was upon the point of bringing to an end.

The statement that England had promised to support France with an army of 100,000 men, and to sieze the Kiel Canal, is too precise to be true. There is, however, but little doubt that France was officially assured of the full support of the whole military and naval strength of England in the event of a German attack. There is, too, little doubt that this attack was perilously near, and that France was not prepared. Many Frenchmen believe that alone she could not have successfully resisted the onslaught of the Germans. What hope of success have 38,000,000 against 60,000,000? It is not often that a nation's crime is so manifestly its own punishment. The limitation of the birth-rate so long practised in France has been the means of placing her at the mercy of her foe.

Whether exactly true or not, the accounts of the recent crisis give an insight into the state of insecurity which has existed during the past summer. They also show what methods of action are, if not actually adopted, yet considered possible of adoption by the men who control the destinies of the world. They indicate an entire lack of the sense of honor on the part of public men. In order to succeed, unblushing mendacity and trickery are practised such as would disgrace the lowest ward

politician. The press is subsidized for the purpose of spreading false reports and of manufacturing a fictitious public opinion. As in the days of Bismarck, who had newspapers in his pay and ordered them systematically to circulate calumnies against his opponents, so in the present times—and these newspapers are not in one country only, but are found in all. What Mr. Carnegie said about the general recognition of the principle that war may be waged without any formal declaration, shows how much the public morality of Europe has, in some respects, deteriorated.

The position of France in relation to her neighbors, as the resultant of the forces which have been acting upon her, seems to be somewhat as follows: Towards Germany she holds an attitude of reserve, if not one of suspicion. The *entente* with England remains unbroken and has been strengthened, although M. Rouvier, it is said, has negatived any idea of forming a definite alliance. The Municipal Council of Paris has paid a visit to London and its members have been the guests of the London County Councilors in their homes. A return visit is to be paid to Paris. The German Emperor's strong desire to have France as a supporter seems further than ever from realization, although there are those who think it not unlikely that he may offer to give France a free hand in Morocco in return for French support elsewhere; and there are not wanting Frenchmen ready to accept these terms. Another instance of what has become a marked feature of European politics—the mutual visits of the heads of states—has taken place. M. Loubet has been paying a visit to the King of Spain, and was warmly received both by the Sovereign and his people. The understanding as to Morocco, which had already been made between France and Spain, has consequently been strengthened, and France and Spain are understood to be in perfect accord. Between Italy and France friendly feelings exist. But Italy is a member of the Triple Alliance, and how she would act in the event of Germany's making war on France is a question hard to answer; writers worthy of attention declare that she would have to be faithful to the duties imposed by the Alliance. Nothing so far has broken the union which exists by virtue of the Treaty with Russia. Both powers are abiding by its terms. But with Russia in a state of chaos, the influence of this union is much diminished.

As to interior affairs, the impending general election is beginning to cast its shadow before. The *Bloc*, by means of which so much legislation hostile to the Church was passed, shows signs of dissolution. During the whole of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry and that of M. Combes the Socialists stood shoulder to shoulder with the Radicals. Now M. Jaurès and his friends are acting in a great number of constituencies in opposition to the Radical Republicans and refusing to work with them any longer. The Radicals themselves are in confusion, and a general state of disorder seems at hand.

The movement for the settlement of international difficulties by arbitration has many distinguished Frenchmen for its advocates and promoters. But, with the love of logic which is said to be characteristic of the French, a certain number of Frenchmen placarded the walls with a violent appeal to the conscripts to refuse all obedience to their officers, to fire on them if ordered to use their rifles during strike disturbances, and, since "all war is criminal," it orders for mobilization were given, they were called upon to retort by insurrection. The people of Paris were indignant at the expression of such sentiments. In fact, visitors to France find that a very warlike feeling has come into existence. The external dangers have contributed to bring together those who until recently were opponents. The first act of the Assembly on its meeting was to pass an Amnesty for political offenders, as a result of which M. Paul Déroulède has returned to France.

Austria-Hungary.

After Russia, Austria-Hungary is still the most disturbed of the countries of Europe, nor is the end in sight. The Hungarian Parliament has been again prorogued. The Ministry of Baron Fejervary has been reinstated in office, although it has no supporters in either House. Its task now is to find them among the present members, and if this is impracticable to dissolve and appeal to the country. For this purpose it has issued a long programme resembling a Party Platform in this country. So comprehensive is the list of the Reforms it proposes that the other parties are at their wits' end to know what inducements they can offer. The most important of the proposals of Baron Fejervary is the extension

of the suffrage. To this the Magyars are opposed. They are afraid lest their own power should be lost. For, like many others, it is not a purely disinterested love of liberty which actuates the present agitators. The Magyars domineer and love to domineer over the Croats and the other races which form part of the Transleithanian dominions, and yet the Magyars number less than half of the population.

The proposals of the government will, if carried, make the electorate three times as large as at present, the franchise being given to all males who have completed their twenty-fourth year and who are able to read and write. It would take too much space to mention all the other proposals. They embrace military, economic, agrarian, industrial, judicial, educational, political, and religious subjects and, although many of the reforms proposed are highly desirable, it would take a century to carry them all into effect. In fact, it looks very much like a fraudulent appeal, meant merely to sow division in the ranks of the opposition. That the words of command should be Hungarian—the question which has been the subject of so long and bitter an agitation—is not conceded. The maintenance of the settlement of 1867 is taken as the basis for discussion, although a modification of it is recognized as admissible. The raising of the question of an extension of the suffrage in Hungary has led to its being raised in Austria also. Neither Austrians nor Hungarians can look forward to a quiet time.

Turkey.

The event which, of all others, is the most satisfactory, is the assumption by the Powers of financial control over three vilayets of Macedonia. This is an invasion of the Sultan's rights of sovereignty and resisted by him as such. But so enormous are the evils of that sovereignty, that it is no longer tolerable; and five Powers have laid aside their mutual jealousies and combined to demand that the Sultan should, if he remains a ruler at all, make his rule in some degree bearable. What success will attend their efforts, and how they will combine to coerce the Turk, should he prolong his resistance, the immediate future will reveal. But that the Powers have been able to go so far is of good augury.

Norway.

The separation of Norway and Sweden has been definitely accomplished. King Oscar has taken leave of his ungrateful subjects, and has persisted in his refusal to let any prince of his own family reign over them. The question then arose what form of government Norway should adopt, whether it should remain a Monarchy or become a Republic. A certain number of Norwegians, who were Republicans, wished to have the question referred by way of *Referendum* to the people. The Storthing, however, decided to offer the crown to Prince Charles, the second son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, but to make this offer subject to a direct vote of the people. The vote has taken place, and by an immense majority the offer of the Storthing has been confirmed. Another nation has been added to the list, and another King takes his place in the ranks of sovereign rulers.

Spain.

Yet another cabinet crisis has taken place in Spain. No sooner had M. Loubet departed than the Premier resigned. It is hard for outsiders to understand the instability shown by these frequent changes, or the reason for them.

New Books.

EARLY PERSECUTIONS

By Allard.

By his five-volume history of the persecutions of the early Christians, M. Paul Allard placed himself well in the front rank of living historians, and won from the learned world a respectful attention which is too seldom, now-a-days, granted to Catholic scholars. The erudition, which was not exhausted in furnishing forth his monumental work, has now given us a second which in size only is inferior to the first. Though covering the same ground, it is not a repetition, or a summary, but the complement of the larger study.

In the present publication,* which consists of ten lectures delivered recently at the Catholic Institute, the learned professor presents, in all its splendor, the testimony to the divinity of Christianity which is contained in the history of the early martyrs in the Roman empire. Complete familiarity with all the information available for the subject, was but one of the qualifications demanded for the task of accurately and attractively placing before an audience a worthy tableau of this great fact. To condense within the compass of ten not very long chapters, all the material required to convey an adequate and real conception of a series of events, in which the central fact was constantly modified by the changing and shifting of locality, of time, and of the condition and quality of the chief actors, required a sure eye for the selection of representative elements out of an immense mass of material, and a large measure of artistic skill for their arrangement. M. Allard has proved equal to the work.

In an introductory chapter, on the expansion of Christianity in the Roman empire, he fixes the geographical and social *milieu* in which the bloody drama was played. Then he surveys the nature of the legislation which was enacted at different times, and from varying motives, by the persecutors. He next analyzes the chief causes of the persecuting fury, which he reduces to three: popular prejudices, political prejudices, and the wretched personal passions of rulers.

After essaying a calculation of the number of the martyrs

* *Dix Leçons sur le Martyr, données à l'Institut Catholique de Paris.* Par Paul Allard.
Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

—and here M. Allard furnishes a solid refutation of the malevolently contemptuous estimate to be found in the sixteenth chapter of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*—he gives a luminous account of the diversity which existed in the social condition of the martyrs. One of his most telling chapters is that in which he throws out in bold relief the moral sufferings endured by the faithful—a factor in the struggle which hitherto had not received due attention from the historian. The modes of legal procedure, the nature and extent of the punishments, direct and indirect, are unfolded with a precision possible only to a writer perfectly familiar with all the knowledge to be derived from a knowledge of Roman history, archæology, and jurisprudence.

The apologetic purpose of M. Allard is realized in his closing chapter on the value of the martyrs' testimony and the honors paid to them by the faithful. Throughout, M. Allard evinces a sobriety in statement and a simplicity of style adapted to the greatness of his theme, which, not unfrequently, at the hands of other narrators, as zealous, but less judicious, has been injured by misplaced rhetoric and obvious exaggeration. While discharging the rôle of apologist, M. Allard does not forget that he is a critical historian.

He is not often tempted to heighten his effects by the introduction of sensational or picturesque materials that are derived from suspected sources. Instead of saying that he very seldom trips in this respect, we would say never, if he had shown himself somewhat more exacting when drawing upon the *Acta Sincera* of Ruinart, whose great work, in the estimate of our best critics, is made up of articles of very heterogeneous value. The *Passio S. Afræ* and the *Passio SS. Didymi et Theodoræ* are appealed to in the *Dix Leçons* with as much confidence as the *Passio S. Perpetuæ*. Yet one of our most authoritative specialists does not hesitate to declare the first-mentioned narrative a historical romance, and the second a work of the imagination. If we cannot, without some slight reservation, agree with the statement made by Mgr. Péchenard, the Rector of the Catholic Institute, in his eloquent Preface to the book, that it has nothing to fear from the application of the most rigorous criticism, we heartily join with him, both in the belief that it is sure to please by the accents of sincerity and truth which animate it, and also in the gratitude which he expresses to the author for this new and brilliant service to religion.

THE VALERIAN PERSECUTION.

By Healy.

Simultaneously with the appearance in France of Professor Allard's work, there comes, from the pen of a professor of the Catholic University in America, another

volume,* cognate in character, and not inferior in quality, which marks the *debut* of a new laborer in the field where M. Allard has long been engaged almost alone. When selecting the subject of a dissertation, to be submitted to the University when he sought the degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology, Father Healy, who had devoted his years of special study to Church history, chose the Valerian persecution. The choice was an excellent one. The successful discharge of the task undertaken provided a thorough test of the candidate's qualifications. It called for a wide acquaintance with historical literature bearing on Roman and ecclesiastical affairs, during three supremely significant centuries; a firm grasp of sound historical method; industry to collate material widely scattered; a large share of critical acumen to appreciate evidence and the relative values of conflicting accounts and opinions. No special study of the subject had hitherto been published. If this fact increased the difficulty of the student, it also supplied a strong incentive to earnest endeavor, inasmuch as it promised the writer that a good piece of work on his subject would result, not merely in an academic exercise worthy to be rewarded with a more or less valuable academic degree, but also in a really valuable contribution to Church history.

Certain features of the Valerian persecution invest it with a special importance in the eyes of the ecclesiastical and the secular historian. More clearly than any other of the persecutions, it reveals one of the great controlling facts of history, the innate, essential, irreconcilable antagonism between the pagan State and the social, organic character of Christianity. In the middle of the third century, the Christians were no longer a number of small, almost isolated, obscure communities, the *gens lucifuga* of earlier days. With the lapse of nearly two hundred years, they had developed into a well-organized, ubiquitous society. The Christian bishop had become a conspicuous personage in almost every great city of the empire. Chris-

* *The Valerian Persecution.* A Study of the Relation between Church and State in the Third Century A. D. By the Rev. Patrick I. Healy, D.D., of the Catholic University of America. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tian laymen held high positions in public life. It is even believed by many that Christianity had already occupied the Imperial throne in the person of Philip the Arab. At the same time the great landmarks of the old Roman world were fast disappearing; a new order of things was arising in which there was an ominous debasement of moral standards in both public and private life.

Conservative statesmen, like Decius, believed that the spread of degeneracy, was to be arrested only by the extirpation of foreign influences and the restoration of ancient Roman ways, social and political. They had reached, also, the conviction that Christianity was essentially inimical to native Roman ideas and institutions. Hence the short Decian persecution and the Valerian—practically a renewal of the effort cut short by the death of Decius—were not a mere attack upon individuals considered guilty of law-breaking, but a mighty effort of the pagan empire to crush an institution that threatened its existence; it was a battle between the Roman State and the Catholic Church.

Besides this dominant feature of Dr. Healy's theme, there are several minor points which engage the interest that clings around unsettled questions. What, for instance, is the explanation of the sudden change from an attitude of friendliness to one of fierce hostility towards the Christians, in a ruler remarkable alike for his probity, moderation, and wisdom? Or, how much credence are we to give to the story of St. Laurence's gridiron, and his exhibition to the Roman official of the disappointing treasures of the Church? And how much is fact, how much is fiction, in the history of the *Massa Candida*, recounted to us by St. Augustine and Prudentius?

The character of Dr. Healy's work may be briefly indicated by saying that, while it satisfies the exacting standards to which the modern writer of history must conform, it will not fail to fascinate the intelligent reader who takes up a book of history, not for severe study, but partly for instruction, partly for entertainment. Clear alike by its methodic arrangement and its simple style, lively and vivid without falling into the rhetorical, the narrative flows smoothly on, and, though abounding in detail, never becomes tedious or monotonous.

The author has assiduously searched ancients and moderns, from Denis of Alexandria to De Rossi and Harnack, venerable

tomes and the most recent periodical literature, for whatever data they contained bearing on his topic. He does not strain evidence or force conclusions. On controverted points he is satisfied to set forth the arguments for both sides, or, at most, without professing to decide the question, he indicates to which side his own judgment leans. And, avoiding indulgence in mere subjective views or obvious interpretations, he pays his readers the compliment of leaving the facts to speak for themselves.

While heartily congratulating the Catholic University and Dr. Healy on the excellence of his book, we cannot omit to remind him that it commits him to the obligation of satisfying the expectation which it raises of still better things in the future, when his professorial study will have endowed him with the opulent erudition, sureness of vision, and independence of judgment, which seldom come unaccompanied by gray hairs acquired while "hiving wisdom with each studious year."

In reply to those unfriendly critics who commented on the small number of theological students at the Catholic University, its friends have always insisted that the services to be rendered by the University faculty to the Church would not be confined to, nor even consist chiefly in, imparting to a body of students the results of other men's labors. The professors would not be mere secondhand distributors of knowledge; they should also be producers. And their original contributions to every branch of sacred science compelling the respectful attention of the universities and the learned world, at home and abroad, which alone are the competent judges of scholarship, and with which productive scholarship alone counts, would refute the charge that the Catholic Church, once the teeming mother of scholars, had fallen into the barrenness of old age. May we not see in Dr. Healy's book the approaching fulfillment of hope deferred?

CATHOLICITY AND PROGRESS IN IRELAND.

By Dr. O'Riordan.

The chief promoter of the present industrial movement in Ireland believed that his study and experience taught him that some defects of Irish character are partially responsible for Ireland's economic backwardness. So in his book, *Ireland in the New Century*, Sir Horace Plunkett ventured to

assume the rôle of friendly critic towards his Catholic fellow-countrymen. If he imagined that his strictures would be received with docility, there is reason to doubt whether his knowledge of Ireland is as thorough as he believed it to be. Criticism, however well founded, is a medicine that we all swallow with a wry face, even when administered by the hand of our best friend. And it was not to be expected that the Irish clergy would submit to be lectured on their alleged shortcomings by a Protestant layman. Sir Horace's book promptly called forth a great volume of indignant protest. One of the ablest antagonists who took up a pen against him was Dr. O'Riordan, of Limerick, who has been recently appointed to the rectorship of the Irish College in Rome. During the course of a year he contributed to the columns of the *Leader*, a well-known Irish newspaper, a series of spirited and brilliant, though somewhat hastily written, papers, teeming with statistics, history, philosophy, directed against views advanced by Sir Horace Plunkett. This correspondence, expanding beyond the scope of a mere reply to Sir Horace, embraced an extensive treatment of many subjects raised in the criticisms; it is now published in a large volume of about five hundred pages, entitled *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland*.*

The main allegations against which Dr. O'Riordan directs his attack are that church-building in Ireland has, of late years, been carried out on a plan too costly for the economic conditions of the country; that Catholicism has helped to develop, or, at least, has failed to counteract, weaknesses which exist in Irish character; that the clergy, while they are to be honored for having established an exceptionally high standard of chastity among the people, have employed for that end, methods that have too harshly restricted innocent amusements and legitimate freedom; that they have not exerted their influence with anything like equal zeal in the cause of temperance; finally, that the number of religious communities, which are non-producing bodies, is unduly large for so poor a country.

After a general introductory chapter, Dr. O'Riordan takes up the question of church-building. He next discusses, at considerable length, the relation of the Catholic Church to human

* *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland*. By the Rev. M. O'Riordan, Ph.D., D.D., D.C.L. St. Louis: B. Herder.

progress, illustrating his argument with a lengthy comparison between the economic conditions of Protestant England and Catholic Belgium. Then he challenges the view that, as far as industry and the "civic virtues" are concerned, northern Protestants show favorably in contrast with the Catholic population. The relations of the priests to the social, political, and industrial interests of the people are presented so as to exonerate the clergy from the charges of having helped to drive the young people out of the country, and having failed to do all that was incumbent on them to counteract the shiftless and intemperate habits of their flocks.

Here the Doctor makes a considerable digression, to point out how much the government, the landlords, and the Protestant Church have taken from the people, and how little they have given in return. Returning to his man, Dr. O'Riordan demonstrates very forcibly that it is a great mistake to consider Irish convents as mere useless, non-productive institutions; and he defends the right of ladies to retire with their doweries into religious life if they choose, instead of spending their money in the frivolities of fashion.

The book closes with an able review of education in modern Ireland, in which the author takes an opportunity to recount to his readers the brilliant success of the Catholic University of Louvain.

Abstracting from the intrinsic merits of the question at issue, and judging the volume merely from a dialectic standpoint, the dispassionate reader will find Dr. O'Riordan strongest in his defense of the convents, and weakest where he defends the Irish clergy from the charge of having failed, as a body, to do their utmost in the cause of temperance. More than once, too, instead of meeting and confuting his adversary on the precise point at issue, he enters upon a much wider topic, and establishes a principle which, his opponent might retort, is perfectly consistent with the existence of exceptions under special circumstances. For instance, his fine defense of Irish character, as manifested in its indomitable struggle for faith and fatherland, does not establish a contradictory of Sir Horace Plunkett's assertion that "it is the folly of follies to say that on its other side the national character has preserved that strength, self-reliance, and sense of responsibility, or that appreciation of true liberty, which a modern people must pos-

sess if it is to succeed, or even to survive, in the industrial fight." Again the economic success of Belgium is quite compatible with the thesis that "certain characteristics of Roman Catholicism appear calculated, *unless supplemented by other influences*, to check the growth of the qualities of initiative and self reliance."

On the other hand, the Doctor has, we believe, effectively disposed of Sir Horace's contention that the disciplinary methods of the clergy for the safeguarding of chastity among their flocks has, in a marked manner, contributed to emigration, and to a subsequent "leakage" of immigrants from the Church in America. On this last point, Sir Horace has been led astray by confiding too much in the absurd conclusions reached through erroneous reasonings of the Rev. Father Shinnors, based on very narrow and superficial observations made by him during a hasty tour in part of the United States.

One of the most pleasing features of the book is that Dr. O'Riordan handsomely acknowledges his opponent's services to Ireland, and expresses the hope that his criticisms may not prevent any of his readers from lending their sympathy and co-operation to the economic work with which Sir Horace Plunkett is identified. His observation that many who will not read Sir Horace's book will pass judgment on it, on the strength of the criticisms they will have read concerning it, prompts us to suggest that those who read Dr. O'Riordan will do well to read also Sir Horace Plunkett.

PSYCHICAL DISPOSITIONS.

By Dubray.

The tone of the school of philosophy directed by Professor Pace, at the Catholic University, of Washington, is well exemplified in the brochure* before us. Two characteristics stand out as especially prominent in these pages—the writer's thorough acquaintance with and fair appreciation of modern psychological research, and, on the other hand, his perfect training in scholastic methods and his attachment to the main principles of the traditional Catholic philosophy. With such limitations as are to be looked for in a first book, completed in accord with

* *The Theory of Psychical Dispositions*. By Charles A. Dubray, S.M. A dissertation submitted to the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University of America, in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Published as Monograph Supplement No 30. of *The Psychological Review*, Washington, D. C. Pp. 170.

the conditions imposed by a graduate essay, this new monograph is a most excellent piece of work. It reflects credit on the soundness and breadth of the author's training; and it gives us assurance that he will not be an idle or a silent figure in the field of scientific philosophy.

In a preface, delightfully clear and brief, the author summarizes the contents of his book and the aim he has had in view. Modern psychology has discovered certain new facts, and more deeply investigated others. Of the theories proposed in explanation of these facts, some are mere adaptations of old theories—as, for instance, the theory of *Psychical Dispositions* which attempts to solve the problems of memory, imagination, association, and habit, by borrowing, in part, the old Aristotelian-scholastic philosophy, and retaining the concept of psychical dispositions, while eliminating the notion of a substantial soul.

In the 170 pages of his essay, Dr. Dubray undertakes a discussion of the question: Is this dismemberment of the scholastic theory an improvement from the logical point of view, or is the concept of dispositions, which was perfectly harmonious in the older philosophy, a discordant element in the new? In other words—to anticipate the conclusion at which our author finally arrives—the theory of dispositions, while very valuable as an explanation of certain psychological facts, cannot be legitimately employed by a thinker who denies the existence of the soul. The monograph, then, is no direct appreciation of the scholastic philosophy, nor a defense of the special theory in question, but merely an investigation of the relations between them; that is to say, an attempt to show that the latter necessarily implies the former.

The preparatory historical survey, although well made, appears to be the least interesting and pertinent part of the book. The presentation of the various theories excogitated by modern psychologists to explain the facts of memory and habit is clear, concise, and comprehensive. Dr. Dubray thinks out his programme well and carefully. In examining and analysing the concept of psychical dispositions, he shows the practical benefit of a training in scholastic precision and method. One serious criticism of his work would seem to be possible, namely, that, in the last part of his book, he identifies modern psychology too closely with the position which he shows to be

inconsistent and illogical. In the earlier pages, when describing the modern theories of dispositions, he enumerates some which would not obviously fall within the reach of his objections, as at present formulated, and possibly could not be proved inconsistent at all. At any rate, here, if anywhere, a closer nexus of the argumentation might be called for.

In the last page or two the author writes a paragraph which reveals pretty well his general tone and temper, and which on that account we venture to quote in full: "We have insisted on the scholastic view, more perhaps than was necessary for our purpose. But there was a special reason to do so; scholastic philosophy is very little known, frequently misunderstood and misrepresented, and charged with absurdities which do not belong to it. What is the value of the system in itself? Has it a sufficient basis in experience? Can it face successfully the data of science and be adapted to the conclusions of modern psychology? We do not know. But the question may be worth examining; and we believe that it is hardly fair for the historian of philosophy to keep silent on the whole mediæval period; and for the psychologist or the philosopher to dismiss *a priori* all the theories of scholasticism on the explicitly or implicitly avowed plea that we must do away with all that is scholastic. One thing seems sure, that, with regard to the general theory of psychical dispositions, the scholastics have a merit which perhaps not all modern psychologists can claim: that of logical consistency."

This is plain and downright; but none will say that it is unfair. And it seems to show that the study of modern philosophy, even when sympathetic and thorough, does not make men unwilling to criticise the new and to stand up in championship of the old.

At last we have a book on Church
CHURCH MUSIC MANUAL. Music,* which will be a real help to priests and choirmasters. "I consider the publication of such a manual," writes his Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, in the Introduction, "most opportune at the present time, and I have no doubt that it will prove of paramount importance in the solution of those difficulties which, in the mind of many, hamper the putting into execution of the Papal instructions." The book is designed to

* *The Dolphin Manual of Church Music.* Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press.

give a bird's-eye-view of the present situation in ecclesiastical music, and to abridge, in the form of a handbook, the principles of theory and practice which hereafter, according to the "Motu Proprio" of November, 1903, must safeguard the musical portions of liturgical services.

The purpose and character of the book are enlarged upon by Rev. Dr. Henry, in the Preface: "To the simple-hearted seeker for clear information and definite lines of procedure in the carrying out of the Pope's command, the wide discussion must indeed have darkened counsel. In some cases the discussion appeared to be of a minimizing character; in others, of an undoubtedly obstructive purport. Technical language, appeals to tradition, æstheticism mixed with archæology, the scarcely veiled antipathies of schools of interpretation in Plain-Chant, questions concerning the possible employment of female voices in extra-liturgical functions, etc., etc.; all these distracting features were found in a discussion which, meanwhile, was not carried on consistently in one quasi-authoritative organ, where the literature of the subject, however involved, might at least be easily read and compared, but was spread out over months of time and in a large variety of periodicals—quarterly reviews, monthly magazines, weekly and daily papers—in all the languages of Christendom; so that even an earnest student might easily become so perplexed as to give the subject up in despair of ever understanding it.

"Meanwhile, the curious fact remains that the subject is, in itself, by no means difficult to understand, if treated with discrimination by competent students of liturgy and music. Let the whole subject be gone over patiently by those qualified for such a task by knowledge and experience, and what seemed a hopelessly confused mixture of chemical elements in constant ebullition, will be found solidified into a beautiful and shapely crystal—clear, definite, compact. This is what has been achieved by the writers of the present *Manual of Church Music*."

The table of contents includes chapters upon all the subjects referred to by our Holy Father. The discussions have been divided into three parts: the first part deals with the subject in the light of the practical difficulties urged against the timeliness of introducing such a radical reform in this country. The alleged supreme difficulty—the displacing of the

unecclesiastical gallery choir of women by liturgical choirs of boys and men—is the subject of detailed consideration. After studying the chapters on “The Organization of a Choir” and “General Hints for Maintaining a Choir,” a fair-minded reader must admit that “for the average city church the installation and maintaining of effective Gregorian chancel-choirs is much easier than the present attitude of some of the clergy would indicate.”

The second part of the book presents, in five chapters, an epitome of the principles of training liturgical choirs. The concluding section of the *Manual* is devoted to a consideration of the musical compositions which, under the canons of the “*Motu Proprio*,” may be considered permissible for use in church. A forceful chapter on “Modern Hymnody” (the sentiment of which many minds will echo), completes this excellent little volume. “Every priest,” says Dr. Henry, “every choirmaster, every singer, should not merely possess the volume, but should carefully master the contents.” The collaborators of the *Manual* are the Rev. William J. Finn, C.S.P., Professor George H. Wells, and Professor Francis J. O'Brien.

MATARAZZO'S CHRONICLES OF PERUGIA.

Perugia lives again in these fascinating pages* of her old chronicler. Matarazzo, contemporary with the events and persons he commemorates, was in the service of the Baglione family, whose deeds fill so large a part of his narrative. A born story-teller, he carries us on with intense interest from one incident to another, and almost persuades us, all the while, that he is telling the strict truth. But if Matarazzo writes with the prejudice of a follower of the Baglioni, and is carried into exaggeration by his love of telling a good story, nevertheless the general picture of Perugian life which his pages present is true, though one-sided.

And a sad and terrible picture, in truth, Matarazzo gives us, and one unfamiliar, we think, to the general reader. The Renaissance survives to-day in those priceless works of art which filled Europe with beauty; it is celebrated for the re-awakening it brought to the mind of man, the broadening of his intellectual interests, and the civilizing and humanizing of

* *Chronicles of the City of Perugia 1492-1503*. By Francesco Matarazzo. Translated by Edward Strachan Morgan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

his taste which ensued. Its moral corruption is well enough known; but the dark, cruel savagery, the barbarous instincts that marked the time and existed, strange to say, side by side with its beauty and grace, are little spoken of in most popular accounts of the period which have been published of late. Æsthetic souls, inclined to sigh for the vanished glories of the golden age of painting, will, perhaps, be cured if they dip into the stirring narrative of old Matarazzo. It reads like some of the best chapters of Anthony Hope's romances. The characters, unfortunately, though of heroic build, are nearly all disfigured by crimes as great as their heroism. It was a time of great men and great villains; a turbulent time, when every little town of Italy was the enemy of its neighbor, and had its band of adventurers willing to fight under any leader, for any cause.

This dark side of Perugian life is most vividly pictured by our chronicler. Beside it, the Italian love of splendor also occasionally receives adequate presentation; but we miss the brighter, gentler, more Christian side, though it is not entirely absent. No Catholic can read the book without being struck by the deeply pagan tone of its chief actors, nominal sons of the Church; yet he is consoled when he sees that whatever is good in them, except their brave heart and brawny arm, is the direct fruit of the Christian principles on which they had still some hold.

Mr. Morgan's translation, as a piece of English, is most admirably done; the archaic flavor he has imparted to the story has a distinct charm. There is one complaint to be lodged against him, however: we think he should have put his readers in a position where they would be better able to judge of Matarazzo's veracity. Probably, in his love for a good story, he feared to spoil its charm by making them stop at every turn to ask: "But is this true?"

THE CURE d'ARS.

By Germain.

The celebrated priest of Ars is one of the most sympathetic figures of modern times. What an admirable priest he was and what a truly Franciscan type! His biography was bound to appeal to many writers and, as a matter of fact, though he has been dead scarcely fifty years, four or five volumes have been devoted to his memory.* His life was simple and filled with

* *Le Bienheureux J. B. Vianney, Tertiaire de St. François.* By Alphonse Germain, Lauréat de l'Académie Française. Paris et Couvin (Belgium): Ch. Poussielgue.

good deeds. A farmer's son, he had the greatest difficulty in completing his ecclesiastical studies. His earnestness and virtue were, however, so great that he was soon sent as village priest to a little out-of-the-way parish of the department of Dombes which, in a little while, he completely regenerated by his deeds as well as by his words. The villagers, whose pastor he was, were vegetating in the deepest indifference. Soon he brought them back to Christian practices and, socially as well as spiritually, he exercised the most wholesome influence over them. His fame as an apostle and guide of souls spread rapidly in the region round about him and from every nook and corner of Bresse, the Lyonnais, Beaujolais, and Forez, the faithful flocked to Ars to consult him. The famous pilgrimage was thus spontaneously established and in a short time assumed incredible proportions, people coming thither from every country of Europe and even America. For more than thirty years the Blessed Vianney gave himself up most unstintedly to penitents and sorrowing souls of all description. This extraordinary ascetic converted and comforted them with a look or a word, and his charity was of such a lofty nature that it accomplished marvels.

Alphonse Germain calls him the Christian Heracles and this epithet must not be considered exaggerated, if one thinks of the tremendous labors our apostle and priest accomplished during a most trying period and in a region ravaged by the spirit of unbelief. Assuredly his work is colossal; as time goes by it will be even better appreciated than it is now. Mr. Germain in his biography lays special stress on the ascetic and spiritual side of the Blessed Vianney, and he has traced the character of the hero of renunciation by putting in relief what he owes to his race and order. He has shown how intense the Franciscanism of this priest was, and how great was his social influence, a phase that had not as yet been sufficiently considered.

The reader will find in this work, written in a clear, elegant, and original style, a wealth of information based on copious and reliable sources; certain extracts from little known mystics will be a revelation to many scholars. In the two prime qualities of this book, clearness and scholarliness, we easily recognize the author of *Sainte Colette*. Further praise is needless.

THE AMERICAN FAMILY.

By Hagar.

In a book* of no more than 188 pages Mr. Hagar attempts to discuss, not only the sociological problems presented by the family, but to touch more or less upon all the possible phases under which this institution may be studied. In twenty-four brief chapters he ranges through the psychological, historical, legal, economic, as well as social fields afforded by this comprehensive subject. Dispatching many of the grave questions connected with the family in sweeping generalizations, the author is too generally loose, vague, and incoherent. This is especially apparent when he speaks of the natural history of the family. Thus, for instance, he tells us: "The physical attraction of sex brings together the first human pair, more probably solitary than gregarious, and between that pair, etc." It would be interesting to know how the first pair, in the circumstances mentioned, could possibly be gregarious.

Again he says: "Three forms of social organization affecting the family will naturally arise, over which as to their extent and order, there has been much controversy, but the more natural order seems to be: "1st. Communism with more or less promiscuity; 2d. The matriarchate . . .; 3d. The patriarchy." The question at once arises: What does the author mean here by the natural order. A natural order does not necessarily mean the real and actual order. We must credit Mr. Hagar, however, with having expressed the conviction that communism with more or less promiscuity was not the first form of social organization, despite the fact that he sets it down as the first form in the so-called natural order.

The author informs us that: "The extent or order of the existence of these family forms is not so significant." This is a strange appreciation. Even supposing the existence of a communism with more or less promiscuity, its order and extent, with reference to other family forms, would be profoundly significant. But it is most significant that the contention that there existed a communism with anything like a general sexual promiscuity is absolutely untenable.

In speaking of the family institution, Mr. Hagar declares that: "Among many, daughters were esteemed of less value

* *The American Family: A Sociological Problem.* By Frank N. Hagar. New York: The University Publishing Society.

than sons, a fact which led to female infanticide." The author found this statement in McLennan's *Primitive Marriage*. A cursory study of anthropological authorities since McLennan's time, however, would have discovered to him how thoroughly unwarrantable such a statement is. Female infanticide was never the general practise. Mr. McLennan represents it to have been. And, for reasons that clearly show that among primitive or rude peoples daughters were not esteemed of less value than sons, we would refer our author to Tison's and Howitt's work, *Kanularoi and Kurnai*, page 133 and fol.

The author is more effective and interesting when he addresses himself directly to his subject: The American Family and the sociological problems it presents. The changed legal and economic status of woman, her higher education and her enlarged sphere of activity, have brought about an anomalous condition that seriously menaces the stability and unity of the family. This condition the author describes, in Kantian phraseology, as one of "paralyzing intersex antinomies." To the wife, he points out, are now given equal legal and economic rights with the husband, while she still enjoys largely the immunity from responsibility that characterized her ancient domestic relations. This enlarged power, without a proportionate increase of responsibility, has given rise to an unjust distribution of marital burdens, that not only introduces a disrupting and unbalancing force among those who have contracted marriage, but acts as a strong deterrent upon the young man who would enter upon that state.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Hagar did not confine himself to the task of developing, with more concreteness and consecutiveness, this interesting point, which alone his title-page calls for. As it is, his wide discursiveness has resulted in a work lacking in due proportion and unity.

In his foreword, Mr. Hagar tells us that: "Because of the greatness and importance of the topic, it could only be extensively treated in a work of this size by the utmost brevity of style, and by leaving unexpressed a very large portion of the intermediate ideas." . . . "If there be found gaps in the lines of thinking it is asked that the reader fill up the intervals with his own connecting thought."

It is just because of the greatness and importance of the topic that we would say that the author, in a book of this

size, should be at pains to eliminate all matter, even though it be related, that does not bear immediately upon the subject which, defined and qualified, he announces on the title-page. In so doing, he would be able to avoid the gaps in the lines of thinking which no author is justified in calling upon his readers continually to supply.

This is a pamphlet* of 17 pages,
A PERPETUAL CALENDAR. written by Father Woodman, C.S.P.

By Fr. Woodman. It contains in popular form a large
 fund of information about calen-

dars and dates. By simple inspection of three tables, the dates of the principal feasts of the Christian year may be readily ascertained—from the year 1 to the year 5,000. Rules and formulas are given to carry on the process indefinitely. The dates given in the tables are those of: Ash Wednesday, Easter Day, Ascension Day, Trinity Sunday, and Advent Sunday.

One has only to look in one table for a *number*, in another for a *letter*, and in a third (by combination of number and letter) for the dates desired.

Besides this there is a table for telling the *day of the week* on which any date falls, and there are also rules for determining the same without tables.

The pamphlet contains a mass of information about calendars in general, which must have taken great pains to get together, and which is presented in a very popular, readable, and understandable way.

STURMSEE.

In *Sturmsee*† the author attempts
 to teach a number of social truths
 under the form of fiction. Phi-

losophy and sentiment, business management and love, co-operation and competition are woven into a narrative that is interesting enough, if at times taxing. Some well-selected types, notably the settlement worker, the employer, the reformer, the rich young man, the high-minded politician, are placed before the reader in faithful portrait; and a number of events, typical of our social conflicts, are introduced, among

* *A Perpetual Ecclesiastical Calendar.* By Clarence E. Woodman, C.S.P. New York: Columbus Press. Price 25 cents postpaid.

† *Sturmsee: Man and Man.* By the author of *Calmire*. New York: The Macmillan Company.

them, the strike, the failure of a co-operative business venture, an assassination, a benevolent employer's plan of betterment for his workmen who later kill him.

There is too much social philosophy in the book to interest the general reader of fiction—and possibly too much fiction in it to suit the serious student. Yet, on the whole, *Sturmsee* abounds in lessons of healthy conservatism and conveys much social information. Those who wish to get the whole import of the work, will find in the epilogue a summary of the greater number of lessons which it teaches.

LOURDES.

By Bertrin.

This work * which, though not yet a year old, has reached a third edition, was composed at the request of the Bishop of Tarbes, in

order that he might present it, in the name of the diocese in which Lourdes is situated, to the Marial Congress that assembled in Rome last December for the jubilee of the definition of the Immaculate Conception. The history of the miraculous manifestations at Lourdes has already been written by three pens that have proved not unworthy of the grand theme. The narrative of M. Estrade, relating mainly his own personal experiences and observations, and Dr. Bossaraire's collection of remarkable cures wrought at the shrine, are less known outside of France than the book of M. Henri Lasserre. The present volume demonstrates that there was room for yet another of a more critical character than any of its predecessors, that should vindicate the supernatural character of the visions and the cures against the objections which have been invented to attack the evidence that supports it.

The present writer first relates simply, in charming French, the history of the apparitions, and exposes the futility of the various attempts made to reduce them to the hallucination of a child, or merely natural events distorted by a vivid imagination or exaggerated by hearsay. He afterwards selects, from recent years, some well-chosen cases in which the palpable nature of the maladies, their aggravated character and their notoriety, are beyond dispute, while, at the same time, the restoration of

* *Histoire Critique des Événements de Lourdes. Apparitions et Guérisons.* Par Georges Bertrin. Paris: V. Lecoffre.

the patients to health absolutely refuses to be explained by the theories of suggestion, unknown forces, etc.

Three or four of the cases have been taken from those that occurred about the time when Zola visited Lourdes to obtain material for his book. One of the persons whose cure is related, Marie Lamarchand, is the Elize Rouquet of Zola's pages. M. Bertrin convicts him of having falsified the evidences of what occurred under his own eyes. A voluminous appendix contains, besides a chronological list of all the miraculous interventions that have taken place at Lourdes, a statistical table of the diseases involved, a large mass of authenticated medical testimony attesting the supernatural character of the cures.

Though the piety and the faith of the author are obvious, M. Bertrin keeps the personal and emotional well under restraint; for his main purpose is rather to convince the sceptic than to edify the believer. But believers, too, will be pleased at finding the events established by proof that is prepared to meet the most rigid scientific scrutiny. And when God speaks, as he does at Lourdes, those who undertake to disseminate the message abroad by their pens best fulfil the task by effacing themselves as much as possible.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (14 Oct.): The Rev. F. M. Clancy recently delivered, in Birmingham, an elaborate address on the Education Question. Therein he endeavors to show the injustice under which English Catholics suffer, and advances theories calculated to safeguard educational rights and to insure the peaceful progress of general education. He contends that the Unionist government "has played the fool with Catholics." A leader takes exception to the Father's extreme views, and considers it a strange proceeding, to bring the above charge against a government manifestly anxious to conciliate both parties, as the Act of 1902, abolishing favoritism and inequality, and granting to *all* public elementary schools an equal claim for their maintenance, abundantly proves. Above all, says the leader, let us have a respite from unauthorized programmes, and all sorts of oratorical excursions and alarms.

(21 Oct.): The Roman Correspondent notes the remarkable success of the American students in the Propaganda examinations. Special affection seems to be shown them by the Pope and the Cardinal Secretary of State.

(28 Oct.): The Archbishop of Paris has received a letter from the Pope in which the French Catholics are encouraged to face without fear the ever-increasing difficulties, and to seek, by fervent prayer, the light and help which God alone can give.

The Month (Nov.): A review of Archbishop Healy's *Life of St. Patrick* by Fr. Thurston has the first place in this issue. The quality of the work which most impressed the reviewer is its completeness. The review is devoted almost exclusively to a consideration of the chapter on Croagh Patrick—the spot where the Apostle of Ireland prayed and fasted for forty days, and, according to Dr. Bury, the scene of the saint's six years' enslavement. Fr. Thurston expresses his surprise at the readiness with which the author receives the tradition of St. Patrick's great age of one hundred and twenty years, simply because it is stated by all biographers.—"The Wilds of Limerick" is the title under which M. F. Quinlan gives

an exceedingly clever account of a trip to Bruff.—Fr. Gerard offers some adverse criticisms on the second and revised edition of Pallard's *Henry VIII*. On the whole the work has been much improved by revision, and is far less objectionable to Catholic readers than in its original form. Yet there are some points on which Fr. Gerard is compelled to take issue with the author; as, for instance, the "Rood of Grace" and the execution of More and Fisher.

The Dublin Review (Oct.): Under the title "Universals and the Illative Sense," Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D., postulates that, throughout the *Grammar of Assent* there runs a something curiously unfamiliar, an unusual restlessness, and that there we do not find the familiar touch of Newman. The writer then offers as an explanation of this and also of the fruitful controversies to which the *Grammar* has given rise, the fact that there is in this work of Cardinal Newman a "conscious or unconscious omission of the theory of universals," or "a substitution of some other for the true teaching of the schools." He also adds that: "Had Father Newman written the *Grammar of Assent* alone, and then laid aside his busy pen, I question whether he would live at all to-day in his writing."—The Rev. Dom Birt, O.S.B., gives the third instalment of his article on "Religious Influences in London," in which he reviews a work of Charles Booth under a similar title, and finds that the non-Catholic religious influences in London are being diverted from their proper end and thereby greatly weakened, thus leaving the Catholic Church as the only organization which can do effectual work in reclaiming the London masses.—Disposing in a few paragraphs of Professor Haeckel's explanation of the source of duty, A. B. Sharpe, M.A., in an article on the "Conscience of Rationalism," endeavors to show "how the authority of conscience may probably be able to assert itself when the idea of God, on which it ultimately depends, is ignored or rejected."—Miss J. M. Stone contributes an article on "Joseph Goerres: His Work and His Friends," in which we are afforded an interesting glimpse of that nineteenth century convert and brilliant writer. It is to be regretted that

the scope of the article did not include some details of his conversion — Other articles: "Henry III. and the Church"; "Dicuil: An Irish Monk in the Ninth Century"; "Some Popish Traitors."

The Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): A series of articles defending the Johannine authorship closes in this number with a remarkable paper on the relation of the Fourth Gospel to the Synoptic tradition. The writer answers the principal objections based on the Synoptic story, namely, that the description of John the Baptist in the Fourth Gospel is incompatible with the record in the other three; that miracles in the Synoptics are mere acts of benevolence, whereas, in the Fourth Gospel they are regarded as proofs of divinity; and finally, that the character and claims of our Lord are different in the two accounts—. An essay on Liberal Theology contrasts Conservatism and Liberalism as two forms of progressive thought, differing in this, that the characteristic note of the first is its preoccupation with the corporate life and historic continuity, and the preoccupation of the latter is with liberty and novelty. Liberal Theology attempts to transmute the Christian message into modern speech.—An article on the spiritual care of invalids pleads for greater attention to those who are unable to go to Church, and recommends regular visitation, and, when possible, the administration of Holy Communion, saying if the Church gradually relinquishes this part of her ministry, the work and its reward will pass to others who are already gathering in souls.—"Hymns and Hymn Books" form the subject of an interesting article. Some of the changes introduced by revisers of hymns are protested against. "Why are some of the most beautiful verses of 'Abide With Me,' and two of the five precious verses of 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul,' not even given for optional use? Why is Faber's hymn, 'Jesu, Gentlest Savior,' made into a hymn of private interpretation by omission of the cosmic touch?"

"Nature cannot hold thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For thine endless glory
And thy royal state.

“ Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching,
Infinitely far.”

—A writer on Suso finds it ridiculous to suppose that his faith as a Christian and a Catholic was not the centre and kernel of his life. His treatises are valuable as exemplifying both the beauties and the dangers of mysticism.

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): In a critical review of Auguste Sabatier's work, *Religions of Authority and Religion of the Spirit*, V. Ermoni gives an extensive and kindly commentary on the religious philosophy of the author and the influence of his book. The purpose of the review is to separate the false from the true in M. Sabatier's theory, and, while approving the true, to show the evils and dangers that will result from the untrue. Against the main idea of Sabatier, that all religions of authority will disappear in time, the reviewer shows that past and present ethnic history gives no warrant of such an event. The study of comparative religions shows that authority has always been vested in some external authority. Sabatier appeals to the Gospels for verification of his thesis that the religion of the spirit will supplant all religions of authority. It is, indeed, true to say that our Lord gave great prominence to the interior guidance of the spirit, but it is untrue to say this was the *only* guide he intended us to have. He gave to Peter the power of the keys and placed him as a shepherd over a flock, thereby constituting an external authority in religion that was freely recognized by the early Christians and by millions down to our own day. M. Ermoni is quite willing to admit that conscience is an intermediary of vast importance, but at the same time contends that this very voice of conscience calls for another intermediary, namely, external authority.

(25 Oct.): Consequent upon the Anglo-Japanese, the Anglo-French, and the Franco-German alliances, Marcel Dubois contributes an article of considerable length. The first alliance arose mainly from a desire for peace and

protection; the second from good feelings on the part of both parties; and the third, while it aimed at relieving the strained relations between France and Germany in Morocco, has only partially succeeded. It has stopped the troubles for a time, but there still exists a hostile feeling in both nations.—“Consalvi at Paris in 1814,” by De Richemont, is an account of that celebrated Cardinal’s troubles in France, of his relations with Pope and Emperor, and of his attitude towards the Concordat.—L. Fiedler gives us an interesting sketch of the vast amount of work undertaken by the International Congress, in order to check the ravages of tuberculosis. From October 2 to 7, sessions, attended by doctors from all over the world, were held at Paris, and the most important questions concerning this disease were treated.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Oct.): An editorial announcement, which is an able exposition of the principles on which, from its institution, the magazine has worked at the task of doctrinal synthesis and construction, affirms its determination to continue the past policy in the full exercise of the intellectual liberty which is not alone compatible with, but also the truest foundation of, obedience to spiritual authority.—M. l’abbé Birot, Vicar-General of the diocese of Albi, sketches the rôle which at present devolves on religious philosophy.—M. P. Duhem opens a rejoinder to a criticism passed on some of his views concerning questions of natural philosophy by M. Abel Ray in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale*. The gist of M. Ray’s strictures was that M. Duhem allowed his faith to dictate his philosophy.—M. F. Mallet examines the works of Cardinal Deschamps to prove that this Belgian Redemptorist, Archbishop, and Cardinal, sixty years ago, maintained the chief apologetic theses which recently have been so widely attacked as novelties, when propounded by MM. Blondel, Laberthonnière, and their associates.

La Quinzaine (16 Oct.): A review of the philosophical world of the present day is written in this number by Michel Salomon. The greater part of the article is taken up with non-Catholic philosophical thought, especially with the system of Positivism that has sprung up from the

labors of Auguste Comte. The almost universal contempt for metaphysics is sadly noticeable. The growing importance of psychology, psycho-physics, and kindred branches, is noted with considerable appreciation. The rehabilitation of St. Thomas is considered of vast importance for Catholic philosophy, especially in view of the fact that the neo-scholasticism is happily freed of all the "frivolous subtleties" and "slavish repetitions" that clung to the scholasticism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The neo-Thomism has received courteous recognition from many modern men of science. Names prominently associated with present-day Catholic philosophy are those of Bergson, Blondel, Le Roy, Wilbois, and Ollé-Laprune.

Studi Religiosi (Sept.-Oct.): An article signed X. summarizes the recent studies that have appeared in various French magazines on the nature of a dogma. He finds that the debate has been placed within these two terms: 1. Every dogma has a practical moral value, it means something for Christian life and experience; 2. Every dogma has an intellectual and speculative value, it represents objective reality. The controversy rages between those who would minimize the value of dogmas which have less to do with conduct, on the one side, and those who would emphasize the absolute intellectual value of all dogmas as parts of eternal truth, on the other.—Salvatore Minocchi, writing on sympathy for suffering animals, warns his Italian fellow countrymen not to ridicule societies for preventing cruelty to animals which are now being established in Italy, as they have long been in Germany, England, and America. He says that while pity for animals in distress may go to ridiculous extremes, nevertheless it is, in itself, a sentiment springing directly from Christian piety, and must appeal to every heart that has been softened by the spirit of the Gospel.—S. M. declares that Mary Magdalen and Mary the sister of Lazarus were two different persons.—E. Buonainti writes of the Rosminian revival.

Revue Biblique (October): P. Lagrange writes on Messiahism in the time of our Lord, and gives an analysis of one or two apocalyptic documents of Jewish origin, but not

in our canon; for example, the fourth book of Esra, and the apocalypse of Abraham. This leads the learned Dominican to make some valuable observations on this species of literature as testifying to the state of the Messianic hope in New Testament times.—Dr. Hyvernât concludes his valuable lexicon of the language of the Massora.—M. P. Ladeuze suggests that a transposition of chapter the second of the second Epistle of St. Peter, will remove the difficulties that have arisen on account of its present unnatural position.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (October): Abbé Th. Moreux gives an historical review of the different valuations placed upon the distance of the sun from the earth. It is the chief problem of modern astronomy. The first names connected with the problem are those of Aristarchus and Ptolemy. In the Christian era the earliest important men were Copernicus and Tycho Brahe. In 1618 Kepler opened unexplored fields to the astronomer. Later in the same century Cassini and Flamstead discovered a new mode of measurement, by using the parallax of Mars as a basis of calculation. The English astronomer Halley made further progress with the problem by making use of the passage of inferior planets to determine the parallax. In the nineteenth century the names of Hanse, Steward, Laplace, and Sir David Gill are noted. The discovery of the little planet Eros, in 1898, provided a new method by which to determine the solar parallax. This method was adopted in 1903, and the calculations made from it gave the distance of the sun from the earth as about 149,471,000 kilometres, or, according to Clarke, 149,494,000 kilometres.

Civiltà Cattolica (7 Oct.): Contains an account of a recent lawsuit in Germany. The famous ex-Jesuit Hoensbroech having asserted that the Jesuits taught that the end justifies the means, Fr. Dashbach promised to pay over to him the sum of 2,000 florins if he proved his assertion. After a trial, the court decided that the condition had not been fulfilled, and that there was no obligation to pay over the money.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Oct.): Carlo Calisse writes on the Franciscan revival in the fifteenth century.—Senatore Gabbe

makes an appeal to the Jews of Italy, in which he says that they have been unlike the Hebrews of other countries in this, that there has been neither Semitism nor Anti-Semitism. He deplors the recent appearance of an Italian Hebrew at the Semitic Congress, and hopes that the present happy condition of things will not be disturbed by agitators.

(1 Nov.): Antonio Fogazzaro publishes the first chapter of his new novel, *Il Santo*.—A letter is published from Cardinal Capecepatro to his flock on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate.

Stimmen Aus Maria Laach (21 Oct.): Fr. J. Bloetzer, S.J., contributes a paper on *The Establishment of Christianity*, a work comprising sixteen lectures delivered in the University of Berlin, during the past year, by Professor Pfleiderer, in which he undertook to treat the origin of the Christian religion from a standpoint purely historical. The author in the preface to his work insinuates that scientific history has heretofore found little place in Christian apologetics. He also contends, with Professor Harnack, that no absolute judgments can be made concerning a supernatural religion from the data afforded by a purely historical survey. Fr. Bloetzer's review is devoted almost exclusively to an adverse criticism of these views. History, he goes on to show, furnishes us with clear and indubitable facts concerning the origin of Christianity and the person and character of its founder. The data of history, moreover, is the very foundation on which Christian apologetics is constructed.—H. Koch writes on "Labor and the Employers of Labor in the Greater Industries."—A. Huouder, "Japan's Voices and Hopes."—A Stockman, "Countess Hahn Hahn."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

MARKING a notable and significant era in its ten years of study and research, the Watterson Reading Circle commemorated recently the rounding out of its first decade by a pleasant celebration. The ex-members were the only invited guests, and the meeting was thoroughly informal and delightful in every respect. The meeting was held in Columbus, Ohio, at St. Joseph's Academy, which was decorated with palms, ferns, and American Beauty roses, the club flower.

There was a brief programme, opened by Mrs. James A. Allen, the president, who, after extending a welcome to all present, spoke of the splendid work which had been accomplished by the Circle since its organization; of the unity of purpose which had always marked its efforts; of its proud record as the first and most successful Catholic reading circle in Columbus; and pointed with pride to its position as the recognized exponent of Catholic literary achievement in the Capital City of Ohio.

Following Mrs. Allen's excellent talk, came Miss Maud Flynn's delightful paper on "Reminiscences."

Miss Lida Rose McCabe's lecture on "The Preaching Friars in Florentine Art"; Rev. Albert Reinhart, O.P., on "Savonarola" and "Pere Lacordaire"; and Rev. F. A. Gaffney's two lectures on Dante were also pleasantly recalled. Numbered among the kind friends of the Circle were also Rev. F. W. Howard, who gave a fine address on St. Thomas Aquinas; Mrs. Price, whose paper on Robert Burns and the recitation of his poems was a rare pleasure; Miss Sutherland, who gave two entertaining talks, one on the poetry of Shakespeare, and the other on George Eliot; and Mr. Joseph A. Egan, who gave an able address on the religious element in Shakespeare. Also Mr. James R. Randall, the Southern poet, who appeared before the Circle last winter.

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Mayor McClellan's recent address to the students of Fordham University contained timely admonitions for all seeking to learn the lessons of history. While encouraging intellectual advancement for effective citizenship, and the formation of a safe and sound public opinion, he boldly affirmed the statement, supported by many examples from American history, that "to be a patriot does not necessarily require an education." In part he spoke as follows:

Experience has taught us that the most dangerous theories of the past and their disastrous results have not always been due to the vagaries of theorists or the plotting of the wicked. History has shown again and again that they would have died from non-support if those who had ruled had not been the doers of injustice to the people, the fomenters of discontent and the subverters of the purposes of government. And this aspect of the case is of far greater interest to us than any abstract reasoning, for it brings us face to face with the most serious evils of our day. If we are to avoid in our own

country repetitions of pages of history that have been disastrous to other nations, we must endeavor to effect the extirpation of their causes.

Every age has its evils. We have ours. But we must not expect that the vices which have destroyed others will not destroy us if we permit them to endure. Our besetting sin is avarice. Our mad rush for wealth is not an honest effort to increase the products of nature or the avails of human effort, but a hideous vice of ever-increasing and insatiable greed. Year by year we see it invading the government with ever-increasing audacity. Men cry out against tainted money—that has its vile record behind it. What we have to fear is money which taints, which brazenly tempts men to sell their honor, and then buys it.

No great republic was ever struck down by the mailed hand of brute force until it had first exalted the money-lover to the place of trust which only the man of honor should be assigned to guard. Let us not shut our eyes. This evil menaces us. It is really the only vice which destroys patriotism. The heart of the worshipper of Mammon loses every sentiment of love for God or country. With its harmful influence in private life I am not now concerned; I speak of its baneful effects upon the institutions of our country, when it succeeds in debauching the representatives of the people to betray the people's right, for the enrichment of the unlawfully privileged few.

Let us not delude ourselves with sophistry. The man who betrays his public trust for money, by comparison, makes the crime of Benedict Arnold sink into insignificance, and lends a respectable hue even to piracy. We know the usual result when corruption becomes prevalent in high places. The people do not respect and obey the lawfully constituted authorities. You cannot compel respect by force, and if you could the success of the effort would mark the end of a free people. And surely, if constituted authority becomes degraded by its own treason to the people, it will not inspire the respect necessary for the reign of law and order. Should that reign cease it would mark the end of the republic. Do not, I beg of you, think me unduly pessimistic. Thank God, our destruction is not at hand. The evil has not yet spread enough for that. But the danger is here, and all good citizens, especially those whose liberal education and trained intellects enable them to discern the nature and tendency of the evil, must ward it off.

Courage is required for the work, and patience, and prudence. To desert such a cause in despair is the act of one who has lost faith in himself, as well as in human nature. It requires no hysterical display, no resort to visionary theories. It can be accomplished by bringing about a return of the old virtues of simple, honorable manhood, the encouragement of an intelligent patriotism, and the maintenance of the equality of all men, poor or rich, before the law. When your earnestness has made the danger plain, the danger will have been averted. The experience of the harm done and the danger avoided will but increase our stock of wisdom.

I urge you with all the earnestness that is in me, never to forget, as you go through life, that the grace of fortune which makes you educated gentlemen, imposes upon you the duty of striving for the diffusion of those principles of government which will make for the peace and prosperity of our country.

The John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, of Boston, had a parlor-talk by Miss Alice Higgins, Secretary of the Associated Charities. At a recent meeting, Miss Mary G. A. Toland, chairman of the committee on studies, reported in favor of selections from Jane Austen's novels, from the biographies and fiction of Mrs. Gaskell, from the novels of Thackeray, and of American fiction, Aldrich's *Marjorie Daw*, and the best of the travel-books and stories of Kate Douglas Wiggin. The study of "King Lear" was also recommended, also Orestes A. Brownson's "Convert," with a sketch of the distinguished author's life, and the place he fills in American Catholic History. The classical English literature above-named will, of course, be considered from the Catholic standpoint, and one evening a month will be given to it.

On the second meeting of each month the study of Bible characters will be continued. Besides the regular lecture course, friends of the Circle have kindly promised parlor-talks for all the mid-month meetings. The Rev. William J. Dwyer, of St. Mary's of the Annunciation, a notable Dante scholar, will give several talks on the *Divina Commedia* during the season, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Arthur J. Teeling, D.D., P.R., of St. Mary's, Lynn, will describe his recent visit to the Holy Land.

The Notre Dame Reading Circle, of Boston, still has a goodly attendance of interested members.

Miss Mary Berran was the appointed leader and arranged a very enjoyable programme for a recent meeting. Miss Marie McCormick's paper, "Oliver Wendell Holmes as a Poet," was most interesting, and depicted Dr. Holmes in his favorite phrase. Several readings were given from the writer's poems—"The One Hoss Shay," by Miss Clara Pfeffer; "The Last Leaf," by Miss Katherine McGovern, and "The Chambered Nautilus," by Miss Katherine Doyle.

The Regents accepted Dr. Dewey's resignation from the directorship of the library and Home Educational departments, to take effect on January 1, 1906. The date for taking effect of his resignation as director of the Library-School is left for later determination.

There was no indication at the meeting of the Regents of the friction which has culminated in the retirement of Dr. Dewey, and Edward Lauterbach seconded this resolution of commendation offered by Pliny T. Sexton:

Resolved, That the occasion of the resignation of Melvil Dewey from official relation to the educational work of the State is an opportunity for the expression of grateful recognition and sincere appreciation by the Regents of the university of the value of his services to the cause of public education and of library development during the seventeen years of his official labors therein—years which clearly mark an epoch in educational work in this commonwealth—and that Dr. Dewey will be followed in his future life by the most cordial good wishes of the Board of Regents.

The following item of news from Albany, N. Y., may suggest the need of continued vigilance on the part of Catholics:

The State Council of New York Daughters of America, on September 22, 1905, filed with the Secretary of State a certificate of incorporation. The

principal office is in Syracuse. The organization is formed to be the supreme head of the Daughters of America in the State and its objects are to promote the interests of Americans, to shield them from the depressing effects of foreign competition, assist Americans in obtaining employment, encourage them in business, establish a sick and funeral fund, maintain the public school system of the United States of America and prevent sectarian interference therewith and uphold the reading of the Holy Bible therein, to oppose sectarian interference with State or national affairs, promote social intercourse, and assist in advancing the objects of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics.

The directors are Annie G. Cowan, of White Plains, Carrie J. Widzig, of Lockport, Phebe A. Cobb, of New York, M. Ella Yolkel, of Syracuse, and Arminius Briegleb, of Brooklyn.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., New York and Boston:

Louisiana: A Record of Expansion. By Albert Phillips. Pp. vi.-412. Price \$1.10 net.
In Our Convent Days. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. Pp. 258. Price \$1.10 net. *Sidney Lanier.* By Edwin Mims. Illustrated. Pp. vii.-386. Price \$1.50 net. *The Pardoner's Wallet.* By Samuel McChord Crothers. Pp. 287. Price \$1.25 net.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

Fair Margaret: A Portrait. By F. Marion Crawford. With illustrations by Horace T. Carpenter. Pp. 384. Price \$1.50. *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character.* By Francis Greenwood Peabody. Pp. 306. Price \$1.50. *Yolanda: Maid of Burgundy.* By Charles Major. With illustrations by Charlotte Weber Ditzler. Pp. 408. Price \$1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York:

The Moral Crusader: William Lloyd Garrison. A Biographical Essay. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Pp. 200. *The Preparation of Manuscripts for the Printer.* By Frank H. Vizetelly. Pp. 148. Price 75 cents. *The Four Winds of Eirinn.* Poems. By Ethna Carbery (Anna MacManus). Pp. xi.-154. Price 75 cents postpaid.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Addresses to Cardinal Newman, with his Replies, etc., 1879-81. Edited by Rev. W. P. Neville, (Orat.) Pp. 321. *The Political History of England.* In Twelve Volumes. Edited by William Hunt, D.Litt., and Reginald L. Poole, M.A. Vol. II. *The History of England from the Norman Conquest to the Death of John.* By George Burton Adams, Professor of History in Yale University. Pp. x.-473. Vol. X. *The History of England from the Accession of George III. to the Close of Pitt's First Administration.* By William Hunt, M.A., President of the Historical Society. Pp. xviii.-496. Each volume, price \$2.60, separately. Complete set, \$28.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Dollar Hunt. From the French. By E. G. Martin. Price 45 cents. *The Children of Cupa.* By Mary E. Mannix. Price 45 cents. *For the White Rose.* By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Price 45 cents. *The Violin Maker.* By Sarah Trainer Smith. Price 45 cents. *Prayer: Selections from Father Faber.* By Father Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. Price 30 cents. *The Childhood of Jesus.* Toy Pictorial. 4vo varnished paper. Price 15 cents. 4vo untearable linen. Price 30 cents. Postage 5 cents extra. *Lex Levitarum; or, Preparation for the Care of Souls.* By Right Rev. I. C. Hedley, O.S.B. With the Regula Pastoralis of St. Gregory the Great. Pp. xii.-348. Price \$1.60. *An Earnest Appeal for the Revival of Plain-Song.* By A. Welby Pugin. Pp. 20. Price 20 cents. *Humility of Heart.* From the Italian of Father Cajetan Mary di Bergamo. By Herbert Card. Vaughan. Pp. 211. Price \$1.25. *Rex Meus.* By the author of *My Queen and my Mother.* Pp. 183. Price \$1.25. *Who Killed Sir Edmund Burg Godfrey?* By Alfred Marks. With an Introduction by Father J. S. Pollen, S.J. Pp. 210. Price \$1.10.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston, Mass. :

Il Libro D'Oro of Those Whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Translations by Mrs. Francis Alexander. Pp. 500. Price \$2 net; postpaid, \$2.18. *With Spurs of Gold: Heroes of Chivalry and Their Deeds.* By Francis Nimmo Greene and Dolly Williams Kirk. Illustrated. Pp. vi.-300. Price \$1.50. *The Brothers' War.* By John C. Reed, of Georgia. Pp. 601. Price \$2 net; postpaid, \$2.15. *Curly: A Tale of the Arizona Desert.* By Roger Pocock. Price \$1.50.

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Chicago, Ill. :

The Spalding Year Book. Quotations from the writings of Bishop Spalding for each day in the year. Selected by Minnie R. Cowan. Pp. 168. Price 75 cents net.

B. HERDER, St. Louis :

Comparative Studies in the Psychology of Ants and of Higher Animals. By Eric J. Wassmann, S.J. Pp. 190. Price \$1. *La Familia de Santa Teresa en América.* By Dr. D. Manuel Maria Polit. Pp. xix.-384. Price 4 fr. 50; cloth, 5 fr. 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York :

The Reconstruction of Religious Belief. By W. H. Mallock. Pp. x.-305. Price \$1.75 net.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York :

Franciscan Legends in Italian Art. By Emma Gurney Salter. Illustrated. Pp. 228. Price \$1.50 net.

GINN & CO., Boston, Mass. :

De Quincey's "The English Mail Coach and Joan of Arc." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Milton Haight Turk, Ph.D. Pp. xvi.-121. Price 25 cents.

THE GRAFTON PRESS, New York :

The Bivouac of the Dead and its Author. By George W. Ranck. Illustrated. Pp. 73. Price \$1.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York :

Christus Victor: A Student's Reverie. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. Pp. 206. Price \$1.25.

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill. :

The Prophetic Element in the Old Testament. By William Rainey Harper. Pp. 142. Price \$1 postpaid.

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS, Boston, Mass. :

Bunch of Flowers. By Kathleen DonLeavy. Pp. 90.

MOFFAT, YARD & CO., New York.

The Story Bible. By Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated. Pp. 490. Price \$2.

UNIVERSITY PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind. :

The Brothers of the Holy Cross. By the Rev. James J. Trahey, C.S.C., Ph.D. Pp. 156.

GEORGE W. OGILVIE & CO., Chicago, Ill. :

Faulty Diction; or, Errors in the Use of the English Language and How to Correct Them. By Thomas H. Russell, LL.B. Price, leather bound, 50 cents; cloth, 25 cents postpaid.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C. :

Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor. Department of Commerce and Labor. Pp. 724.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London, Eng. :

Theosophy and Christianity. By the Rev. Earnest R. Hull, S.J. Pp. 127. Price 45 cents net. *The Crisis in the Church in France.* Pp. 24. Price 25 cents net. *Cardinal Howard.* By the Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. Pp. 32. Price 5 cents. *Indulgences.* By the Rev. John Procter, O.P. Pp. 16. Price 5 cents. *Education: True and False.* Price 5 cents. *Some Thoughts on Progress.* Price 5 cents. *M. Combes and the French Catholics.* Price 5 cents. *The Decline of Darwinism.* Price 5 cents. *Freemasons in France.* Price 5 cents. *The Claims of the Catholic Church.* Price 5 cents. *St. Francis of Assisi.* Price 5 cents. *St. Genevieve.* Price 5 cents. *St. Thomas of Canterbury.* Price 5 cents.

GUSTAVO GILI, Barcelona, Spain :

Tratado Completo de Religión. By D. Cayetano Soler, Pbro. Pp. 360. *Química Popular.* By Dr. Casimiro Brugués. Pp. 480. *Los Peligros de la Fe en los Actuales Tiempos.* By P. Ramón Ruiz Amado. Pp. 336. *Que es Canto Gregoriano.* By Un Padre Benedictino. Pp. 155. *Los Danos Del Libro.* By D. Antolin Lopez Peláez. Pp. 320.

LIBRAIRE ACADEMIQUE PERRIN ET CIE., Paris, France :

François Rakoczi II., Prince de Transylvanie. Par Emile Horn. Price 5 fr. Pp. 438.

ALPHONSE PICARD ET FILS, Paris :

Eusèbe Histoire Ecclesiastique. Livres I. et IV. Texte Grec et Traduction Française. Par Émile Grapin. Pp. 523. Price 4 fr.

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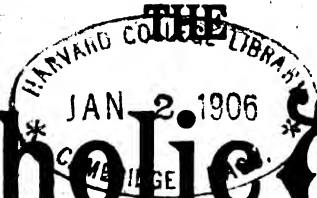
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LIFE AND MONEY.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



It is generally recognized that Socialism is the most threatening problem that confronts society to-day. It sums up radical aspirations of the discontented, reduces to system their vaguely understood ideals, strengthens the discontent by trenchant criticisms of men, tendencies, and conditions which honest observers are compelled to admit as in a large measure true. It allies itself with other radical tendencies, borrowing and lending strength thereby, and merging into one, all of the elements of discontent in society. Thus Socialism tends to unite those discontented with religion, with family organization, with property conditions and institutions, with government, into one army. This complex constitution of the movement explains the varied nature of opposition to it. Economists oppose it for one reason; the labor movement, for another; Catholics, for another; Christians generally, for another; property owners and those in power, for another.

Looking at the situation practically one may say that the issue raised by Socialism is mainly one of income. The present social order permits and imposes conditions of income which, both through excess and defect, harm men and seriously

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affect life in the larger sense. It is too true that life depends on income and income is fixed by circumstances, processes, and habits of self-seeking, which are beyond control by millions. Socialism appears as the champion of life against income; it proposes a new principle, new conditions, sure guarantees that life shall be allowed to expand to the fullest. It will be noticed then that the relations of income to life are vital and constant, though nothing in the nature of things identifies the two.

I.

Man is a developing being. He is dependent, incomplete; as such, he has wants. Nature craves satisfaction for them; life is in satisfying them. The physical history of a life is an account of the physical wants in it, their relations, the manner of filling them; likewise the mental, social, spiritual history of an individual. Want, desire, satisfaction describe the circle of life. When these concern physical existence, unrelated to mental and spiritual, or mental life, unrelated to physical and spiritual, or spiritual life, unrelated to physical and mental, life is partial, incomplete, false. Ideal life places spiritual want, desire, satisfaction supreme, but co-ordinates physical, mental, social, and spiritual in a way to bring man to rounded development, wisdom, and happiness. Food is a want, but mind and soul should not be sacrificed; learning is sought, but not wisely if bodily health or soul suffer.

Our wants are real and imaginary. Many men are relatively ignorant of their real wants, and few of us can successfully distinguish what is imaginary among them. Our wants are indefinitely expansive, because of our faculty of imagining and confusing them. Even among our real wants, we have no true perspective of values, imagination again misleading us and social influences disturbing judgment continually. Ruskin says: "Three-fourths of the demands existing in the world are romantic, founded on visions, idealisms, hopes, and affections, and the regulation of the purse is, in its essence, regulation of the imagination and the heart."

The circle of wants that one deliberately fosters, real and imaginary, personal and social, gradually becomes identical with one's existence. Hence men are proverbially unwilling to reduce their wants; diminished wants is a form of annihilation.

And nature prevents the race from going back by fixing the individual sternly against diminution. The defeated politician suffers as keenly as a starving laborer, possibly more keenly; yet the former has only an imaginary basis for grief. Ambition is intensified desire to realize a larger self, less than which the ambitious man feels incomplete, defeated.

Thus the great power which upbuilds society, institutions, traces ideals, and insures progress is desire. Hunger, thirst, desire for comfort, were the architects which built the institutions of civilization; visions of nobler self, and desire to realize it made all of the ideals which have inspired life.

The notion of social progress implies, in fact aims at, the multiplying, varying, and refining of human wants. The savage, with few wants, crude desires, apathy for the ideal, is transformed, in the course of history, into the citizen with a thousand wants, refined and disciplined desires, keen appreciation of the ideal. The wonders of human achievement, the increased capacity for life in the civilized man, the widened mental, moral, and social horizon that we enjoy may in last analysis be reduced to terms of human desire. Thus the majestic picture of unfolding human life, drawn by the history of the race, shows the search for happiness to be the restless power behind all.

When we speak of maintaining or defending the standard of life, nothing is meant except that the people should be encouraged to want the things to which they are accustomed, and that their opportunity to have them should be protected. When the labor movement attempts to organize the laborers, when it demands higher wages and shorter hours, it appeals to the laborers' right to an improved standard of life. When laborers oppose immigration, notably that of the Chinese, it is because the latter have a lower standard of life; that is, fewer and simpler wants, and our laborers know, that in competitive industry, a higher standard of life cannot compete with a lower one. A cabinet officer recently justified the protective tariff by stating that it increased imports. This is due, he claimed, to higher wages, which increase the power of consumption of the masses; in other words, the final element is the multiplied wants of individuals.

Education, now all but universal, gives to the millions a knowledge of self, of rights, of nature, which increases the

number and variety of wants indefinitely; yesterday's luxury is to-day's necessity; the occasional pleasure of yesterday is necessary to daily comfort now. The slave, with dull sense, no outlook, no ambition, may be transformed by education into the quick, alert, wide-seeing citizen whose wants engender ambition and promote industry.

Thus the individual is affected by the idea of progress, by natural inclination, by popular movements, and by education; he is influenced to enlarge the circle of his wants; to reach a constantly widening conception of life and to fix his definition of life at the highest point that he can reach. Man is responsive to such influences, and he constantly increases his demands on society. These agents are powerfully aided in forcing the individual to enlarge his circle of wants by the spirit, organization and methods of business.

The whole aim of industry, as now conducted, is profit. This is secured by constantly increasing sales, or by reducing cost of production; normally no one produces and sells where no prospect of profit entices. The great inspiration of industry and commerce is to hold society securely to the volume of consumption already reached, and then in a thousand ways to stimulate new desires, to vary the objects which satisfy them, to expand markets, found colonies, and control them, for the single ultimate motive of profit. New styles, new foods, new forms, are in process of formation, because industry must stimulate social wants to keep its wheels busy. Nothing in modern organization is more perfect than the organization of business. Advertising, show windows, display counters, drummers, are perfect in their way in awakening wants, calling attention to this or that commodity, and in persuading people to buy. The pressure is so great on us from every side that, like atmospheric pressure, we scarcely realize it. A customer enters a modern store. The wealth of Ormus and of Ind is displayed before his eager eyes. Color, form, convenience, many-tongued, speak to him and urge purchase. While under that spell, an eloquent clerk, whose commissions on sales determine his tenure and his salary, offers services in expanding the wants of the customer to a maximum. We are so accustomed to this process that we are unconscious of it. If one wish to realize the *rôle* played, one need but imagine an immense dark warehouse in place of the modern store, without

display or show, with clerks whose business it was to dissuade customers from purchases, unless they were certain of their need and of their good judgment in choices made.

The savings bank is a notable exception in the business world, since it advises all to save their money and deposit it. Yet, even here, the motive is profit for the bank.

Finally we may mention our passion for equality in the midst of social inequality, our desire to appear as good as our neighbor, by being as conspicuous in our expenditures and as elegant in our appearance; our passion for distinction, leading us to seek attention in some way or other by the quantity or quality of our wants, as compared with those of the persons whom we seek to impress.

As richness and diversity of thought and feeling cause language to appear poor, and lacking a word for every idea, we are compelled to heap many meanings on single words and depend on context to make clear the usage intended; so the objects which satisfy human wants acquire many meanings. Social, imaginary, trifling wants, are so much more abundant than real objects and real wants, that an object is made to supply many wants. Taking food originally satisfied appetite; to-day, in its complex form, taking food satisfies appetite, gives evidence of culture, of social position, conveys hospitality, wins attention. Our basic wants are so overgrown by social accretions of all kinds, that we are as much governed by the accessory as by the essential; we would surrender meat rather than napkins, do without dessert rather than surrender tablecloth, and give up butter rather than dining chair. And yet chair and tablecloth and napkin are culture creations, while food is of primordial and lasting necessity.

Likewise in clothing, in home-building, in social relations, accessories crowd in on the basic need and impose themselves upon us. Tradition, custom, example, preference, unite these phases and identify them. Then when reduction comes through dire necessity, we have no perspective—we lose the essential, and surrender unwisely. Mrs. Stetson says, in her volume on *The Home*, that woman “puts upon her body, without criticism or objection, every excess, distortion, discord, and contradiction that can be sewed together. The æsthetic sense of woman has never interfered with her acceptance of ugliness, if ugliness were the fashion.” This surely indicates a departure from the

original purpose of clothing. What a story of growth in human want, and of deviation and compounding of motive would be revealed if psychological excavation would show us the whole history of food, clothing, and dwelling—the primary physical needs of man.

The idea of progress, popular agitation, education, methods, and organization of business, social instincts all unite then in a powerful pressure to multiply the real and imaginary wants of man and to confuse them and perplex him in choice among them. None of these convey any notion of restraint, of values, or proportion. The pressure is general, indiscriminate, upward, and outward in every direction. Yet the interests of the individual imperatively demand discipline, restraint, proportion, and order in human wants. Under the pressure described, sin and disorder, confusion and disaster, come; only when properly disciplined are human wants safe; only when a definition of real life guides man, does he live wisely.

II.

The interests of the individual are in the direction of simplicity, discipline, order, while social forces make for complexity—pleasure without discrimination and comfort without restraint. Naturally, in such a conflict, the social forces preponderate. Some time since we welcomed to the United States the author of *The Simple Life*. He was praised and advertised on all sides; he came with a prestige accorded to no other foreigner in recent times. He pleaded for the simple life, simple taste, simple, rugged wants. The nation listened and admired, but no shrinkage in business was reported by our merchants, and Dunn and Bradstreet told of no disturbance in the industrial world, because we had been converted from the complex to the simple life. There are, however, many forces which control our desires and introduce discipline among them.

Nature puts a check on the expansion of wants, in the very limitations which hedge us in. Philosophy attempted, notably in the Stoics, to teach discipline and simplicity, but the greatest and noblest discipline of life presented to humanity is through the example and teaching of Jesus Christ.

He saw disorder and confusion among human wants as the result of sin. He saw everywhere false definitions of life and

misleading ideals of conduct causing havoc among men because of sin. He is the Life. He established a code of spiritual laws, a set of related standards by which to judge values, a perspective of human interests by means of which man might guide ambition and discriminate wisely in his pursuits. In the life that Christ lived and promised to those who believed in him, the spiritual is supreme; simplicity, self-denial, penance, service, unselfishness, and prayer are the conditions, as they are the guarantee, of that life.

Historically, then, the teaching of Christ appears as, in effect, a supreme discipline of human wants, individual and social; it subordinates the physical and mental to the spiritual; the selfish to the unselfish. It fills man with a compelling sense of responsibility and engenders the spirit of renunciation. Hence in the fullest Christian life, we expect not multiplication but simplifying of wants; ambition directed to truth, beauty, and goodness, and not to clothes and banquets and palaces; ideals representing spiritual peace and concord and brotherly love, and not extended markets, mechanical inventions, and rapid transit; not how much we may get and enjoy is its watchword, but with how little may we do. Without pausing to trace the relations of the Church to progress, we may say that no greater discipline of human conduct has ever appeared—and none was more powerful in disciplining men. And yet the result is rather in individual lives than in nations and peoples and classes.

The moral law—if one may speak of it as distinct from historical Christianity—is a source of discipline of human wants, tending to check and direct them. One's conscience, compelling one to do one's duty, compelling respect for the rights of others, and self-respect, indicates the right and the wrong in wants and the principles that should govern normal man in satisfying his desires.

Civil law is a discipline of human wants, in that it prohibits many things, or increases cost by taxes. The history of sumptuary legislation is interesting, since it shows how futile is the effort to regulate expenses by law. We find records of such laws among the ancients, and down toward Reformation times, in Italy, Switzerland, France, and England, when efforts were made to control clothing, food, weddings, funerals, ornament, baptisms, all of which were occasions of great expense. Whether the motive was to sanctify the soul, to sustain class

distinction, or suppress extravagance, it generally failed of its purpose in a way to show its futility.* The modern temper is effectively opposed to any effort to discipline wants by civil law, and hence the law is mainly negative and confined to general social relations.

Social standards and education have some disciplinary value for our wants, as man generally inclines to obey his intelligence, and he conforms by instinct to social valuations, such as he finds them. Enlightened self-respect, which education should generate, disciplines our wants and gives us a motive and a guide in our desires.

The general pressure on man, expanding his wants, will ordinarily act within the lines of discipline described, but the disorder, injustice, sin, and foolishness which mar human society, and have always marred it, show us how discipline has succeeded and how it has failed. Neither the interior discipline of Christ's teaching and conscience, nor the external discipline of law or social sanction, succeeded altogether in curbing man's passions, taming his impulses, and organizing his life. Civilization, with its apparatus of splendid learning, organized power, triumphs over nature, has had but moderate success in disciplining our wants into true Christian form.

To the sources of discipline mentioned, one may add income as one of supreme value. There is fundamental moral, spiritual, and social value in not having money enough to get all that one desires. As society is now organized, one's desires may roam over worlds, but one's ability to satisfy them depends largely on the income which one commands. Whether income is from labor or from dividends; from interest or rent; unless one have money, one must labor, and one is limited in one's enjoyment by the income which he receives. Great income is not only not a discipline, it is apt to be a release from discipline. But the vast majority in the race have but a moderate income. Exceptional souls, favored by grace and circumstances, may live directed by interior discipline alone, but, in a majority of lives, discipline from without is more or less necessary. If one doubt the rôle that income plays in life, independently of restraints already mentioned, or with due allowance for them, one need but give to a man receiving one

*An interesting list of such laws may be found in the 1897 report of The American Historical Society. European Blue Laws, by Vincent.

thousand dollars per year, an increase of four thousand, and observe the change in ambition, conduct, impulse, views, and standards.*

When income is limited, one is forced to choose among wants; one's judgment is supposedly developed thereby; one's temptations are reduced; one's industry is fostered; one's associations are safer. Hence the historical *rôle* of the middle class. To have mentioned income as a form of discipline is sufficient, for all may see from daily observation how effective it is in marking off the possible from the impossible, and holding one to wholesome restraint. One may violate Christian ideals, moral law, social standards, civil law, in seeking satisfaction for wants whose clamor overturns judgment, but if indulgence costs and no money be available, one is restrained by physical and social limitations. Small income causes the greatest restrictions on physical wants; less on mental, and less still on spiritual. Without a doubt, this restriction on physical and material enjoyment, when moderate, permits higher things to have better opportunity for domination in life.

No one denies nowadays that, in the United States, wants frequently exceed income. The circle of wants has, under the action of many forces, expanded far beyond what actual income warrants, or prospective income promises for the vast majority. There are few in that great number who do not ardently wish for greater income; few who do not plan and hope for a day when it will come. Millions, particularly laborers, are organized and working with that as their great purpose. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that men have contrived to escape, in a measure, the restrictions of income, and have elaborated methods of getting more present pleasure from life than means at hand permit. This is accomplished by the credit system; by counting on future income in the present; by paying for money borrowed on income not yet earned, but to be earned. Credit for business or investment purposes is not meant—rather credit for consumption; credit for necessities, conveniences, or luxuries, which are presently consumed and offer no prospect of producing, as credit for investment does.

Profit is the motive of business. Merchants find that it

* Naturally not all can overcome long-standing habits. Increased income brings opportunity rather than adjustment. The President, in a recent address, quoted from a private letter to the effect that increased wages had not by any means always meant higher life for the laborer. In many cases, it had meant only increased expenditure for drink.

pays to give credit to customers; hence credit is easily obtained. Those whose wants, habits of life, and standards of taste are beyond actual income—many of them at least—will resort to credit schemes, and thus evade the discipline that income offers. The pass book, wherein open account is carried, and payment is made in part, as the customers may have money; the installment plan, whereby manner of payment is so arranged as to cause little present inconvenience, and series of payments in small amounts are arranged; borrowing money from loan agents, in order to pay cash, are means employed by consumer to escape discipline. Were business thrown back to a strictly cash basis, it would revolutionize conditions everywhere.*

Conspicuous advertisements in our daily papers invite us "to open an account with A." "Everybody's credit is good." "Pay when you wish." A daily paper at hand contains fourteen advertisements of loan companies, which offer money in small amounts for "only \$1.33 or \$1.66 per month," rates varying from 33 to 40 per cent on the amounts borrowed. Secrecy, dispatch, convenience, are promised, no questions asked. If one might estimate the amount of unpaid debts in the country, one would surely be appalled at the disproportion between income and expenditure. The Secretary of the Treasury recently issued a circular to all employees in his department asking many questions, among them, these: "How much are you in debt in excess of the value of your property?" "Does your condition compel you occasionally to borrow money at exorbitant rates of interest?"†

* An illustration is found in the manner in which some poor men will use credit to buy drink. The saloon may do only a cash business. Then the customer will buy shoes, boots, hammers, ham, etc., on credit, and turn them over to the bartender in payment for drink.

† Advertisements such as the following repay study:

CREDIT FOR ALL.—DON'T TRY TO STRETCH YOUR MONEY beyond its capacity in buying Christmas gifts. You only worry yourself half sick to no purpose, and in the end will be disappointed with what you get. It is far better to give something worth while and pay for it at your leisure, after the necessary Christmas expenses have been settled. We have a host of things suitable for gifts—things that every one likes to receive and which will be of lasting use and beauty. Comfortable Chairs and Rockers, Shaving Stands, Cellarettes, Reading Lamps, and many other things suitable for men; dainty Parlor Pieces, Toilet Tables, Rugs, Couch Covers, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Sewing Rockers, Writing Desks, Parlor Lamps, Vases, Chinaware, and many other things suitable for gifts to ladies. Our prices are all marked in plain figures, and you will find none lower anywhere, but we extend a cordial invitation to you to open an account and arrange terms convenient to you. We make no extra charge for liberal credit, but allow the following discounts:

10 per cent discount for cash with order, or if account is closed in 30 days; 7½ per cent discount if account is closed in 60 days; and 5 per cent if closed in 90 days.

Recent dispatches tell of a trusted clerk in Chicago who embezzled a large amount in order to pay five loan agencies which were threatening him.

A by-product of this situation—which any thoughtful reader will realize in a moment's reflection—is the loss of horror for debt. Living in debt is so ordinary a fact now, that relatively few shrink from it.

Given then a condition of want, aspiration, and life, in excess of income, exerting pressure on the restraints of moral and civil law, and on the ideals which Christianity presents; given our natural reluctance to diminish our wants, which is looked upon as diminishing life itself; given a habit of pleasure-seeking, self-indulgence, and a spirit which resents discipline; what is the effect on moral and spiritual life and standards?

The falling off in the marriage rate, the decreasing birth rate, are phases of the relations of life and money. Certain girls will not marry certain young men, because the latter haven't money enough; young men will not marry because wives "cost too much to keep." To a great extent, the evil lives of many unfortunates are due to a love of dress and pleasure which their means did not warrant, but sin and shame did. Gambling, embezzling, stealing, cheating, are, in a measure, due to this same disproportion between income and wants. And the added tragedy in it all is, that in none of the cases mentioned is there real and substantial want involved. It is not love of mind and mental pleasure, not love of soul and

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\$1.33 PER MONTH is all you have to pay us for a loan of \$40. Carry loan long as you like. No other charge of any kind, except 50c. notary fee. No recording or publicity of any kind. Larger amounts at even lower rates. Figure up how much you are paying now—then see us. We will pay off other companies and give you the advantage of our low rates.

WHEN WE SAY \$1.66 A MONTH is all we charge for a loan of \$50 we mean it. Other companies will tell you this is impossible; that their rates are about as low as ours; that we would confront you with extras by way of commissions; that you would not receive the full amount; that no company could possibly exist on such low rates. Don't be deceived. Let us convince you by facts and figures. Think of it, less than 5 cents on the dollar interest. Over One Thousand Loans taken from other companies in the past eight months at less than half their charges.

its delight, but love of dress, of food, of drink; of social prestige, of travel, of ease; dislike of labor and discipline that exert this tremendous pressure on us, and in so many cases lead men and women to violate conscience, law, and social decency in their tragic effort to gain money for pleasure. Thus morals, religion, conscience, are seriously threatened. Parents ignore this great fact, and continue to give to their children standards and tastes in excess of income; our schools fail to teach us on this fundamental question of life; pulpits are, to a great extent, silent; and we are left to the play of the social forces and instincts, which indefinitely expand our wants.

While we profess and teach everywhere that character is supreme, that conscience is above all life, that law must be respected at whatever cost, that life is in truth and beauty and goodness, and not in money; nevertheless, the main facts of life, the dominating social forces, the personal ambitions of a majority, throw money forward into life in a way to all but overshadow all else. The American passion is "to make money, to get rich"; which Ruskin says "is the art of establishing a maximum inequality in our own favor." Children are taught "to save money"; children are put at work to earn; young men in professions and business see money loom up as the reward of industry, the condition of power, the key to distinction and distinguished association. When one thinks of the directness with which Christ opposed love of money and seeking of riches to his own ideal of life, one wonders how Christianity can be as patient as it is with modern ideals.

The more that life drifts into identity with money, the more it fails to make its definition in terms of life, the greater is the promised disorder. If, then, our complex social processes continue to expand wants, if increasing passion for equalizing social classes upward seize us as a people, if increasing cost of necessities of life diminish relatively our income, and every day reduces our sense of discipline while increasing our need of it, who shall say that Socialism may not find in this situation elements of strength on which we of to-day do not reckon? When we hear Socialism plead for life, full, free, equal; when we hear its delusive promise to emancipate man from money; to foster and develop life to the fullest; when we hear its denunciations of unequal incomes leading to unequal life, may we not assume that many will listen with

eagerness, ponder with attention, and embrace with zeal? The question is worth some reflection.


Our passion for equality without discrimination, our habit of rating men as equal in all things, because equal in some, are working silently with the forces that make for Socialism. Our schools might undertake some sociological work, parents might be more intelligent, the sociological value of Christianity might be impressed more vividly on society by the pulpit.* The education of our wants or desires, the introduction of a spirit of discipline among them, definite regard for the limitations which income imposes, even while we strive to increase it, are fundamentally important in these days. The lack of them favors the propaganda of Socialism very directly. It is permanently true that spiritual progress and real peace depend on the wisdom of our definition of life, the degree of our loyalty to it, and the character of the discipline to which we submit interiorly. Hence we should understand the sources whence discipline comes, and we may rightly recognize limited income as one of them.

* *Apocryph* of this, the following from Giddings *Democracy and Empire*, p. 94, is of interest: "The most important single doctrine that Christianity has to contribute to social science has been forgotten or ignored. The doctrine referred to is that of the distinction between those who are free from the law and those who are under bondage to the law. The key to the solution of the social problem will be found in a frank acceptance of the fact that some men in every community are inherently progressive, resourceful, creative, capable of self-mastery and self-direction, while other men, capable of none of these, can be made useful, comfortable, and essentially free, only by being brought under bondage to society and kept under mastership and discipline until they have acquired power to help and govern themselves. If one should say that we all believe this doctrine—that it is in no sense new—the necessary reply would be that we nevertheless habitually disregard it in every matter save the juridical distinction between the law-abiding and the criminal." Ruskin has the same thought in *The Queen of Air*: "The first duty of every man in the world is to find his true master and, for his own good, submit to him; and to find his true inferior and, for that inferior's good, conquer him. The punishment is sure if we either refuse the reverence or are too cowardly and indolent to enforce the compulsion. A base nation crucifies or poisons its wise men, and lets its fools rave and rot in the streets. A wise nation obeys the one, restrains the other, and cherishes all."

THE PRAYER OF CHRIST.

BY GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J.

I.

URELY it must have seemed like a momentary descent of the spirit of peace on the angry tumult of primeval chaos when, in the name of the oldest and widest Christian communion (and doubtless by a prophetic instinct of that same Spirit), a Roman Cardinal, in the year 1893, opened the Chicago Parliament of Religions with the simple prayer taught by Jesus to the fishermen of Galilee nearly two thousand years before.

At its height the wave pauses before it dashes itself in foam and confusion upon the shore. Such a brief instant of pause, of inward silence, must have been felt in that spiritual Babel ere the many tongues were let loose in the interest of their multitudinous creeds and contentions. It was as when the little child in their midst stood as a mute rebuke to the worse than childish contentions of the chosen Twelve. It was a recall to simplicity, to directness, to the one thing needful; to the point whence all had diverged and scattered, as sheep issuing from the pen, and to which all must converge again, as sheep gathered into the fold at evening. And surely from any other lips than those of a prince of the court of Rome the prayer had lacked the same fulness of significance.

A man's spirit utters itself to some degree in every voluntary movement of his life; but never so fully and perfectly as in prayer—prayer that is really his own. For prayer is "the lifting up of the heart and mind to God"; it is an act in which vision, feeling, and will, the three factors of the spirit-life, designedly blend together and strive to attain their highest and deepest expression. In prayer the spirit pierces down to the root and beginning of all reality from which it springs, and stretches up to the end and summit of all reality towards which it strains and struggles; and between these two poles lies the whole sphere of the finite which it strives to compass and tran-

scend. In prayer it expressly deals with the Ultimates; with the first and the last and, in reference to them, with all that lies between them. And in this contact with Reality it attains Truth—truth of vision, truth of feeling, truth of will.

There is a sense in which the whole spirit-life may be called prayer; for it is, indeed, communion with God. *Laborare est orare*—to work is to pray, to think is to pray, to love is to pray. But we do not now speak merely of this implicit and practical prayer; but of conscious explicit prayer, in which the spirit is concentrated expressly on the religious aspect of life—on God, or on things precisely in their relation to God. We speak, not of the prayer which is “lived,” but of the prayer which is “prayed.”

In such prayer the spirit-life finds its fullest embodiment. Here we find what a man *is* in his deepest self—if only the prayer be real, his very own. Yet even in those prayers that are most deeply our own, prayers of the spirit at its highest tension, the words and conceptions in which they normally embody themselves are never wholly our own; they belong to the language and tradition which we inherit. They are our own only in so far as they are inspired by the inward prayer; in so far, namely, as the spirit, like the whirlwind that sweeps up the autumn leaves in its vortex, rearranging and ordering them after the pattern of its own movement, seizes instinctively from the mind's treasury the words and images most congenial to its need of self-expression and weaves them into a living garment, in which its own form and movements become visible.

Taken singly and literally, the several phrases of the Lord's Prayer were familiar to every pious Jew of that day. They were then, and they are now, to be found up and down in the Old Testament, the sacred books and liturgy of the Hebrew people. So far, they were our Lord's only by tradition and by adoption. Studied literally, without respect to his whole life and personality, and simply by an analysis of the words and expressions as they were then valued by any ordinary Jew, they could never yield us a distinctively Christian sense. We must, therefore, try to seize them as they fell from his lips, still aglow with his spirit; we must take them not one by one, each complete in itself, but as parts of a complex, organic whole, each in the light of all the rest, and all in the light of his whole life of action and utterance; we must look to the sayer as well

as to what is said. Else our study will be of the dead letter, the skeleton, the empty husk of that prayer. For a prayer is a vital utterance, or it is nothing; no dissection of the lifeless corpse can discover the soul.

Yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the "Our Father" is not given to us as a prayer which our Lord himself prayed, but as one which he taught his disciples to pray. Though this fact does not make it any less truly an expression of his own Spirit, with which they too were to be filled, yet it allows us to attach more significance to the actual form of words than we should be otherwise quite justified in doing. For the words in which vehement desire escapes from the heart straight into the ears of God (the reader of hearts, to whom even our unworded desires are eloquent), are not calculated with a view to reveal that desire to our fellow-men. According as the prayer is more real and vehement, its utterance tends to be more broken, interjectory, with strong cries like those of Gethsemani and Golgotha; less reasoned, connected, discursive; at times tumultuous and incoherent, as the impatient spirit hopelessly tumbles over and ransacks its vocabulary in search of words for its unutterable need; while in moments of utmost tension speech may be completely paralyzed.

But the words of the "Our Father" were intended to convey to the disciples our Lord's spirit of prayer; they were addressed to their human understanding and not to the Divine Omniscience. As such, they possess a certain degree of that reasoned completeness and unity which belong to an instruction. We must remember, therefore, that they are accommodated to the intelligence, to the customary modes of religious thought and speech, familiar to the simple folk of Galilee; that they belong far more to the language of prophecy than to that of philosophy. The expression which they give to our Lord's own inward prayer and spirit is, no doubt, the best and highest possible within such limits of thought and speech; but that it is infinitely inadequate cannot be denied, and should not be forgotten. The master-artist works here with the rude materials to hand; and to some extent their very rudeness reveals his mastery. His whole spirit is here, as it is even in the least [of its manifestations; but not so wholly or clearly manifested as it might have been in a higher medium of expression, or in the language of angels.

Language, like outward sensation, is at best suggestive—a few points, a few lines which the responsive mind fills in from the storehouse of memory; and so, more than half creates the object of its apprehension. According, therefore, to the extent and kind of our own spiritual experiences shall we be able to seize some measure of the spirit, at best rudely hinted in the words of the Lord's Prayer: "My sheep hear my voice"; only because the spirit of Christ is already in us, can it be strengthened, educated, and developed from without through the instrumentality of words. Without such inward responsiveness no clarity or perfection of outward expression would avail; but when spiritual sympathy quickens the inward ear the obscurest whisper is a revelation of spirit to spirit.

It will help much, therefore, in all cases first to determine as exactly as we can just what sense our Lord's words must have conveyed to his hearers' minds, independently of the heart-response which they elicited from those whose spirit was closer to his own; to determine, that is, the current value of those words for the religious thought and language of Galilee two thousand years ago. This is no easy task. For centuries the Church has pondered this prayer in her heart, and has loaded every phrase with a growing wealth of meaning, according as she has penetrated more deeply into the implications of Christ's spirit. Thus, much that was latent and confused for former times, has become for us clear and explicit; and it needs some effort of well-instructed historic imagination to put ourselves back to the beginning of this process of expansion, to realize what "fatherhood" and "heaven" and "the kingdom" and "daily bread" and "temptation" and the "evil one" meant, and were intended to mean, for Peter and Andrew and the sons of Zebedee.

For this meaning must in some way be the criterion of any fuller sense our own minds may then attach to these same terms; of any attempt to find a re-embodiment for the same prayer-spirit in our own language and modes of thought to pour, without spilling a drop, the contents of the old vessel into the new. For the spirit abides unchanged through all changes of thought and speech; man's mind transforms itself ceaselessly, but in the depths of his heart, where God meets him, he is always the same. Could Christ teach us, his disciples of to-day, to pray, the language would be different, for it

would be our own; but the spirit and substance would be the same. As it is, we must seek that spirit through the language and thoughts of the Galilean fishermen of two thousand years ago.

II.

St. Luke (xi. 1-4) gives the Lord's Prayer in an abbreviated, St. Matthew (vi. 9-15) in an amplified, form. We may be sure that neither the omissions in one case, nor the expansions in the other, are substantial, although it is the amplified form which has obtained permanent footing in the Church. St. Matthew introduces the prayer into the Sermon on the Mount as illustrating, by way of contrast, our Lord's admonition against certain false conceptions of prayer, Jewish and Pagan. St. Luke represents it as given by our Lord, on another occasion, in answer to the request of one of his disciples: "Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples." Thus, in both cases, it is presented to us explicitly as a norm or ideal of what prayer ought to be. It is opposed both to two false standards and to a less perfect standard.

It is the prayer of those who seek the glory of God and not the glory of men; or the prayer of those who would raise man to the likeness of God, not of those who would lower God to the likeness of man.

It is the prayer of the children of the bride-chamber, of those who have at least crossed the threshold of the kingdom; not of those who still strain towards its borders, and for whom it is yet an ideal, not a reality.

Two types of prayer are signalled out for us as altogether repugnant to the spirit of Christ.

Of these, by far the more reprehensible is the prayer of the hypocrite or actor, whose offense does not consist in the fact that he prays in public, but that he does so for the sake of publicity and in order that he may be seen and praised of men. Our Lord himself had been praying in public, or at least before others, when the disciple said to him: "Lord, teach us to pray." And he even bids us let our light shine before men "that they may see our good works"; but then it is to be in such a way that they may glorify, not us, but our Father who is in heaven. Plainly he would have us look directly and immediately to the inside of the cup and platter and leave the outside to look after

itself, confident that if the heart be right all will be right. A deliberate aiming at edification and outward righteousness, like a deliberate aiming at happiness, defeats itself; it becomes self-conscious, self-complacent, hypocritical. If the true light is in us, it will shine through us unawares and bring glory to God. To feed the flame in our hearts is our concern; the shining is God's; we are not even to think about it: "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

It is as food for self-complacency that the hypocrite desires the approbation of others, that he may contemplate a flattering image of himself mirrored in a multitude of minds. What our Lord would exclude is, at root, spiritual self-complacency. Secrecy from others is important only as a means to secrecy from oneself. Here, as everywhere else, the outward is valued merely for the sake of the inward. A man may enter into his oratory and shut the door and pray—yet not in secret. He may be no less of an actor than if he stood at the street-corner or in the synagogue. On the other hand, the Pharisee and the publican both prayed openly in the temple, yet the latter is as plainly a type of secrecy in prayer as the former is of hypocrisy or acting. What, then, is the inward spiritual secrecy symbolized by the outward, but by no means to be identified with it?

It is the disposition of the soul which realizes that in prayer it stands before a "Father who sees in secret"; one to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, from whom no secret is hid; one, therefore, before whom it is utterly vain to pose, to act, to pretend to be other than we really are. To some extent we must think of God and deal with him humanwise, as we deal with our fellow-men, with our parents, our rulers, before whom we are always tempted to act a part, to seem better than we are. But, so far as prayer is a "raising of the heart and mind to God," it is a deliberate effort to rise above this limit of our imagination on the wings of faith, to put ourselves honestly face to face with conscience, with the Father who seeth in secret. This is what the publican did, though he prayed openly in the temple, and what the Pharisee could not have done had he even entered into his chamber and shut the door. And why not? For surely the educated Pharisee was far more capable than the theologically untrained publican of a more spiritual view of God's nature.

If such elevation of view depended on philosophical training it would go hard with the world at large. But in truth it depends only on a disposition of the heart. It is not the intellectual man, but the spiritual man, who apprehends God spiritually. For the intellectual man may be morally on the psychic level still, self-centred, worldly, and even animal. If so, his God will necessarily be in his own image and likeness; one with whom he will deal as individual with individual, as self with self; one with whom he can make a bargain, an adjustment of mutual interests; not one whose interests are realized as indistinguishable from his own.

But in moments when a man rises, however briefly, to the spiritual level, and yields himself to the imperative, unconditional claims of conscience, of truth, of principle; when he loses his separate self, with its separate interests, in the consciousness of being before all else the servant and instrument of a divine and universal will—in such moments he can view himself only from the standpoint of that divine over individual interest, and as he really is; all motives for self-flattery melt away as illusions and dreams; he can but see himself with the eyes of his Father, who seeth in secret; he can but strike his breast and cry: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." Here there is an entire absorption in God's point of view, in God's will and interest; a complete dying to one's own, so far as separate or separable. It is as when for a brief space we forget ourselves absolutely in the sorrows or desires of another, and lend our whole being to the service of that other, with whom we are made one just for the moment. Such moments of union with God's view and feeling and will are graces given to all from time to time; to multiply them till they become fused and continuous is the whole aim of mystic endeavor.

Prayer, therefore, like fasting or almsgiving, if it is not to be a mere doing or saying, must be an action of the spirit-life, not of the psychic life; it must be the utterance of vision and feeling, proceeding from the spirit and the heart, from the secret chamber where the soul meets God as the stem meets its root in the bosom of the earth.

As little would our Lord condemn public prayer as he would condemn public almsgiving, or fasting, or other overt good works. He would but teach us that the intention of the hypocrite or actor in seeking publicity simply excludes that

self-forgetfulness through which alone the soul can meet God as a spirit on the spiritual plane. On that plane all self-consciousness of the lower sort (that is, all consciousness of the narrow, individual self, whose interests can be conceived as other than God's) vanishes for the time being; all inward "acting" is laid aside, because the desires and motives that would prompt it are annihilated. The same perfect simplicity, directness, and sincerity are attained in such prayer as in the unselfconscious beneficence which asks in wonder: "Lord, when saw we thee hungry and fed thee?"

III.

If some sort of visible and external religious society is undoubtedly necessary for the waking and education of our spiritual life—since consistent individualism in religion is as sterilizing as in other spiritual interests, such as science and general culture—it follows that public prayer and worship are as necessary in their place as secret prayer; that they foster secret prayer in the same way that public intelligence and taste foster private intelligence and taste.

But public prayer must necessarily be couched in words and symbols in which the common spirit finds common utterance. As little as Christ would condemn public prayer in condemning the hypocrites, so little would he reject vocal prayer or forms of prayer when he warns us against much speaking and vain repetitions. Galilee of the Gentiles may easily have familiarized his Jewish hearers with the heathen practices here denounced; and that materialism of thought, which materialism of life so invariably introduces into every religion, rendered his warnings by no means superfluous for a people who were at all times only too readily infected by surrounding idolatry and superstition. More particularly did this point of Christ's teaching need to be recorded and emphasized for the benefit of those Gentile Christians who had crowded into the Church by the time that St. Matthew's Gospel was written, and whom the laws of mental inertia and "least resistance" disposed to retain as much of their old religious tradition as could possibly receive any sort of Christian interpretation. What with their own inevitable tendency to receive Judaic-Christian traditions in a Gentile sense, and with the Church's wise willingness to tolerate, baptize, and reinterpret, rather than destroy,

all those ideas and symbols of paganism that might serve as a more flexible vessel for the new wine of the Gospel than Judaism would offer, there must have been a continual danger for the early Gentile Christians lest the older and deeper habit of mind should rise up again and vanquish the new.

We have only to acquaint ourselves with some of the lower phases of contemporary religion to realize what is meant by this "battalogy," this babbling or gabbling or vain repetition which our Lord reprehends. It is the prayer of those who think that they will be heard for their "much speaking," and that quantity of prayer is as important or more important than quality; who attach a certain *ex opere operato* value to bare words, apart from the inward prayer which they should embody; who hope to weary their gods into compliance with their own will. An error so ancient, enduring, and universally recurrent is sure to be "natural" in some sense, and to have some plausible justification.

When we would move the tardy and reluctant will of our fellow-man we know—and every beggar and every spoilt child knows—that insistence and reiteration count for much; that each request makes some little impression, were it only as a drop of water on a stone, and that the accumulation of such impressions may at last break down the most stubborn opposition. Has not Christ himself told us the story of the importunate widow, just to teach us that we should always pray and never weary? As long as men conceive their God human-wise—not as a spirit, not as a Father who sees in secret—it is but natural that they should treat with him as with a man; that they should think it necessary to acquaint him with their inward desires; that they should hope to weary him with repetitions, to cajole and flatter him with praises; and that they should attach more importance and effectuality to their words than to their desires. Hence the ceaseless tongue-clatter distinctive of pagan worship, the hurrying through of formulas, the measuring of prayers by their number, length, time, etc.

If true prayer is a raising of man's heart and mind to God, it can be no true prayer which simply lowers God to the heart and mind of man. To some extent such a lowering is inevitable while man is on earth and God in heaven. He must stoop, and stoop almost infinitely, to meet us; but if there is no straining upwards on our part, no effort to raise our thoughts and de-

sires to a diviner and more spiritual level, the essence of prayer is absent. Not only does the mechanical lip service drag God down to the level of man's mind, but also to the level of his heart. It is importunate in a bad sense; it endeavors to force and weary the divine will into conformity with man's unpurified will; to wring from it a reluctant consent to man's natural psychic desires. Only while we think of God humanwise is it possible to imagine that our desires should be better and wiser than his; or that he should yield to that which he knows to be less good and wise. But when we remember that no prayer avails but that which the Holy Spirit puts into our heart, and which is therefore already an expression of the divine will; that we are told to seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all else only in reference to that end; then it is manifest that the importunate prayer which Christ commends is that which struggles to bring man's will into conformity with God's, not God's into conformity with man's; that which raises man's heart up to God, not that which drags God down to man's heart.

Yet to sweep aside as so much rubbish and superstition all the rosaries and litanies, Christian and non-Christian, that have busied man's lips since he first began lisping his prayers to God, would be as foolish as to condemn all public prayer on the score of hypocrisy. Formality is the evil, not form, nor even formulas. Is not the "Our Father" a divinely sanctioned form or formula? Prayer, like every movement of the spirit, necessarily tends to embody itself, to become explicit in words and symbols. And this embodiment is an aid to its development, just as our whole spiritual life is shaped and fostered by our religious beliefs, and shapes them, in return, by a process of action and reaction involved in the unity of our faculties of thought, feeling, and will. As proceeding from the most hidden depths of the spirit, where it finds its roots in God, prayer does not lend itself readily to formulation, and the attempt to give it exact verbal expression must be largely unsuccessful unless it be a prayer of the mind's surface, rather than of the heart's centre. Hence there is much more unreality and formalism in a discursive, well-reasoned address to heaven than in the broken aspirations and reiterated cries forced from the soul by the pressure of its travail. The confessed irrelevance of the words used, to the intention behind them, which would be pre-

posterior in the dealings of man with man, may in prayer give the heart a freedom of movement which an endeavor at exactitude of expression would destroy; while it implies, or may imply, a recognition that the prayer is addressed to one who sees in secret, who considers our desires rather than our halting words. Thus there is no condemnation passed on forms and repetitions, but only on formality and on vain repetitions, on the merely quantitative and mechanical view of prayer. We should not then admit it as a reproach when attention is drawn to the likeness between many points of Catholic and ethnic worship, as in this matter of rosaries and litanies, forms and repetitions. We see in it a proof that such practices are the spontaneous natural creation of man's religious needs—needs which the Church purifies and to which she ministers. Nor will the disciples of him who so often held up the heathen and the Samaritan to our imitation allow for a moment that all the formulas and repetitions of heathenism are vain; or that in them the true spirit of prayer never finds blind utterance; or that the cries which blameless ignorance sends up to false gods never enter into the ears of the true.

Like faith, superstition is an affair of the heart far more than of the mind. Where the object or motive of prayer is non-moral, psychic, selfish, no orthodoxy of mental conception or verbal expression will save such prayer from superstition. On the other hand, if the motive is spiritual, ethical, inspired by the love of goodness and not by the love of self, no theological error or crudeness of form will affect the substantial purity of such a prayer. Of its own nature, no doubt, the spirit tends to shape the mind into uniformity with itself; materialism of life and affection tends to materialism of belief; purity of heart tends to spirituality of thought. But the process is tardy, and is worked out usually in the collective life of the religious community, rather than in the single life of the individual. The individual inherits the forms and conceptions of his people, and can modify them but slightly at best. His own spirit may be far too high or far too low for the medium of expression placed at his disposal by tradition; the prayer of the heathen to his idol may at times be less superstitious in spirit than that of the Christian to the true God.

IV.

"Lord, teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples." Besides these two false standards of prayer—that of the hypocrite and that of the heathen—there is a true but less perfect standard to be contrasted with the Lord's Prayer; namely, the prayer of John the Baptist—greatest of those born of women, yet less than the least in the Kingdom of God.

The errors we have dealt with consist in bringing God down to the level of man's heart and mind in prayer, instead of raising man's heart and mind to God. They are begotten of man's great need to feel God close to him, like to him, and therefore manageable by him; to find in him a powerful friend, or relation, or father, a "very present help in the time of trouble." Yet in the measure that we bring him down to our level, we rob him of the power of raising us up above ourselves. The more human he becomes, the less is he divine, all-seeing, all-mighty, all-loving, all-good. If he is our Father, is because we have given him our nature and likeness; it is because we have made him man; not because he has made us more-than-men.

Contrary altogether to this debasing tendency was the spirit of the great prophets of Israel, of whom John the Baptist was chiefest, as nearest to Christ, as herald of the dawn. In them the sense of God's greatness, his otherness from man, his transcendence was all-dominating, and filled them with a burning, reforming zeal against materialistic and unworthy conceptions of the divine majesty. Insistence on this truth brought home to men a sense of a measureless gulf interposed between God and themselves, of a distance and unlikeness hard to reconcile with the close relation of fatherhood. If the later prophets would at times turn abruptly from the preaching of God's awful might and majesty to the assurance of his fatherly love and compassion, yet it was rather with reference to Israel as a whole than to the individual sinner. For how could the individual dare to see in himself the filial counterpart of a being so transcendentally other and unlike himself? He listened, at best, in faith to promises of a coming Kingdom of Heaven in which men were to be transformed into sons of God, and were to sit at meat with God as children at their father's table. But that

kingdom had not yet come. With the sense of God's greatness he had lost the sense of his nearness. He had yet to learn that the greatest is the lowliest, that the furthest is the nearest, that the most divine is the most human.

And this is a truth that revelation has made current coin among the least in the Kingdom of Heaven. It is the truth of which Christ was the living revelation; which became incarnate in him who "gave to as many as received him, power to become the sons of God. Great and other as God was, yet men could become the sons of God, because they could become other and more than men; because the sense of nearness could be achieved otherwise than by materializing the spiritual, or by debasing God to man's image; it could be achieved by spiritualizing man and lifting him nearer to heaven. If then John the Baptist, like the other prophets, taught his followers some brief prayer embodying the spirit of his message and mission, it was but fitting that our Lord should do as much for the children of the bride-chamber; for they had lived to see what kings and prophets had vainly longed to see, namely, the Kingdom of God begun upon earth; whose hearts were filled with his own joy, with the fulness of that spirit which enabled them to cry: *Abba*, our Father.

THE EVOLUTION OF A SOCIALIST.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

"Let us not lose sympathy with the soul of man."

THE dawn is a matter of time. At first there is the hush which heralds the coming day. Then a streak of hope is flung across the canvass of night. And while we turn our faces to the east and watch the advance of the goddess of light, we allow the smaller revelations to pass unnoticed; the call of the mating bird, the fragrance of the rose, the glistening sap on leaf and bud. Yes; it is only when we have finished our star-gazing, or our revels, that we scan the brown earth anew; and, lo! instead of a dead gray world we find in its place a world pregnant with meaning—a warm, pulsing earth, throbbing with the hope of life to come.

This, to many, is the morning of the first day. It is the beginning of the end. It is the initial glimpse into the beyond.

As in the natural world, so in the intellectual and social order, it is a question of evolution; and by such slow degrees did I become a Christian socialist.

Born to a heritage of sunshine, in a land where no man need want, I grew up unconscious that the world's problem was a problem of justice. I only knew that the sun shone above me and that all nature was glad. From this I do not mean to say that in my garden of roses there were no thorns. On the contrary; for my little years were uncomfortable with pricks. Handicapped from the start by a superfluous vitality, I lived at war with the old nurse and was, therefore, held in horror by the powers that were. Indeed, during my nursery days, I was like a pelican in the wilderness, and as little understood as the sparrow on the housetop.

"The Lord only knows what ails the child," was the nurse's constant complaint, "fur ne'er a doll will she play wid. Shure, she's never aisy but what she's rattin' or ferretin'; or mebbe she'll be havin' a few rounds with the gloves on. And

be the same token, ma'am," this to my mother, "her brothers do be encouragin' her, an' 'tis up in the 'boxin'-room' she is, wrastlin' an' what not, an' divil a bit of me can manage her at all. Ah! hiven forgive me fur sayin' it," said the old nurse solemnly, "but I'm thinkin' as the Almighty made the mistake when he put the likes of that child into a petticoat."

At other times I used to be reported for insubordination. "Fur she will go divin' from a high platform, ma'am, into two fut o' water, when every one says as it's a temptin' o' Providence, so it is. 'Twas only last week as the bathin' authorities was informed of it, an' they come down at onct, an' spoke sarious to her. But ne'er a bit did she mind 'em.

"'An' what do you mane by it?' I sez to her.

"'Tis imitatin' the swallows I am—havin' a dry dive,' sez she.

"'The Lord defend,' sez I, 'as 'twon't be the dry burial,' sez I."

The nurse sighed heavily before taking up the thread of her gloomy narrative. "Three hours she spint in the water yesterday, and the wind blowin' a gale. An' ne'er a bit would she go into the shallow water then; fur nothin' short o' twelve fut will suit, when 'tis rough. Then one o' the young ladies jumps off the springboard wid a scream, an' purtinds to be drownin'; and wid that the rest jumps in to save her. An' what wid the laughin' and the antics—and the waves as big as a house—I declare to ye, ma'am, as 'tis be the mercy o' God I don't bring that child home a corpse to yerself and the master."

As a net result of these complaints, I was deposited in a convent—handed in with an apology for being a backward child.

For the next few years, therefore, my energies were confined to scholastic exploits. At first it was difficult to become acclimatized. Figuratively speaking, I had to fight for breath, the air being stiff with Latin verbs, or rarified with 'ologies. And all the while freedom lay three miles beyond the gate. I can see it now—the old house with its French windows and its wide balconies; the close cropped lawn with its parterres ablaze with flowers; the roses outside the study windows; the ball-room overlooking the tennis court; the tall eucalypti by the wall; and the fernery beyond, where the maiden-hair

clambered over the white quartz and the tree ferns lifted their arms in the sunshine. To me home was heaven.

At other times, my thoughts would drift from the fat volume of mythology before me, and my mind would take wing to the mountains, and once more I would find myself wandering, pea-rifle in hand, through the tangled fern-gullies. The green parrots were screeching in the overhanging branches and the locusts kept calling in the valley.

Or again, I would fly off at another tangent, and, instead of absorbing history, the wide sea lay out before me. Ah! it was good to be there; to be alone on the wind-swept shore, just to watch the storm-tossed ocean and the lowering sky, with naught for background save the yellow sand and a ridge of ti-tree. Away off in the distance, the Red Bluff stood out of the sea, and, across the shoulder of the cliff, two graves broke the sky-line. They were the graves of the unknown sailors whose bodies had been washed up by the waves and were buried on the cliff without service or headstone. For that was long ago, when the Red Bluff was a wilderness and white men were few. The hungry waves have since eaten into the bluff until now the tombs lie in suspense at the edge of the cliff. Before long they too will disappear, to await on the floor of ocean the advent of the last day, when the sea must awaken the sleepers, and each must answer "Adsum" in the final roll-call. And already I could hear the wind keening a requiem over human imperfections and the lonely shore was fraught with sadness. For is it not, as Aubrey de Vere says:

The least of sins is infinite; it throws
A shade into the face of the Most High?

So the sun covered up its brightness and the wild wind sobbed as it drew the clouds over the face of the dead day; and the waves fled away from the horizon as if in fear, and with a wail of haunting sorrow flung out their arms to the weeping sands. Overhead the sea gulls screamed in whirling circles, and the stooping scrub couched before the blast. And as the wind blew up from the unknown Pole it brought with it a sense of desolation. The scene was wild and bleak, as it might have been in the beginning, when "the earth was void and empty, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Then suddenly the tinkle of a class-bell would recall me to the present, and I was forthwith confronted with English classics or the wonders of chemistry. The routine of school life seemed to me just one remove from the monotony of the treadmill. It was a long probation—for what? I often wondered. But before I had arrived at a probable solution I knocked up. Overwork was the verdict; accordingly I was withdrawn—and “the gates of learning” knew me no more.

I was to travel with my parents. So I bid a final good-bye to the Land of the Blue Gum, and the liner ploughed its way north. Creeping into the tropics I watched each evening the fiery sun dive into the sea—and presently the heavens were ablaze with stars; and every night the Southern Cross dropped lower and lower. But, apart from nature studies, life on board a P. and O. boat was distinctly amusing. The ports of call, too, were like so many snap-shots of the unknown. The native bazaar at Colombo, with its dream of color and its nightmare of cries; or, the Buddhist temples, with their silent, cross-legged priests and the scattered petals before the god; or, again, it was in the Red Sea, which seemed like a page torn out of the Scriptures.

Absorbed in my own thoughts, I was one day looking over the bulwarks, when a noted Egyptologist spoke:

“May I ask what you are looking for?” said he.

I started guiltily, then laughed—“the Israelites!”

“I’m afraid they are not in it,” he ventured. “If you will remember, they moved on. But Pharaoh is still at the bottom, and if you’d like a fishing rod—”

But the bait which would tempt a Pharaoh was not forthcoming, so the project had to be abandoned.

Yes; it was thrilling to think that the Egyptian hosts had been swallowed up by these very waves within sight of the shore, where across the stretch of sand I could see the Arabs now leading their camels to water. And, as we passed on through the Suez Canal, the sun was flooding the sand-hills—those restless, shifting hills which at sunset take to themselves all the hues of a Queensland opal; and behind the ridge of sand-hills rose that wonderful Egyptian sky which knows no cloud.

Everywhere en route there was a new glimpse of beauty, or a view of the unknown. I remember, during our day at Port Said, being one of a party to visit the Mohammedan

temple at the edge of the desert. We were all on donkey-back, and I can still hear the tumult as we galloped through the sandy, ill-paved streets—the yelping of dogs; the clucking of hens; the execrations of vendors whose stalls were imperilled; the shrieks of the Arab children playing in the dust; the hurried flight of women in yashmaks as they darted out of our way; and, rising above the general din, the curses of the donkey boys as they belabored their charges. And thus, helter-skelter, the procession tore on, while the donkeys participated in the fun, kicking up enough sand for a cyclone. In such wise we arrived at the temple, on the steps of which were ranged endless pairs of slippers—for this was a holy place. Then, after inspecting the temple, there was the scramble up the turret stair. Higher and higher in the murky darkness we felt our way, until finally the summit was reached, when I was propelled from within—by the simple force of numbers—to seek a foothold on the rickety wooden balcony and to hope that the dissolution was not yet.

From this eerie perch I could see away over the Egyptian desert, where a caravan was making its way home, and the blue shadows lay flat upon the yellow sand. The merchants, with their laden camels, reminded one of the philosophy of the old Persian tent-maker when he soliloquizes on the vanity of earthly things:

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon—
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Specks in the sunlight were the turbaned figures; but each was a unit of a greater caravan, whose quest is ever the pearl of great price.

Leaving the temple to return to our hotel, we seemed to be leading a procession of the unemployed; of the halt and the blind and the maimed; and the short, dry knocks of wooden crutches hammered a rhythm on the cobble-stones as the beggars shuffled along. It was a regiment of human wrecks, of which the ambition of each was to exhibit his infirmity. Taken together they were overwhelming, and we finally sought shelter in a wayside shop, where exquisite china and filmy lace strove for precedence on the same counter.

Presently a sound of weird music floated in, and going to the open doorway I saw a disreputable looking figure in rags playing on the pipes. Whether he was a "Hooligan" of the East, or a descendant of Pan, I knew not. But there he stood with his crutch under one arm, while he played a lusty tune on his Pandean pipes, and, hey, presto! the nineteenth century had vanished and I was in a leafy grove with the gods of Rome at my elbow.

After leaving Port Said, we steamed across the Mediterranean to land in "the boot." At Brindisi every able-bodied man seemed absorbed in the pursuit of "pitch-penny." Possibly they had been playing it since the days of Cæsar, whose column stands up where the Appian Way runs into the sea. Be that as it may, the gray stones were worn into hollows in testimony of the sporting proclivities of ages. As for the players, they might have been so many brigands of melodrama, with their swarthy skins and jet black hair and their wide-brimmed hats pulled over their eyes. Each was wrapped in a toga-like cloak, which gave a classic touch to the scene; but the classical touch vanished with the bulky umbrella which each man carried. From the universality of the "gamp" it might almost have been a charm to ward off the evil eye. But as for that, what better than forked fingers?

I loved to watch the play of the fingers—that graphic language of Southern Italy; the swift flick, the sudden pass, the forefinger laid on nose or temple. Then, as a wrinkled hag crept by, the speakers paused, and quick as thought, out shot the pronged fingers, while a look of fear stole over the faces in the street.

At Naples the inhabitants all screamed and gesticulated. At first I feared a national rising; but it was only the Neapolitan method of discussing current events. Then there was a day spent at Pompeii, and another day when we drove from the Grand Hotel to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, whence we made the ascent by the funicular railway and after that were hauled up by ropes. And coming back I remember passing through the varied smells of St. Lucia, with the deafening cries of its fishwives. On, on we went, through the narrow cobble streets, to the clatter of hoofs and the loud cracking of whips. Above, from house to house, hung the week's washing; and below, festoons of macaroni challenged the eye.

In Rome, too, everything was bright color and animation. The mere man in the street wore a brown velvet coat and a red scarf round his throat; the orange seller peddling his wares became dramatic in the process; the vendor of polenta in the dark archway flashed a look of persuasion: "Ah, signorina!" There was no such polenta as his; the beggars, who vainly called blessings upon you, in hopes of a dole, straightway leveled curses at your head.

Everywhere there was an absence of reserve about popular sentiment. The people flung out their thoughts in the sunlit piazza as a British housemaid might shake a doormat in the back garden. The Italian matron on the sixth floor was indifferent to public opinion. She thrust her head out of the window and poured execrations upon the garlic seller below, abusing him for a thief with all the lusty vigor of one who has to make ends meet.

And, oh! how poor they were; how ill-fed; how ill-clothed. Beautiful in youth, how haggard and wrinkled in age—and they aged young. And how hard they worked; the woman and the mule yoked to the same plough. At the city gates the customs-officers were busy. In the shop-windows and on the hoardings a government stamp was affixed to every notice and advertisement. And in all the land there was scarce any gold, only paper money.

But in spite of its economic conditions, a glamor and fascination hung over it all. The peasant woman in her saffron kerchief passed along to market with her rooster tucked under her arm. But on her way she pushed open the church door, and kneeling there on the marble pavement she assisted at Mass, and the bird did not hinder her.

In the city of flowers, I liked to watch the funerals of the poor. In the shadow of Giotto's tower, the patricians of Tuscany assembled, and having robed themselves for their self-imposed task, the shrouded brethren passed through the narrow streets, to seek the houses of the dead. And then placing the coffin on a bier, they raised it shoulder high; and so, chanting the "Miserere," they laid the outcast to rest. Religion to the Italians was a living reality; it was the bond of Christian brotherhood.

Then, again, at Venice there was no canal so dark but had its flickering lamp in honor of Deity or saint. And not only

that, but at every street corner there was a wayside shrine, before which the passer-by uncovered, or the peasant knelt, to offer homage to the Madonna and Child. In truth, Italy was a land of sunshine and of faith, and the Church was the home of rich and poor. Patricians or plebs, they were all one in the eye of heaven.

From Italy we passed on to Switzerland, which in spite of its piled up mountains, whose white brows were offered for the kiss of heaven, Switzerland lacked the soul of the South. In the Canton of Vaud the people were hard working and prosperous, but among them there was wanting that familiar note which in Italy linked world with world. For myself, I may confess that life in Switzerland consisted in traveling from place to place and from lake to lake. Here it was all social amusements: dances and theatricals, skating and tobogganing; climbing up the heights or sleighing in the lower hills. Apart from that, it was a democratic land in which every man had his share of government. It was a land where the people managed their own affairs, and throughout the cantons there were to be seen no extremes of wealth and poverty. The world's goods were evenly distributed; for, though some had more and some had less, each had a competency, and each was satisfied.

Sometimes on a summer's day I used to climb through vineyard after vineyard, and watch the Swiss peasants at work. They were culling the great purple bunches with which they filled their baskets; and then, when the "hut" was piled up to overflowing, it was strapped securely on each one's back, after which, alpenstock in hand, each climbed the steep ascent. They were a hardy, rugged people; kindly too, and they spoke in the sing-song dialect of the hills. Their faces were weather-beaten, and in their eyes was the curious far-seeing look peculiar to the mariner who scans the horizon and to the peasant who searches the heights. And being tired out with my climb I had rested awhile on a high grassy slope, whence I could see down below the sleeping lake, with its boats lying at rest—their great sails unfurled like angels' wings. And in the deep ravine the fleecy clouds would gather, only to be teased out by the fingers of the wind; and far below the shifting summer clouds I could hear the cowherd "yodeling" to the distant kine—the sound drifting up from the depths, as if the valley were a dark, whispering gallery—and presently came the answering tinkle of

cow-bells. Across the ravine the mountains rose up tier upon tier, snow white and pure, and with silent voice they proclaimed that the earth was good.

From Switzerland we pushed further north into Belgium, where the spirit of religion again permeated the national life. But, unlike the southern land, where the sunshine is apt to get into the bones of the people, and to produce a state of happy lethargy, here in Belgium the spirit of social progress and of commercial activity braced up the nerves of the people. Did not Cæsar once say: "*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ*"? Not in vain, surely, do the people of the North inhale the cold breath of the northern seas, which gives them their hardy manhood and their indomitable energy; for every square inch of Belgium is cultivated; every man and woman are busy. And perhaps nowhere in the world is their social and industrial organization surpassed. Here the efficient and the capable are helped and encouraged, while the inefficient and the criminal, though eliminated from the general mass, are obliged to contribute, as far as may be, to the common welfare of their country.

From Belgium we crossed over to England. But England, viewed from the neighborhood of Eaton Square, was not illuminating as a study, nor did the weekly "church parade," in Hyde Park, give one much insight into the national life. Once I begged to visit the East End, where the toilers of the empire lived. But I was only permitted to see a main thoroughfare, after which I was conveyed back—still under a double escort—to the polite world, which cared nothing for the weary toilers.

Then, at the end of the London season, we set out for Germany. My impressions of Germany were necessarily sketchy, consisting as they did of a few months in Rhine-land. Germany, to my mind, was a bock of beer, with a man behind it; and in the distance, as far as the eye could reach, uniforms and shining sabres. The military element certainly added to the effect of the scenery, and the Linden Gardens were charming.

If I shut my eyes I can see it still. The groups of students with their caps and sashes; the officers gorgeous with gold lace and epaulettes; the round-faced, good-tempered "mädchens" hurrying hither and thither to supply their needs;

the band playing in the kiosk and the Rhine boats plying below; and above the sound of guttural and the strains of music, came the sudden "hoch! hoch!" of the students as they clinked glasses and drank again.

And then the Rhine itself was like a long stream set with fairy tales. To see an old gray castle perched up on the crags, and to know its legend, was to me a page from dream-land. So one floated down the river and listened for the voice of the Lorelei—of that alluring siren who combed her tresses in the midnight breeze and sang her beautiful song. But woe, woe to the mariner who gave ear, for the song of the siren was the sailor's dirge.

Or again, one crept past the Mouse Tower, which stands in mid-stream, where the wicked bishop fled from judgment. But there was no safety for him who "cornered" the grain, and left the poor to starve. Therefore, the avenging rodents breast the roaring current, and in the tower in mid-stream his bones give testimony to his sin.

From the Rhine-land we drifted off to winter in a certain capital, where I was to study music and art. But life in the capital was gay, and owing to social pursuits, and the inroads of the dressmaker, the programme for self-improvement suffered some curtailment. Besides that, the dressmaker was a study in herself, for, to judge by her manner, my visits afforded her as much amusement as profit.

"Ah! c'est Mademoiselle!" . . . "Encore une robe!" "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu." And she would laugh gaily to herself.

Then, at each subsequent "fitting," she related for my benefit the current news. Indeed, she had a gift for conversation, and, in the matter of pins, an utter disregard for life.

"Mais oui"—this, as she enveloped me in generous raw edges—it would appear that Monsieur So-and-So was paying court to Mademoiselle X——; that Madame la Donairière d'—— had gone to take the waters; that Mademoiselle B——, to the world's astonishment, had entered a convent. Ah! the pity of it. Had she been plainer or less gifted—but there! "c'est fini."

At this moment there was a clank of swords outside the window, followed by the click of heels, and looking out I saw a pair of cavalry officers embrace one another. Seeing this I

laughed, whereupon the dressmaker also peered through the drawn curtains.

"Tiens!" was all she said; and she refilled her mouth with pins. "So!" she continued, "was it true that Mademoiselle was to be bridesmaid to Mademoiselle la Vicomtesse de —?"

Here I nodded an affirmative.

"Mais oui, Madame — had said it." "Si, si," ruminated the French woman, "there were many things in the air."

"In effect," said she in conclusion, "it seemed that an announcement would shortly be made concerning Mademoiselle herself."

"Indeed," said I coldly; "and on whose authority?"

"Ah-h! was it thus? She comprehended! And after all"—here she stopped, shrugged her shoulders, and spread out her hands in depreciation—"there were others. For if Mademoiselle could but figure to herself, it was but yesterday that the name of another suitor was mentioned—" Then, seeing I was immovable, the French dressmaker assumed an apologetic attitude.

"For sure, it was not for her to discuss the affairs of Mademoiselle. Perish the thought! En effet, it was Madame la Comtesse —."

And, as her informant had been my chaperone on a recent occasion, I silently vowed vengeance against the French system; for, however gratifying it might be to know that one's private affairs were potent to relieve the monotony of life for the dressmaker, it was disconcerting to think that one's romances would certainly be pinned into the lining of the next client.

Thus, amid a variety of frivolities, I passed my days, sometimes abroad, sometimes in England. But the dawn was not yet.

It has been said by a certain writer that "Man is not quite man until he has drunk deep of the cup which humanity must drain." And of him who has been touched by the hand of sorrow, it is written that a "deeper distress hath humanized his soul anew." And I know that this is true, for sorrow is part of the nightwatch which precedes every sunrising.

Yes; the darkest hour is ever before the dawn which, when it comes, comes with noiseless tread. And thus, little by little,

the horizon lightens, and as the morning advances it throws into relief many things hitherto unknown, or but partially realized. It was at the dawn that I learnt the meaning of "the depth, the awfulness, the grandeur of human life." It was then that the immortal issues of life and death rose up before me like haunting spectres, refusing to be laid. What was I doing, I asked myself, for the common good? Nay; what was I doing to justify my own existence? And to these questions I found no answer. So I stood awhile at the cross-roads and looked up at life's finger-posts, of which some pointed to the east and some to the west.

In the meditations of Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher writes: "This is the way of salvation . . . with your whole heart to do what is just and to say what is true, and one thing more, to find life's fruition in heaping good on good, so close that not a chink is left between." And again I looked up at the sign-post, when I found there was left but one sign. It pointed east—to a world of tears.

So, for the next three years, I lost myself in a nether world which lay embedded in the depths of London slums. From time to time, however, I came up to the surface to breathe, for the air below was heavy with poisonous germs.

It was a world which was new to me, yet it was one which I always felt must exist. It was a place of sorrow and of weeping. Where humanity walked arm in arm with grim misery, and where the gaunt figure of starvation daily stalked its victims. Here the dignity of woman was lost or forgotten; here the demon of drink ever beckoned. And everywhere—death waited in the shadow. Verily, it seemed a review of mankind at its worst. To all outward seeming, the East End slums were but a garden of barren fig trees. And yet, to the barren tree was given a last chance. "Lord! let it alone this year also," pleaded the dresser of the vineyard.

But the modern dresser seems indifferent to the cultivation of home industries. His is the policy of the open door. "Let it die," says he. "There are fig trees and to spare in the world's preserves."

So they die, these fig trees in the garden of life; for, as the dresser of vines truly says, of human trees there is no lack.

In this particular locality of which I now write—in this one parish situated in the heart of London—the population runs to

hundreds of thousands. In its evil courts I saw little children playing on the brink of the abyss. In these haunts of vice morality was at a low ebb, and the record of infant mortality was high. Had England been a heathen country, the superfluous children might have been thrown to the dogs. But England was Christian, therefore it was the parents and not the dogs that destroyed the young life.

Far away, on the shores of Inishmaan, there is a cemetery reserved for the unbaptized, of whom the Hon. Emily Lawless writes in the opening stanza:

Little feet too young and soft to walk;
Little lips too young and pure to talk;
Little faded grass tufts, root and stalk.

They are mourned, these little ones, in the wild Aran Islands, where every child is a God-sent gift. They are spurned in London, where child-life is cheap. The inhabitants of English slums cannot make ends meet, so the children must go. This is one of the drawbacks to materialism.

An article which appeared lately in the *Fortnightly Review*, deals with one section of this under world of London. The writer of the article deals with plain facts, and his statistics may be accepted without fear of exaggeration. Referring to the wages received by the sewing girls of our city, Mr. W. S. Lilly writes as follows: "They get from three to nine pence a dozen for making ulsters; from five pence to seven pence a dozen for making children's pinafores—finding their own cotton; sixteen pence a dozen for embroidered chemises; two and nine pence a dozen for workmen's shirts; one and two pence for making a lined skirt with striped flounce and stitching; one penny a pair for making golf knickers complete." "Is it any wonder," asks the same writer, "human nature being what it is, that many girls find this life, of such hard toil and scanty remuneration, intolerable, especially when we remember that the employment is precarious? . . . The wonder to me is, not that many of our poor seamstresses yield to temptation, but that so many resist it." Such, we are told, is the "Cost of Cheapness," which, with its attendant evils, is sapping the very foundations of society. The practice is unfortunately not peculiar to England, nor is it unknown in the United States.

These are the days of companies and trusts, when the individual is lost sight of. To-day, the capitalist is no longer responsible, and the firm can do no wrong. In these latter times, the foreman acts for the employer, and the agent for the slum landlord. The result is a sweated people. It is a state of things which does not tally with Christian teaching. Indeed, under a Catholic régime the position would be untenable.

In pre-Reformation days, the sweating system was unknown, for fair wages and fair work have always been the doctrine of the teaching Church. According to St. Thomas Aquinas there is no living wage. What he advocates is a wage which will ensure the comfort and well-being of the toiler, as also that of his dependents. And Carlyle, who views the question from a humanitarian standpoint, insists upon the duty of social justice from man to man.

It is the absence of this justice in great cities which cannot but strike the modern sociologist. It is this crying injustice which causes half the crime and most of the discontent. Here in the depths of London, one man's life means another man's death. It is a struggle for a bare existence. It is a hand-to-hand encounter, in which the hungry generations trample over the bodies of the slain. They are fighting for life. They struggle and kill. It is the panic of the stricken.

Before their eyes pass the riches of England. They see it all go by: the grain, the wool, and the bullion. But not for them is the golden corn nor the warm cloth stuffs, not for them the power of purchase. What then? For them—rags and starvation. So the wealth of the empire flows past along the highroad to the muttered curses of the British poor.

Had any one told me of the existence of such a world of privation and sorrow, I would have answered with the unbelieving disciple: "Unless I see." And as to him, so unto me the sight was given—perchance that I, too, might tell what I had seen. The experience was not gained without pain, for what I saw in those three years was like so many glimpses into the Inferno.

Sometimes the sights and scenes were such that I shrank back in fear, thinking I had leaned too far over the edge of hell. And what struck me most was the almost universal disregard for what lay beyond, the contempt of humanity for the

eternal issues. It was a toiling, struggling world, from which the Deity was all but banished.

To my mind the outlook was such as to recall the passage in Richter's essay, where the earthly pilgrim, who journeys from star to star in the nebula of Orion, is overwhelmed by a sense of great vastness; of that limitless, unfathomable vault, unplumbed and unmeasurable, wherein lightening suns whirl through darkest night, and where millions of worlds swing in the blue. Then it was that the spirit of man ached under infinity. For the infinity was void—empty of God. And being weighed down by the loneliness of a universe which owned neither Maker nor Ruler, the pilgrim was unable to bear the burden of thought. And covering up his face he sank down; and from the depths of his soul a cry of anguish broke forth: "Father, where art thou?"

In the modern world of labor the same cry might be uttered with equal truth. For, though the angel of God has set his mark upon the lintel of a few doors, the spirit of unbelief has set his seal upon the remainder; and with lying finger has scrawled the words: "God is dead!"

So the inhabitants of London slums, having been robbed of the faith which was their birthright, live as they can—or die if they must—not as believers should die, with their faces to the east, whence cometh the light, but like the beasts of the field, crouched down in the shadow, without sorrow and without hope. To the majority of the toilers death is the end.

How different is this from the passing of a pagan soul whose exit is described by Michael Fairless:

"Socrates faced death with the magnificent calm bred of dignified familiarity. He had built for himself a desired heaven of color, light, and precious stones—the philosophic formula of those who set the spiritual above the material, and worship truth in the beauty of holiness. He is not troubled by doubt or fear, for the path of the just lies open before his face. He forbids mourning and lamentations as being out of place; obeys minutely and cheerfully the directions of his executioners and passes with unaffected dignity to the apprehension of that larger truth, for which he had constantly prepared himself. His friends may bury him, provided they will

remember that they are not burying Socrates, and that all things may be in order, a cock must go to Æsculapius."

Thus died the ancient who knew not God. But shall we blame the outcast of great cities if his manner of dying is unbecoming a follower of the Way? Shall we despair of mercy for the victim of economic disorder, who is what his surroundings have made him? Or rather, shall we not think with Robert Browning:

Would I fain with my impotent yearning
Do all for this man;
And dare doubt he alone shall not help him
Who yet alone may?

To this end Calvary was strewn with briars and the King was crowned with thorns, and across the ages comes the voice of the Great Reformer: "I have compassion on the multitude." Like a ray of light, the sentence of pity penetrates the surrounding darkness, bringing with it mercy and pardon. As Plato says: "*Umbra Dei est lux.*" And in the refulgence of this light thrown from the Cross, I seemed to see a world of men, of whom each was made in the image of his Maker.

And, lo! as I gazed, each soul bore a burden of sorrow; each was wrapped in a mist of tears. Then the words of the Celtic poet resounded in my ears: "Man has wooed and won the world and has fallen weary; and not," as he adds, "for a time, but with a weariness that will not end until the last autumn, when the stars shall be blown away like withered leaves," and the harvest of souls is garnered into the barns of eternity.

THE CHURCH AND HER SAINTS.

BY JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

Most of all should writers bear in mind that the first law of history is, never to dare say what is not true, and then never to fear to say what is true, that no suspicion of favor or of malice may fall upon their writings.—*Leo XIII.*

I see no serious motive for distinguishing from popular traditions those which are sometimes designated by the name of ecclesiastical traditions, because they are mainly current in ecclesiastical circles, such as in monasteries or among the clergy, and even consecrated by liturgical monuments.—*Rev. P. C. De Smedt, S.J.**

The chief fault of the ultra-conservative spirit in these matters is that it does not consider the historical beginning and development of the numerous errors which appeared and were spread, mostly quite in good faith, in the past.—*Rev. Hartmann Grisar, S.J.†*

La critique historique appliquée à la vie des saints est arrivée à des résultats qui n'offrent rien de bien surprenant pour quiconque est habitué à manier les textes et à interpréter les monuments, mais qui ne laissent pas de déranger les idées du plus grand nombre.—*Hippolyte Delahaye, S.J., Bollandiste.‡*

I.



FEW months ago THE CATHOLIC WORLD published some papers which had for object to expose how the advance of biblical criticism, instead of injuring the position of the Catholic Church, has materially strengthened it, by relegating to their proper place some traditional interpretations and opinions, which, having failed to bear the searching light of modern critical methods, were bringing obloquy on authoritative teaching and proving a serious stumbling block to many Catholics.

* *Summer-School Essays*. Vol. I. Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

† *Church History and the Critical Spirit*. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J.: Professor of Church History at the University of Innsbruck. London: Catholic Truth Society.

‡ *Les Legendes Hagiographiques*. Par Hippolyte Delahaye, Bollandiste. Bruxelles: Bureau de la Société des Bollandistes.

Some inquiries which, in consequence of these papers, have reached the writer of them suggest that a similar survey of the work of our critics in the field of Church history, or, to be more precise, in that particular section of Church history called hagiology, or the biographies of the saints, will be neither untimely nor unprofitable. While the opponents of Christianity in general and of all supernaturalism have exploited the Bible, those who aim specially at the Catholic Church have found a large supplementary arsenal in the histories of the saints, their shrines, relics, and some particular forms which popular devotion to them has taken. If our antagonists were correct in their assumption that the Church is compromised every time that a spurious relic is detected, or some miraculous story is shown to have only a purely imaginative basis, the days of the Church would be numbered. Many, no doubt, who use these arguments are convinced of their efficacy. They have, let us say, established by critical study, the fact that some palpable error underlies the devotion paid to some saint's name; they may even have shown that no such person ever existed. Or, the claims of some place of pilgrimage, or some diocese, are shown to involve a glaring anachronism. They trace to a comparatively recent origin some legend that purports to be a reliable contemporary account of events that happened many centuries ago. In each case they treat their discovery as one which clinches the charge against the Church of fostering superstition and deliberately propagating error.

Sometimes, now-a-days, when toleration has become good form, a writer is content merely to mention the detection of the fraud. Or again, we may find a scholar whose knowledge of Catholic doctrine instructs him to train his ordnance on the very corner stone of the Catholic system; he points out how the error disposes once and for all of the Church's claim to infallibility.

At one time the writer is wrong both in his facts and in his arguments.

In other cases, the facts are, in the main, indisputable, but a false interpretation has been put on them which makes them yield false conclusions. It is instances of this latter kind that are most harmful in strengthening outside prejudice, and in creating uneasiness, if not doubt, in the minds of Catholics. For the truth of the facts imparts an undeserved dignity to the

inferences; the authority which the author rightly enjoys as a historian is extended to the reasoner. When a case of this kind occurs it cannot be met with sweeping denials or evasions. This method may satisfy the simple-minded, but it will either produce no effect at all on the reflecting and serious, or else it will arouse suspicions and strengthen doubt. Love of truth and even the lower motive of expediency, dictate the right course to be followed by whoever is called upon to deal with difficulties of this kind. It is to frankly acknowledge the facts, and at the same time demonstrate that they have nowise the ominous import imputed to them; and this may be done without abating one jot of the loyalty due to historical truth.

Let us take an example which, we have reason to know, has given a serious shock to more than one Catholic student. It is found in the history of the *Warfare of Science and Theology*, which is used as a text-book in almost every American university, and is to be found on the shelves of every public library that makes any pretense to completeness. In a chapter recording "the victory of scientific and literary methods over belief in the supernatural," the author draws special attention to one "bearing on the claims of that great branch of the Church which supposes itself to possess a divine safeguard against error." What is the overwhelming evidence that sweeps away the Church's trust in the Divine Promise? Nothing less startling than that about half a century ago "was brought to light, by literary research, irrefragable evidence that the great Buddha—Sakya-Muni himself—had been canonized and enrolled among the Christian saints whose intercession may be invoked, and in whose honor images, altars, and chapels may be erected; and this not only by the usages of the mediæval Church, Greek and Roman, but by the special and infallible sanction of a long series of popes, from the end of the sixteenth to the end of the nineteenth century—a sanction granted under one of the most curious errors in human history." And Mr. White proceeds to unfold the story of *Barlaam and Josaphat*. Briefly resumed, his account is that the romance of *Barlaam and Josaphat*, in which the latter is represented as a Hindoo prince converted to Christianity, made its appearance in the seventh century. After being incorporated in the works of St. John Damascene, it obtained great vogue and, at length, secured admission into what Mr. White calls the *Lives of the Saints*.

In the year 1590 or thereabouts, "when the general subject of canonization having been brought up at Rome, Sixtus V., by virtue of his infallibility and immunity against error in everything relating to faith and morals, sanctioned a revised list of the saints, authorizing and directing it to be accepted by the Church; and among those on whom he forever infallibly set the seal of heaven was included 'the holy St. Josaphat of India, whose wonderful acts St. John of Damascus has related.' The saint's festival is fixed for the twenty-seventh of November. Pius IX. officially approved of the honor paid to the saint," continues Mr. White, "and there is a fine church in a large Italian city dedicated to *Divo Josaphat*. So much for the hagiological side; now for the critical. It is proved that the entire story of Barlaam and Josaphat was copied almost literally from an early biography of Buddha."

Mr. White closes with a triumphant *Quod erat demonstrandum*: "Thus it was that by virtue of the infallibility vouchsafed to the papacy, in matters of faith and morals, Buddha became a Christian saint." In ninety-nine out of a hundred cases, whoever gives credence to the central statement in this account, will accept also Mr. White's interpretations of its significance. For the stranger it will settle the question of the Catholic Church's authority; she hath blasphemed, what further need have we of testimony?

The simple-minded Catholic will shut the book, saying an enemy hath done this. His brother, who may have learned that an assertion made by a serious author, and supported by evidence that has been critically sifted, must have something behind it, will not so easily brush aside the difficulty, which, though it may not succeed in generating a doubt, nevertheless remains to co-operate with others in accumulative argument. Inform him, however, that men whose fidelity to the Church cannot be questioned entertain the same opinion as is expressed by Mr. White concerning the origin of the Josaphat legend, and at once our friend is satisfied that all Mr. White's inferences, and his allegations relative to the destructive force with which this critical discovery shatters the infallibility of the Church, must be mere moonshine.

That in the histories of the saints there is a great deal of imaginative material, that many relics are spurious, have been long admitted by Catholic scholars. But it is equally true

that these errors nowise bear on the infallibility of the Church, for the very good reason that the Church does not infallibly pronounce on the genuineness of any relic, nor guarantee the authenticity of any collection of saints' biographies, nor of any one in particular. It is a misfortune, however, that the faithful are left to acquire all the knowledge which reaches them on this subject from those who insist upon twisting it into an argument against our faith. The easy remedy for this evil is to present the mature fruits of our own scholars to the reading classes of our people, who are sure to meet with the poison, and are therefore entitled to have the antidote provided.

"The final results of our study," says Father Grisar, speaking as a critical historian, "must be presented to the world, to the people. Yes, indeed, to the *people*; there are not two sorts of truth, one for the learned and one for the simple. Every one has the same absolute right to the one truth that is the common possession of all; the poorest peasant may rejoice in the light of this common sun. So-called friends of the poor are trying in our times to darken it with mists—let it but shine the brighter in the Catholic world, in Church and palace and in the poor man's cottage."

II.

There does not exist, as we have said, any infallible sanction for the authenticity of the miraculous accounts that are connected with some saints' names; nor for the genuineness of this or that relic. Many such histories are legendary; many such relics spurious. In 1900, before an audience over which a Papal Nuncio presided, Father Grisar, after reminding his hearers, with a pride pardonable in a son of St. Ignatius, that the habit he wore was a sufficient pledge of his loyalty to faith, said: "For thirty years my studies have made me occupy myself with the large number of errors which have gradually, during many centuries, slipped into the history and the outer life of the Church, and of which some remain to this day. Around the lives and the miracles of the saints, around their relics and sanctuaries, a number of unauthenticated traditions, accounts of miracles, and fables have clustered; some of which are beautiful and poetic, while others are simply ugly and tasteless. Worse still, want of knowledge and judgment, and, often, even all sorts of bad passions, have worked

together to produce false relics and false shrines and to present them for the worship of the simple people."

He added that against such abuses Catholic scholars must fight for the sake of truth, the honor of the Church, and the interests of holy faith. The Reverend Father enforced his statements by citing some illustrations of the extremes to which credulity has been carried in past times: "A village church near Genoa produced, and for many years exhibited, the tail of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem. The rope from which Judas hanged himself, and the pieces of silver for which he betrayed our Lord, the saddle of one of the three kings, the marble table on which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son, were all kept as relics." The speaker might have continued indefinitely to spin out a catalogue of such impositions, some grotesque and others little short of shocking. Nor was he singular in the experience he related of having "often been ashamed to hear priests and sacristans tell educated people of other religions their traditional errors about the holy things of the churches under their care."

We have heard Mr. White refer to some *Lives of the Saints*. The Josaphat legend, he tells us, got into the *Lives of the Saints*—"most important of all!" There are various collections of lives of saints; their historical authority in the Church is just what is conceded to them by historical criticism, treating them as historical books. Only two volumes have some quasi-official recognition; but their standing falls far short of serving as a guarantee for their historic accuracy. One is the *Breviary*, the other the *Martyrology*. It is probably to the latter that Mr. White refers. His statement that Pope Sixtus V., by virtue of his infallibility, sanctioned a revised list of the saints—the remark sounds amusing to anybody who is familiar with the doctrine of infallibility—that this list was enforced by successive popes for two hundred and fifty years, and finally confirmed by Pope Pius IX., is an extremely erroneous and misleading way of expressing the truth that these popes approved and authorized the publication of the Roman *Martyrology*.

Now it will be granted, we suppose, by everybody, that Catholic scholars are better guides than is Mr. White concerning what pronouncements and publications theology holds to fall, or not to fall, within the scope of the infallible preroga-

tive. And Catholic authorities do not confirm Mr. White on this point. Let us hear some of them on the *Martyrology* and, at the same time, on the historic value of the *Breviary* legends: "The *Breviary*," said Father Grisar, "is a trouble to the scrupulous, because its lessons contain many details in the lives of saints which cannot stand before historical criticism. But it would be a great mistake for a priest to take his history from the *Breviary* and to stop there. The Church gives us the *Breviary* as a book of devotion (and a most beautiful one it is), not as a work of historic science." After adding that, three hundred years ago, a number of untenable stories were thrown out of the *Breviary*, and that a new revision to-day would undoubtedly remove many more, he turns to the *Martyrology*, which Mr. White tells us is guaranteed by infallible authority: "The case of the *Martyrology* is the same, except that it should cause even less uneasiness than the *Breviary*, since it has less authority. The *Martyrology* rests on the authority of Baronius; it would be to the advantage neither of science nor of religion to look upon historical criticism as closed by the studies of that great scholar."

A still more eminent historical scholar, wearing the same robe as Father Grisar, has spoken in similar terms of these volumes. His statements on the subject are involved in some equally important, and more far-reaching observations on the value of traditions ecclesiastical in general.

As this term includes every matter pertaining to our subject, it will be instructive to recall his words. He first carefully sets aside the dogmatic tradition which has for its object dogmas revealed by Christ to the Apostles, but not contained in the sacred writings. With this kind of tradition, or the doctrine that belongs to it, we have no concern here, further than to remark that its fidelity is divinely guaranteed. Then he proceeds to the sort of traditions which are in question. He writes: "It must be clearly understood that we do not admit what are called *Catholic Traditions*, as if they participated in the smallest degree in the character of inerrancy of dogmatic tradition, opinions which have been current during a notable period of time among a certain number, or even the universality, of Catholics with regard to facts which certainly do not form part of the deposit of revealed truth, and the certainty of which has never been assured by the infallible

judgment of the Church." The breadth of this statement might defeat its purpose; so he continues: "To make this observation more practical, we may say at once that it applies especially to the Roman *Martyrology* and to the historical legends of the Roman *Breviary*." He adds that he purposed presenting a work establishing this judgment to a certain scientific Congress, when he found that he had been anticipated by a writer in the Roman Jesuit organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, who declared that the *Martyrology* has no dogmatic, and no special historical value.

Returning to the subject of general tradition, the basis of much of the *Lives of the Saints*, he says: "I see no serious motive for distinguishing from popular traditions those that are sometimes designated by the name of ecclesiastical traditions, because they are mainly current in ecclesiastical circles, such as in monasteries, or among the clergy, and even consecrated by liturgical monuments. The clergy and monks of the Middle Ages were, as a rule, well provided for in the matter of credulity, especially in things concerning the honor of their local Church. It might even be shown that they were a little more than bold in turning everything to account for the making of facts of this kind, and thus giving birth to apparent traditions." What would not many an American Catholic, who, when journeying through Europe, has experienced the same humiliating confusion as Father Grisar suffered, have given to have been able to hand a copy of Father De Smedt's little work, open at the above page, to the non-Catholic bystanders?

Legendary hagiology has recently been made the subject of a book by a scholar who ranks as a specialist or expert in this branch of historical criticism. He is a member of that famous corporation of ecclesiastical scholars known as the Bollandists, to whose indefatigable labors the Church owes a whole library of stately volumes containing lives of the saints. Father Grisar was correct, we feel quite sure, in his belief that many Catholics are distressed because they think that the Church is responsible for, and obliges them to believe, many baseless stories, and that to clear away these errors is a duty we owe our brethren. But, while undertaking to remove these stumbling blocks from the path of the faithful, one must carefully guard against shocking the faith of the

simple, wounding the sensibilities of the pious, or provoking the zeal of the ultra-conservative.

It would be difficult to find a better example of prudence and suavity in method, combined with efficacious effort, than is to be found in Father Delahaye's book. Nobody can fail to see that his purpose is to render our hagiological literature more valuable, more edifying, to set the really worthy biographies in a more favorable light, to remove them beyond the range of suspicion, by cleansing the gold of its dross. The loyalty to truth which he displays in applying to the matter the strict methods of historical study, and the frankness with which he acknowledges its results, are a reply to the often repeated reproach directed towards the Church that she is afraid to face scholarly criticism; and it breaks all the force of such arguments as the typical one that we have taken from the *Warfare of Science with Theology*. At the same time, while he finds it necessary to deny all historical value to a legend or tradition, he does not fail to remind his reader that it may still possess a higher value as a lesson of edification and spiritual instruction, which, very often, was its sole original aim. To give our readers some idea of its contents will help, however slightly, towards the end for which the learned Jesuit has written and published this useful little book, which would be treated very unjustly by whoever would take bulk to be the criterion of merit.

III.

Here a not irrelevant digression may be permitted. If the assailants of the Church have taken for granted that she is committed to sustaining all that seems to be history in the lives of the saints, the genuineness of relics, and the veracity of the traditions that have clustered around shrines or other monuments dear to popular devotion, their misapprehension has been fostered by Catholics themselves. For, scarcely any object or story of the above classes but has found its apologists who have not hesitated to declare, and prove by arguments, that seemed to themselves and the outsider to place the Church behind their contention, that the Church's divinely guided authority was pledged to the controverted claim. Aspersions upon legends have repeatedly been treated as an attack on the faith. Not very long ago, for instance, the

traditions concerning the apostolic origin of certain sees in the South of France—traditions which Father Delahaye does not hesitate to call legendary—were championed with an ardor of language, and a promptness in resorting to disciplinary arguments, that could not have been surpassed if it had been the veracity of the Gospels that was at stake. In his synopsis of the principal errors of hagiography, the reverend Bollandist ranks that of opposing to the solid conclusions of scientific research the tradition of the church in which the saint is especially honored.

The causes which have led to this intransigent attitude towards even the most solid and well-grounded criticism though numerous, are not hard to specify. We must be content to merely indicate two or three of the most conspicuous. In the first place, we are bound to submit our reason to revelation. The more prompt, docile, and complete our submission to faith, the more perfect is our obedience to God. It is very easy, and the tendency has always existed, especially among untrained minds, to unduly extend this principle, till docility and obedience in matters of faith are confused with a willingness to accept, without question, anything that claims for itself respectful recognition in the name of religion. The mind of the Middle Ages was eminently uncritical, even its great theologians and philosophers, says Father Grisar, are in no way concerned to examine the old legacy of miraculous stories, or any new ones that arose: "Their sole care, as a rule, is to find some place even for the most absurd stories in their system, without any inquiry as to whether these things ever really happened." *Pium est credere*—it is pious to believe—became a guiding maxim of the religious life; and it bequeathed to subsequent times not alone a multitude of wonderful stories, but a bent of mind that has almost come to be considered, in some quarters, an essential feature of the truly Catholic soul.

With the Renaissance and the Protestant Reformation, criticism was born. But a condition of warfare arose in which Protestantism attacked Catholic principles, not merely abuses. The invocation of the saints, belief in relics, and in the continued existence of miraculous interventions, were all denied. Rationalism and free thought came afterwards to add their forces to the attack. This "state of siege" gradually developed in

the ranks of Catholicism a suspicion of all criticism. And very reasonably; for particular instances were never brought forward except to prove a general conclusion. The argument always was: Here is a case of delusion or fraud in saint-worship. Therefore, saint-worship is—from the devil, said the Protestant; an absurd superstition, said the rationalist. The story of how this “state of siege” contributed to exclude legitimate criticism from the ground of orthodoxy has been well told by Mr. Wilfrid Ward.* Here we need merely repeat the summary of the fact as it is given by Father Grisar: “The duty of attacking the new principles made Catholics consider it almost a point of honor to defend all the outworks of our system, even when these outworks not only in no way touch the essence of our faith, but even when they are really indefensible. Or, if they could in no way be defended, we were loath to make the breach ourselves. The same thing happened again at the time of the emancipation of philosophy, and of the great Revolution. The new ideas drew whole classes of the Catholic world into the circle of their shallow, but tempting principles—and so again it was natural that those who remained true should cling, not only to the Catholic faith, but also to the excesses which seemed to belong to it; or, again, that they should not themselves work at demolishing such excesses.”

But a policy which defends, or palliates religious error, however unessential, even though expediency should recommend its temporary employment, is not congenial, and cannot be a source of unmixed good, to the Catholic Church, the pillar and the ground of truth. The Church has suffered from its adoption by some of her defenders; and its evil effects are becoming more pronounced; while the aspect and conditions of the struggle have so materially changed that it is difficult to see what good results are secured by it at present. Such was the judgment of Pope Leo XIII. With the keenness of vision, broad mindedness, and intrepidity which characterized him, he called upon Catholic scholars to welcome, and avail themselves of, modern critical methods, in order to purge Church history of the erroneous elements that only serve to bring our religion into disrepute.

Scholars, however, who have undertaken to carry out his instructions, have encountered much strongly fortified prejudice. Many have found reason to make a personal application, in a

* *Problems and Persons.* (The Rigidity of Rome.) Longmans Green & Co., 1903.

literal sense, of the text which says that the enemies of a man are those of his own household. There did not exist, in many circles, a proper appreciation of the actual situation. As Father Grisar has said: "There is still among the pious laity, indeed among the clergy, too, especially of the Latin races, a strong inclination to let the light of science go out in the twilight of the sacristy." One may, perhaps, attribute to hereditary Teutonic antipathies, this assignment of pre-eminence to the Latins; for the malady may be found in a very well-defined form in northern latitudes. There is, too, frequently in evidence an unworthy, timid apprehensiveness which seems to ask: If you let criticism enter, where is it to stop? To a matter where it has no legitimate application, ultra-conservatives would apply the parable of the wheat and cockle, and advise that truth and error be left to flourish together till the judgment day.

This zeal, too, has—to borrow a phrase from Father Delahaye—expressed itself in a very lively fashion. In a few paragraphs of personal apology that he prefixes to his study, he resumes his own experiences: "Are you of the opinion that the biographer of a saint has not risen to the level of his task, or that he did not profess to write history, you are accused of speaking ill of the saint himself, who, it would seem, is too powerful to have permitted himself to be compromised by a clumsy panegyrist. Do you happen to express some doubt concerning certain marvels related by the biographer without proper guarantees, though they may be very suitable to enhance the glory of the saint, you are suspected of want of faith. Your procedures are called rationalism in history, just as if, in questions of fact, we should not, before everything, estimate the worth of the witnesses." After some lines of further protest, he observes, in self-defence, that many readers do not guard sufficiently against a vague prejudice which accords to the biographer of the saints some superhuman protection against error. And elsewhere he repeats, more than once, what we have already heard Father De Smedt say, that outside the domain of dogma, ecclesiastical traditions cannot withdraw themselves from the bar of historical criticism.

Only a one-sided view of the situation will prompt anybody to advocate what may be called the policy of suppression. With a rapid increase in the numbers of the reading classes, who every day, in social intercourse, in the study-room, the lecture-room, the public library, in popular editions of historical,

scientific, and philosophic works, even in the current novel and the daily newspaper, come in contact sometimes with specific information, oftener with an atmosphere that breeds a disinclination to accept the miraculous, except on unimpeachable evidence, it has become unwise to increase unnecessarily the burden of faith. For better or worse, the *pia credulitas* of the Middle Ages has disappeared almost completely, except among those who do not read. Intelligent Catholics are becoming more exacting in the matter of evidence, before they believe anything outside the domain of authoritative doctrine. The actual question is, are they to be left to acquire their views from Mr. White and his school, or from Father Delahaye and his fellow-workers? Father De Smedt gives the historical student an advice which contains golden instruction for everybody who, either by voice or pen, has to answer or anticipate the inquiries of the Catholic laity, on the topics that occupy this paper. After declaring that even when the student finds that a dogma defined by the Church may appear to be contradicted by the organs of Christian tradition, he must loyally admit the seeming contradiction, and patiently wait for further light, Father De Smedt writes:

"You may be certain that by this scientific loyalty, professed and practised, you will do far more good to the holy cause you wish to defend, than by the petty quibbling of the special pleader, or by rash statements. Such methods can persuade only persons whom there is no necessity to persuade, or the simple and the ignorant, who will be afterwards at the mercy of every learned unbeliever they may meet with, and who will be able to show them the weakness of the answers that were advanced as peremptory. The result will be that they will indignantly and contemptuously detach themselves from guides whom they will regard as having consciously deceived them, and from a doctrine which they will deem to have been founded in falsehood. With one and the same blow, a man will have brought contempt on himself and injury on his cause in the eyes of true scholars, and he will have given further credit to the prejudice, so false and disastrous, of the incompatibility of science and faith." These considerations will, we trust, dispose our readers to appreciate the true purport of Father Delahaye's important volume, the gist of which we propose to set before them.

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PROVIDENCE.



LADY ANNE was in London, her principal reason for being there was to see Mary Hyland and know how things went with her. For this she had left Mount Shandon, in its glory of May, and her many interests there. Not but what London was beautiful too in May, with the glory of new leafage exquisite against grimy house-fronts, swung in lovely garlands on sooty boughs, against sooty tree-trunks. The grass was yet vivid green in the parks and open spaces. Lilac, laburnum, white and pink May, in riotous blossom, syringa almost intolerably sweet. The blackbird singing in suburban roads and lanes a song that put the nightingale to shame.

She had carried Mary away into the park, not to those charmed spaces where aristocracy rides and drives, and the middle and humbler classes stare and sigh like the Peri without the gates; but to a lonely place, where the grass stretched on either side and a few sooty sheep grazed on the new blades. Where they sat under a thorn-tree London was all but out of sight. Even the tramps preferred less of a solitude while they selected their doss for the night.

"It was very good of your Ladyship to spare the time," said Mary in her worshipping voice.

"You see I promised Mr. Randal that I would look after you. It grieved him to be disappointed at the last about seeing you. You know he had given his last days to you. Then there was that horrible hitch about the insurance of the exhibits. He had to fly at a moment's notice."

"I know. He wrote to tell me so."

"And were you dreadfully disappointed, Mary?"

Lady Anne's voice was tender. She noticed for the first time the shoulders that were inclined to stoop and show sharp shoulder-blades, the sideways carriage that suggests a

weak spine. There were hollows at Mary's temples and behind her pretty ears. Her idealizing eyes looked out of deeper shadows than when last they had met.

"Sure, I knew he had to do your Ladyship's work."

"It was a great disappointment to him. He had so looked forward to being with you."

As she said it she had a little uneasy qualm of conscience. She had been frankly truthful all her life. After all, what proof had she of Hugh Randal's disappointment? He had been flurried at the intelligence about the exhibits. "There goes my week with Mary," he had said, "for I must sail Saturday." But, to be sure, he must have been disappointed. He had not seen Mary for two months. Was it likely he could leave without grief the girl he was to marry, for the indefinite months during which he would stay in America? Yet he had turned almost at once to the question of Lady Anne's journey. She must take the *Cedric* on the twenty-eighth. He had already engaged her state-cabin. He would meet her on landing; if possible come down the river with the customs officers. Anyhow, she was not to think about anything. His thought for her would be the Magic Carpet that should waft her easily hither and thither as she would.

"Indeed, he is terribly good to me," said Mary sweetly. "No matter how busy he is he'll contrive to send me a line."

Lady Anne's eyes fell on the ungloved hand lying on Mary's lap. There was a ring on the third finger, an old ring of pearls which went all the way round the circle. Only Hugh Randal, in his position, would have chosen such a ring for his engagement ring. Mary's fingers moved it absently up and down.

"It's got very loose for me," she said. "I think I'll have to be leaving it off or I'll lose it."

"Why did you get it so large?"

There was a note of alarm in Lady Anne's voice.

"It is that my fingers are getting thin. When Hugh gave it to me it fitted well."

"You must get fat again, Mary. I shall take you to-morrow to see Dr. Sturgis. Aunt Mary swears by him. I never had occasion for doctors myself."

"There's nothing the matter with me, your Ladyship. I never had much flesh."

"All the more reason why you should lose none."

On the way back from the park she stopped at a jeweller's

shop and bought a guard ring for Mary's engagement ring. She called at Walpole Street and made an appointment with Dr. Sturgis for the next day.

The doctor pronounced Mary delicate, nothing radically wrong so far. She was to have fresh air and plenty of it, milk, nourishing food, rest—an impossible prescription to many, but not to Mary Hyland with Lady Anne Chute behind her. Lady Anne would have carried her back to Ireland, but the girl's obvious distaste for the idea made her give it up. Her own home was, Lady Anne guessed, not a comfortable one, with a stepmother and a second family to fill it to overflowing. Mrs. Randal was not yet reconciled to the idea of Mary for a daughter-in-law. Weren't the Randals an old family, although they had come down in the world? And wasn't Mary sprung from the small farmer class, hardly removed from the peasants? The more her son's social advancement grew, the less did she feel inclined to such a humble marriage for him. Nothing would have induced Mary to face the formidable, soft-spoken, sweet-looking Mrs. Randal, who had the obstinacy often possessed by such people—above all, without Hugh's countenance, without the countenance of her Ladyship.

"Then you must have country air," Lady Anne said, and proceeded to discover a Middlesex farmhouse, amid fields from which the larks rose in a tangle of songs and soft, palpitating bodies. Half a dozen fields shielded it from the last outposts of the great town. It was delightfully rustic. The gabled, red-roofed house hidden in creepers was three hundred years old. In the sunny garden, with its dial and the box borders, aromatic in the sun, one might forget that London lay only a few fields away, and presently would devour the quiet and peaceful place.

"You are to lodge here till I come back," said Lady Anne.

She liked the farmer's wife, a motherly looking woman. She had inspected the clean, sweet-smelling bedrooms, with their snowy beds and bowls of wallflowers and lilac. She had been shown the cool, fragrant dairy, with the crocks standing on well-scrubbed shelves, full of creamy milk. She had partaken of an excellent plain meal, had eaten the brown eggs and praised the home-made bread and the golden butter.

"You are to live here all the summer," she said to Mary. "I can trust Mrs. Weston to look after you. When I come back I will take you to the mountains or the sea."

"Ah, your Ladyship!" cried Mary, with a rush of tears to her eyes. "You are too good to me, far, far too good."

She had pleaded piteously to be allowed still to retain the reins of government at South Audley Street, had been so eager about it that at last Lady Anne had yielded.

"You must go only for a little while, and not every day," she said. "I will talk to Mrs. Weston about it. The pony-trap can take you to the station and back again. You are not to exhaust yourself."

She used artifices to tempt Mary to the lazy life, laying in a great stock of novels—when could Mary resist novels?—ordering a prodigal supply of new music and sentimental songs for her. There was a piano in Mrs. Weston's dim parlor, and she had discovered that Mary loved to strum to herself, and had a sweet little pipe like a robin's for the drawing-room songs that could move her to tears.

She exacted from Mrs. Weston a promise that she would restrain her boarder from going to town on the very hot days, or when she seemed tired and unfit for the journey.

She had done all that even she could do when she turned her back on the Middlesex farmhouse and Mary's adoring eyes, which thanked her like the eyes of a loving dog.

She ought to have been satisfied with her own conduct. Not one woman in ten thousand would have acted as graciously and generously as she had done to a dependant. But she was ill at ease. Her misgivings brought her back to say a second farewell to Mary when she ought to have been on her way to Ireland.

She found her—it was a Saturday afternoon—in the garden with the box borders, deep in a novel. Already the sunshiny peace seemed to have brought a color to her cheek. Lady Anne remembered how wonderfully she had picked up at the Court last summer. She was so responsive; yes, that was the word for her, so responsive to everything that was done for her.

The joy rushed to Mary's face at sight of her, planting transitory roses in her cheeks, making of her eyes altar-fires.

"I thought I must see you once again, Mary," Lady Anne said, sitting down beside her on the seat cut in the privet hedge. The privet just coming into bloom smelt deliciously. A foot away was a gray-green bush of Southernwood with its homely fragrance. The bees buzzed in the privet; the black

retriever that belonged to the Westons lay in the sun on the gravel path, his head on a fold of Mary's gown.

"I thought I must see you," Lady Anne went on, "and I am glad I came. I can tell Mr. Randal how pleasant your surroundings are and he will be glad."

"I've written to him all about it. But your Ladyship can tell him better."

Mrs. Weston came out courtesying and smiling, and set a little table for their tea. Lady Anne had captivated her heart easily, and the good woman was delighted and bewildered at coming in contact with a member of the aristocracy.

"You find it all very sweet, Mary?"

"Lovely. Just across the first field there's a little wood. If you'll believe me, Lady Anne, it's as blue as the sky with blue-bells."

"Ah, you will show them to me presently."

"The farm's a very pleasant place," Mary went on, with an air of dreamy content. "There are little calves and lambs and a foal and a donkey that's the prettiest of any. And the fields are full of little pigs rooting about for last year's acorns. I help Mrs. Weston to feed the calves. It's lovely to feel the little rough tongues moving over your hand. I was always one for young things."

Lady Anne had a revelation. She knew now why she had come. She saw as in a vision the home that Mary should have had before now, the child that should have been in her arms. If she had never met Hugh Randal the marriage would have been done two years ago. Was it she, Anne Chute, that was keeping the hearth cold, the husband from the wife, the child from the mother? Her interests, to be sure, were not her own, not only her own, but other people's. And yet—and yet—ought anything to postpone the building of the Temple?

She leant to Mary hurriedly.

"Before I sail, your house is to be put in hands," she said. "It will be ready for you when the exhibition is over. It is to be my gift to you and your husband. In the autumn you must take possession of it. You will find it furnished from top to bottom, with just the necessary things. You and he together will adorn it with the things that come through years of happy life together."

"Oh, your Ladyship!" cried Mary overwhelmed. "But perhaps Hugh will not be ready."

"He has always been ready. It is my work that has hindered. He will do it the better for his anchorage of home, the home that he will always have to return to with joy."

She had a lifting of the heart as she always had in making other people happy. What she was doing now was in her own mind a reparation, too. Ida had been right with her sharp speeches. She ought to have realized sooner. But now everything was going to be well. Mary would grow strong, and the autumn would see those two, who were devoted to her, happy in a home of her building. They would rise up and call her blessed. Her Ladyship loved the praise of her world. And with that lifting of the heart there was no misgiving, no doubt that Hugh Randal had always been ready for the happiness she had ignorantly and selfishly postponed.

Then there was Mrs. Weston coming along the path, with her best china set out on a tray, with tea and cream and butter and honey that were as fragrant as the flowers of the privet.

"You have made me so happy," sighed Mary.

Lady Anne had made herself happy. For the moment the home, the happiness which had yet to be made, were real things to her, already achieved. Already her quick mind was planning out the house. It was to be a picturesque place, which should adorn the little knoll by the lake-side on which it would be built. She imagined the rooms and the furniture. There was an intelligent man in a big Dublin furniture shop whom she could trust to carry out her ideas. The house was to have its garden and grounds. She sent a sigh to the impossibility of a box-bordered garden like this, an orchard like that over yonder, with pink snow on its little, low, wide-spreading boughs. Even she could not wrest such as these from time, the only maker of such sweetnesss. At the top of the house there should be a wide, airy room, left empty, to be furnished in time for a nursery.

Never had she derived so much pleasure from her own beneficence. It was good, it was good, she thought, to be able so to order human destinies.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEAR THING.

Lord Dunlaverock was not able, after all, to accompany his cousin to America. Business detained him, the business of his patent, as he mentioned casually to Colonel Leonard.

"Anne will do very well," he said. "I cannot imagine any circumstances in which Anne would not be able to take care of herself. And Randal will meet her at New York. Randal will have everything ready for her."

"I had hoped that you would have gone," Colonel Leonard said stiffly. "It seems to me unbecoming that Lady Anne Chute should be wandering about America—a country I detest—with an old woman and a maid. Her father would not have liked it."

"Anne will be all right," Dunlaverock repeated; he said to himself that Leonard was an ancient fossil. "Anne will be all right. I shall go to fetch her home. My business will be settled long before that, I expect."

"His business! His business!" Colonel Leonard said irately, repeating this conversation to his wife. "If Anne isn't his business she ought to be. A lovely girl like Anne. He deserves to lose her for his cold-bloodedness."

He came on Anne a day or two later, on the road which ran close to Mount Shandon. She was driving herself in her neat little dog-cart, and was standing up, watching the workmen who were digging out the foundations of the house that was to be Hugh Randal's, while Kitty, enjoying the slack rein, nibbled away at the sweet May grass by the side of the road.

"What, more building, Anne?" he said, reining up beside her. "What on earth are they doing there?"

Lady Anne sat down and smiled at him while gathering up Kitty's reins.

"That is Mr. Randal's house, Uncle Hugh," she said. "He is to be married in the autumn."

"Ah!" The Colonel breathed a quiet, long sigh. He had not even known that Hugh Randal was engaged. Ah, that was better, much better! He could endure Hugh Randal, the married man, in Mount Shandon drawing-room, where he had found it hard to endure Hugh Randal unattached, with

his manner that never apologized for his presence there, or was conscious of his amazing elevation, Hugh Randal who might have passed for anybody, as the Colonel acknowledged to himself now in the fullness of his relief.

"I had no idea he was going to be married," he said, with a return to his old genial, fatherly manner. For quite a long time now there had been a cloud between him and Anne.

"I hope he is going to marry some one worthy of him. He seems a young man of uncommon ability."

"He is. I am glad you do him justice, Uncle Hugh. You used not to like him." Anne, with her terrible frankness, was not one to let sleeping dogs lie. "He is to marry a charming creature. Up to this she has had charge of my South Audley Street shop."

"And you are building them a house?"

"It is to be my gift to them. I am furnishing it as well."

For once the Colonel did not feel like chiding Anne for her extravagance. It was only later on he remembered to call the gift a disproportionate one. Again, in the plenitude of his relief, his tongue ran away with him.

"Your generosity becomes you, my dear Anne," he said. "Mr. Randal is a valuable servant."

She would not let the word pass with him.

"In the sense that we are all servants," she said. "That is the universal law, is it not, Uncle Hugh? We who are in high stations must be the servants of God, if we are not to be the servants of the devil."

"Ah, very true, very true."

The Colonel missed the magnificence of Lady Anne lifting her proud, humble, young face a moment towards the sky. It was a mood in which he did not follow Anne. He was more accustomed to her in her dominant mood, and he was shy of any talk about his Creator, although he was an excellent, church-going person.

A week later Lady Anne was on the ocean, and making something of a stir among her fellow-passengers on the *Cedric* by her presence there.

She found few to interest her among the saloon passengers on the big boat, but after a day or two, the captain himself introduced her to some of the steerage passengers, who had

left behind them the sunny, green glens, the encircling mountains, the kindly neighbors, the peace and innocence and safety, for—they knew not what in the cities of America. There had been a general agreement among the saloon passengers that Lady Anne was proud, which was only to say that none of them had interested her. They would not have thought her proud if they had seen her in the steerage, where the captain listened smiling, while she drew this and that one's simple history from lips not easily unlocked, and rated them gently because they had been so ready to go.

"If you will stay in America," she said, "do not remain in the towns. Push your way out into the country. Make homes there. But if you will return, get your priest, or some one who is interested in you, to write to me—Lady Anne Chute, Mount Shandon, Co. Kerry—and I will help you to get home."

Her rating had the excellent effect on one emigrant, a fair-haired girl whose face bore traces of recent suffering, that she broke down, remembering the old mother she had left. Her lover had deserted her for a richer girl, and Nannie would not stay to meet the pity of some, the amusement of others. She would put the ocean between her and Killorglin. But after she had broken down, and sobbed and wrestled with herself in a corner of the steerage, she met Lady Anne with a bright face.

"Sure I'm done with him," she said, "clean done with him. I've only pity for him an' her. An' I'd break my heart in America thinkin' o' the mother's little face. Send me home, your Ladyship, an' God bless you, an' I'll never wish myself out o' it again as long as I live."

So when the other passengers landed, Nannie was left behind to go back with the *Cedric*, to bring bewildering joy to the mother who had never looked to see her child again.

Hugh Randal came down to meet the boat with a company of newspaper men who had come to interview somebody or other on board. The fame of Lady Anne and her philanthropy had preceded her to America, and some of the newspaper men were very anxious to learn how she liked her first trip across the Atlantic, what were her impressions of Sandy Hook, whether she was to be entertained by the Four Hundred, what gowns she had brought with her, how long she

intended to stay, her views on Woman Suffrage and the Divorce Question, and so on.

If she had been alone she would have had to lock herself in her state-room till the moment came for her to land. As it was, she had no difficulty, for Hugh Randal got rid of the lean, clean-shaven men with the notebooks, easily and pleasantly.

"Her Ladyship is tired now," he said. "I am her secretary. We shall be for a few days at the Waldorf-Astoria, and I shall be free from 12 noon to 1, to answer all questions."

This business-like way appealed to the press-men, to whom evasion would have been but an incentive, and they left Lady Anne in peace to enjoy her first sight of New York with its irregular buildings silhouetted against a brilliant sky.

He made everything easy for the travelers. Sutcliffe had been ill all the way and would have been unequal to dealing with the luggage, even if she had not been unfamiliar with American ways. Miss 'Stasia was a little tired and bewildered by the new experience. Only her Ladyship, with all her zest for adventure still unslaked in her, watched with bright, interested eyes the scene of bustle and flurry into which they arrived.

Her only protest was against the too great luxury of everything. From the *Cedric* to the Waldorf-Astoria was a step from a floating palace to one tethered to earth.

"I thought you had better rest a day or two before going on," Hugh Randal said, when they were being driven to the hotel.

"I have done nothing but rest since I left." Lady Anne laughed. "But I shall stay a day or two to see the sights of New York. Cousin Anastasia loves shops. I believe you have some beautiful ones here."

As she was ushered into her silk-lined sitting-room at the hotel, which was like a bonbonnière, she turned to Hugh Randal with a delighted air.

"Violets," she said.

Yes; she had smelt violets. The room was full of them, in pots and vases and bowls and baskets. They brought something clean and sweet and of the earth into the over-luxurious room.

"Is it the management?" she asked delightedly, inhaling the scent with delicate nostrils. "How very charming of them!"

He smiled deprecatingly at her, his hand touching the door-handle.

"It was not the management this time," he said. "It was—I thought you would like some flowers."

"How good of you!" She did not reproach him for the extravagance of his reception of her, though she felt that it must have cost him a great deal of money. "I love them. But—are you going? I am quite prepared after lunch to take a walk down Broadway."

"I shall be ready to attend on you, Lady Anne; but—I am staying at a little place some blocks away. I shall be back by the time you have finished lunch."

"You will lunch with us!"

He was persuaded to sit to the luxurious lunch. For the next few days his escort of her Ladyship was no sinecure. She insisted on seeing everything that was to be seen. Not fashionable New York alone, but the Bowery, the poor parts of the town, Coney Island and the haunts beloved of trippers, Tammany Hall—her appetite grew by what it fed on. Away from her environment she seemed to forget that she was Lady Anne Chute, who had been supposed to be hemmed in from childhood by restrictions proper to her state. A certain wildness came out in her which was new and delightful. Her energy was insatiable. While Miss 'Stasia, with Sutcliffe in attendance, gazed in at the plate-glass windows of the splendid shops, her Ladyship was exploring even the purlieus of New York, places in which the companionship of a couple of burly policemen in plain clothes was a desirable thing.

She would have her way about such expeditions, yet once or twice, when Hugh Randal was firm in refusing, she yielded to him with a bewitching sweetness.

"You ought to pack me straight home," she said on one of those occasions, when she had had her own way and was aware of the frown that made a furrow between her faithful guardian's eyebrows.

"Never mind," he said. "We are going on to Washington to-morrow. You won't want to repeat this? One American slum is much the same as another, unless one gets to Chinatown."

"I will obey you implicitly for the future," she said, with an enchanting humility.

This was a new Anne. The old Anne had been many things, but she had not been wayward, perverse, wild, sweet, appealing. The old Anne's lovers would not have known her under this aspect; but perhaps it would not have existed for them. Since she kept it for Hugh Randal there was none to wonder about it.

"I am glad to hear it," he said, trying to look severe but failing hopelessly. "If I had only known—"

"You would have left me at home?"

"I believe I should, or at least I should not have been so ready to accept your guardianship. If there was to be much more of it I should cable to Lord Dunlaverock."

"To come and take care of me?"

They were down by the riverside, amid a wilderness of wharves and docks and basins, and had taken refuge from a sudden sharp shower under the open lower story of a tall building. Scurrying into it, under cover of an umbrella, with which he was trying to protect Lady Anne, Randal had not noticed that far up on the outside of the building swung a great crane; perhaps he was bewildered, too, by Lady Anne, who had snatched at his hand and run like a child, laughing and sparkling, with the wet sweetness of the rain on her hair and cheeks.

As she spoke she stepped out of the building.

"There is a rift in the clouds," she said. "The rain is leaving off; I think we may go."

At the moment there was a rattle of chains, a creaking of machinery. Something fell from above with a tremendous impetus. He was only just in time. He had caught her in his arms and dragged her against the wall of their shelter. For the moment he did not relinquish his hold. For a moment she clung to him.

"My God!" he said in a low voice. "My God!"

"Yes"; she said, withdrawing herself from his arm, and smiling unsteadily, "it was a narrow thing, wasn't it?" The crane was swinging now almost level with their heads. "Coming down like that it would have just caught me; look at the hook! What do you suppose it weighs? I shouldn't have had much chance."

"Hush!" he said roughly. "I wish I had the man who let it down like that!" His hands worked. "I feel like killing him."

"Never mind," she said soothingly. "He couldn't have known there was anybody beneath. I dare say he never meant to let it out so fast. Why, how pale you are!" She noticed with some wonder that he was trembling. "Let us go. I shan't ask you to take me to the docks again."

His color did not come back. When they had found a hackney coach and were driving to the hotel she tried to make him forget the fright she had given him. But by this time in the reaction from his fear he was angry—angry with her.

"I shall be wiser for the future," he said. "I was a weak fool to yield to you, Lady Anne. You have been in danger through my fault and the fault of your own wilfulness. If one hair of your precious head had been hurt—"

He stopped as though he could not go on. The situations were reversed. It was he who spoke with authority; she who was humble and submissive. He could not long resist her. His anger passed away. He had spoken to her coldly, but the coldness had melted to sudden tenderness.

"I shall never forget that you saved my life," she said softly.

"I want to forget it," he answered grimly. "Saved your life! Why, I put it in danger. To draw you back was nothing; anybody would have done that."

She did not press the point. She could look from the man's side of it and hate the heroics of talk about saving life. Still he had saved hers. Her indebtedness was none the less great because they were not going to talk about it.

"Dear me!" said Miss Anastasia to herself that evening, as she watched Anne sitting at the Scheidmayer grand, singing over to herself "Come live with me and be my Love." Anne was no great performer, but, as her governesses had found out long ago, what she liked she learned, and she did no injustice to the delightful music and words. "Dear me, what has happened to Anne? If it was not Anne, I should say she was a girl in love."

But then Miss Anastasia was given to sentimental fancies.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE MASSACRES IN TURKEY.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

I.

How long, O slumbering conscience of the world,
Wrapt in thy dreams of empire and of gold,
How long shall this dread tale of blood be told,
While all the banners of thy wrath are furl'd?
How long to heaven shall the cry be hurl'd
Of slaughtered babes—the firstlings of the fold—
With nameless shames and terrors manifold,
And smoke of cot and temple upward curl'd?
Has greed of gain and power thus shackled thee,
Conscience of man, vain of thy free control,
And boastful of the centuries' starward flight?
What shall the judgment of the Lord God be
When he shall charge thee with thy brother's soul—
Shalt thou be number'd on the left or right?

II.

O, strange, gray world, O, world half soul, half brute!
World with the prayer of sainthood on thy tongue!
World where the song of angels has been sung—
Yet mute, dumb world, with all the demons mute!
Loud-voiced enough thy boastings vain to suit:
Loud-voiced enough when Glory's chimes are rung,
When Fame's abroad, and victor-flags are flung—
These are thy blossoms and thy chosen fruit.
Yet, think'st thou not, gray world, with all thy power,
With all thy trumpetings of old pretence,
That thou to Mercy owest—a moment's span?
I tell thee that thou yet shalt see the hour:
An hour of dread; an hour of recompense;
And that stern hour shall know the rights of Man!

THE RESTORATION OF PLAIN-CHANT.

BY EDMUND G. HURLEY.

(CONCLUDED.)



NOW come to the most difficult part of the subject, the interpretation of chant. We may possess fine books, correct notation, and singers with good voices; but, if there be no way of finding out how to sing chant, we might just as well abandon it entirely. In chant there are, as every one knows, both music and words. Which of these is of the greater importance? Two rules have been given for our guidance, and to these we have tried to be faithful: "Sing as you speak" and "The text is the Master; the notes the Servant." In Plain-Chant we employ the Latin language. Every scholar will agree that two things must be reckoned with in pronouncing Latin; *viz.*, accent and quantity. Quantity means essentially *quantity of time* consumed in pronouncing the syllable; so that, if there is a note to a syllable, there must be long and short notes to correspond to the long and short quantities of the syllables. Solesmes tells us: "The notes of a Plain-Chant motif do not vary in duration." "The shapes of notes have nothing to do with their duration; neither the diamond shaped note nor the so-called ornamental notes indicate a shorter duration." "All notes of Plain-Chant are approximately of equal value" (Birkle).

"The text must be sung very evenly, the accented syllables being distinguished from the unaccented syllables by the simple stress of the voice and *not by their length*" (Holly).

"Dans le Plain-Chant les notes n'y sont pas toutes égales entre elles. Au contraire, elles ont *une grande variété de valeur*, d'après l'importance qu'elles ont dans la structure mélodique, la place qu'elles occupent dans la figure neumatique ou le rôle qu'elles remplissent dans la diction du texte" (Dom Kienle).

"Les notes simples, comme nous l'avons dit plus haut, ont une forme invariable. De ce que cette note a toujours la même forme, il ne faut pas en conclure qu'elle doit toujours

avoir la même valeur. La valeur de la note simple est au contraire *très variable*" (Dom Pothier).

The last named writer adds that the value of the notes is determined by the correct reading of the Latin text, for which he has given rules in the previous chapter.

Which of these rules is correct, the rule of Birkle or of Kienle, of Holly or of Dom Pothier? It is manifestly impossible to sing a syllabic chant in notes of the same length, and still keep to a correct pronunciation of the text. If we are to observe quantity, we must have longer and shorter syllables, and therefore longer and shorter notes. Any one wishing to test the truth of these remarks may take a metronome set at, say, 136 or faster, and recite in monotone the Pater Noster or the Credo, making the syllables conform exactly to the ticking of the instrument; and if he be satisfied that he has given a delivery of the text correct in all particulars—linguistically, devotionally, and musically—he will of course accept the Solesmes dictum "all notes are of the same length," and if he be not so satisfied he will certainly reject that dictum.

After all, this rule of "all notes are the same length" is the result of a misapprehension of a rule of Plain-Chant that "the shape of a note does not necessarily determine its length." Between this rule and the other there is a vast difference.

In the treatment of neums, for example, we are told that the *first* note is always accented, in other words, that the *shape of the note groups* determines the accentuation of the melody. Let us take one of the simplest chants in which neums occur:

d ——— d r d ——— d t, d d ||
Deus in adjutorium meum intende

This chant is practically a monotone with two notes added, one above and one below the reciting note. The purpose of these added notes is to give a peculiar emphasis to the syllables to which they are set, and to convert the monotone into a melody. They serve, therefore, two distinct purposes. It is a well-known rule in music that the introduction of any sound foreign to the scale in which we are performing, denotes a special purpose; that is to say, its office is to give a special melodic or harmonic *coloring* to the passage. Such a sound is called *chromatic*, and it must be accented, even though it occur

on an unaccented beat of the measure. In the above example the notes *re* and *ti* are introduced into the monotone in order to convert the monotone into a melody. Therefore, they *must* be accented. It follows that the neum *d r* on *adjutorium* must be accented on the *second* note, *re*, and that in *intende t*, *d* must be accented on the first *t*.

There is a musical reason for this manner of accenting the passage; and that is, the law of the natural progression of sounds, which is older than chant, and to the observance of which are due the different effects produced by major and minor modes and the character which belongs to each of the Gregorian modes. If we are to adhere to the *mechanical* rule of accenting the first note of each neum, especially in chants which are composed principally of them, we will violate this natural musical law, and consequently destroy the character of the modes and the melodies themselves.

With regard to neums themselves, as I said in the earlier part of this paper, they were not conceived as being made up of separate notes, but were regarded as twists and turns on one note. These musical figures were gradually incorporated into the melodies; for we know that the earlier chants were comparatively free from them, and that in course of time their use became an abuse.

Some instances may illustrate the growth of the neum. Moore's melodies, as written, are simple tunes; but, as sung by many an Irishman, they are very different. The singer introduces twists here, turns there, and tremolos at another place. All of us have often heard them. What are these additional twists and turns but neums? It is more than likely that neums in Plain-Chant had their origin in a similar manner. In confirmation of this view, let us review, for example, Webbe's *Tantum Ergo* in F, both as it appears in the original and in its transformed shape in the *Liber Usualis*. (The original is the upper line.)

	d	r	m	d		r	m	f	m		l	s	f	m		m	r	d	d-					
	d	r	r	m	r	d		r	m	s	f	m		l	s	s	f	m		m	r	d	d	

Tantum er - go sa - cra - mentum ve - ne - re - mur cer - nui

	d'	t	d'	s		l	s	f	m		l	t	d'	t		tl	s	s-		
	d'	t	d'	s		l	s	s	f	m		l	t	d'	t		tl	s	s	

et an - ti - quum do - cu - men - tum novo cedat ri - tui

s s m d	r m f m	s m l s	f m r-d d-
s s m rd	r ms sf m	l s sf m	mr d d

præstet fi-des supplementum sensu-um de - fec - tu-i

The accentuation of the first notes of the neum, as they occur in this tune, would give us, in the first measure, two false musical accents; in the second, one; in the third, one; in the sixth, one; in the ninth, one; in the tenth, one; and the last two bars would be altogether wrong.

In Dom Pothier's work, *Les Melodies Gregoriennes*, chapter xii., page 163, we read: "'Plures chordæ sonant dum una nota profertur.' Pour eux, le podatus est une note, la clivis une note, le torculus, le porrectus chacun une note."

As each of these neums consists of two or three notes, what are we to understand by these directions? It is contrary to common sense to tell us to sing two or three notes as one note. Let us, however, make a comparison with modern music. In teaching modern music the quarter note, or crotchet, is generally regarded as the unit; thus we say that a half note, or minim, is two beats in length, etc., etc. The value of the smaller notes is estimated with reference to the quarter note or crotchet. If an instruction book on modern music directed us to sing two eighth notes as one note, four sixteenths as one note, the direction would not be very explicit; but it would be quite as explicit as these directions given for singing Gregorian notes: "All the same length"; "*Approximately* the same length"; "Do not differ in value"; "Differ greatly in value"; "Their value is very variable." The only conclusion which we could draw, would be that we must sing the two eighths or four sixteenths in the time required for one note, and that is the quarter note. In like manner we may interpret the directions for singing the neums, "the podatus is one note," etc., to mean that each neum should take approximately the time required for a single note appropriate to the syllable to which it is set.

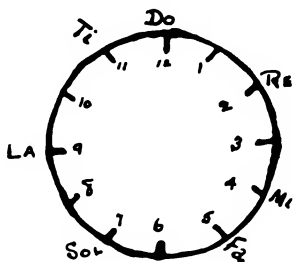
Why were the neums given such fanciful names if they were not supposed to supply mental pictures, and help the singer to remember how they were to be sung?

Take the *torculus* (the wine-press), for instance, three notes, the middle one higher than the two extremes; the higher middle note representing the screw and the side notes the bearings. Do we not apply power to the screw, and should we not accent

the middle note and leave the first unaccented? The *porrectus*! Why the heavy oblique line made by dragging the pen along the paper, if not to show that the *porrectus* should be "drawn out," or sung slower, as its name implies? The *scandicus* and the *climacus* remind us of climbing upstairs and of running down; we naturally rest when we get to the top and come down faster than we went up. What is more natural than that we should rest upon the last note of the *scandicus* and on the first note of the *climacus*? If one would sing, for example, the Alleluia, "Tu es Sacerdos," page 589, and Alleluia "Hic est," 593, Liber Usualis, first making the notes equal in length and accenting the first note of each neum, and would afterwards sing them in the manner I have indicated above, he would easily see which is the better method for expressing the sense and beauty of the melodies.

I will now endeavor to show why the slavish adherence to this rule of accenting the first note of each neum may destroy the tonality of the mode, and consequently the chant itself.

Gregorian music has eight scales, each of which is different from the others. The sounds of these scales are used in a certain definite manner called the *mode*. The words *scale*, *mode*, *tone*, and *key*, seem to be inextricably mixed up in the minds of many Gregorian authorities: "A *mode* is a *scale*"; "The position of the semi-tones is not the only thing which distinguishes one *tone* from another"; "A melody in the *scale* of *re* differs peculiarly from one in the *key* of *mi*, *fa*, etc."



The scales can be readily understood by referring to the above diagram, on which the marks for the hours represent semi-tones. The notes *ti* and *do*, and *mi* and *fa*, are a semi-tone apart; all the others, a whole tone. If we take *do* for our starting point, we have the notes used in the major mode, and if we make *la* our starting point, we have the notes of

the minor mode. Each of the Gregorian scales is formed by taking a different note for a starting point. If one wishes to compose music in the *major mode*, he *must* fulfil certain conditions. He must compose in *accordance with the natural habits of the tones of the scale*, i.e., the first, third, and fifth of the scale must be made the principal sounds of the piece. Neither of these sounds necessarily implies progression; that is to say, we may ascend or descend from them with equal ease. With the other sounds of the scale the case is quite different. The second, fourth, and sixth of the scale have an unmistakable tendency to fall to the first, third, and fifth respectively, and the seventh has a like tendency to rise to the eighth. This tendency of the seventh to rise is so marked that it is called the *leading note*. In composing rising passages the first, third, and fifth notes will be prominent notes, and therefore more likely to be accented; while in descending passages the second, fourth, and sixth will be accented on account of their falling tendency, which is more clearly brought out by accentuation.

These rules apply more particularly to melodies composed in steps, of which the *Tantum ergo* (Webbe's in F, before mentioned) is a good example. It will be noticed how r, f, and l fall to d, m, and s; and how, in doing so, they take the accent. There are nine skips in the tune, of which six are in the tonic chord. It will be noticed, also, how the false musical accents are made in the "Plain-Chant" version if we accent the first note of the neums. To make this matter still more clear I cite the following old melody; composed in steps and skips:

FINE

s | d' s m | d r m | f l r' | t s s | d' s m | f s l | s d' t | d'- ||

D. C.

d' | m' d' m' | r' t s | d' t l | s m d | m' d' m' | r' t s | d' t l | s- ||

When a melody is composed, wholly or in part, in skips, such skips are made by taking the sounds of the *chords* of the mode. The chords of the major mode are the tonic chord, d, m, s; the dominant chord, s, t, r; and the sub-dominant chord, f, l, d; all major chords. The single line under the notes marks those which belong to the tonic chord in *skips*, and the dotted line those which belong to the same chord in

steps. In the same manner the double lines show those notes belonging to the sub-dominant chord, and the triple lines those belonging to the dominant chord.

I will now change the accentuation by placing the bars in a different manner:

FINE
s d's m d r m f l r't s s d's m f s l s d't d'-
D. C.
d'm'd'm' r' t s d' t l s m d m'd'm' r't s d' t l s-

Is it the same melody? Certainly not; the accentuation is changed and the melody is destroyed.

The sounds of the Gregorian scales also have their peculiar habits, and if, in singing Gregorian music, we disregard these habits we destroy the chant. It must be distinctly understood that melody existed before *mode*, just as language existed before grammar. As grammar is only the usage of a language reduced to law, so is *mode* the codification of the habits of musical sounds under certain conditions.

If we examine the melodies of the first mode, for example, we find that its scale is from *re* to *re*; with an occasional descent to *do* below the lower *re* and an ascent to *mi* above the higher *re*. A chromatic *ta* is sometimes used; thus we have three sounds *outside* the scale, evidently used for a particular purpose and which, therefore, should be accented. The chord-skips for the lower part of the scale are in the minor chord, *re*, *fa*, *la*; the falling notes will, therefore, be *mi*, *sol*, and *ta*; *ti* keeping its rising habit. The chord-skips for the upper part of the scale are in the major chord, *fa*, *la*, *do*; and the falling notes are *sol*, *ta*, and *re*. The chord notes have the preference for accent in ascending passages, and the falling notes in descending passages. The habits of the sounds in the third mode are very much the same as in the modern major scale, because its principal chord is *mi*, *sol*, *do*, which is an inversion of the tonic chord in the major mode. Its final *mi* has a falling note *fa* and a rising note *re* depending upon it, and it is to this that it owes its peculiarity.

I might continue with an analysis of each of the other modes, but enough has been said to show the *great importance* of this subject. We see now how it is that a melody written in one mode will be totally unlike a melody written in an-

other mode, and yet we find in the *Liber Usualis* numerous instances in which these rules of the mode are utterly ignored. As instances of this kind I refer to the Alleluia of the seventh Sunday after Pentecost, page 514. It is marked in the first mode. The tonality of the versicle is of the *third* mode, and not the first. The Alleluia "*Adducentur*," page 659, is marked in the third mode; its compass is that of the first and second, and its tonality is of the first mode. If we compare the music of the two concluding syllables, and their jubilus of thirty-five notes, with that of the two concluding syllables of the gradual *Timete Dominum*, page 1,022, we find that, with the exception of the omission of four notes of the jubilus of the latter, they are identical, though one is in the third, and the other in the first mode! The Alleluia *Fac nos*, 430, is marked in the eighth mode; its dominant is *sol*, the dominant of the eighth mode is *do*. The piece is in the modern major mode, with an eighth mode ending. The Alleluia *De quacunque*, in the first mode on page 430, has the tonality of the fourth mode, with a first mode termination.

In the Solesmes School the mode does not seem to be of very great importance. Birkle says: "The matter which we have so far considered is not Plain-Chant. Modes, scales, intervals are dead matters." Perhaps they are, and as long as they remain dead matters, chant itself will remain dead, and every effort to revivify it will be futile.

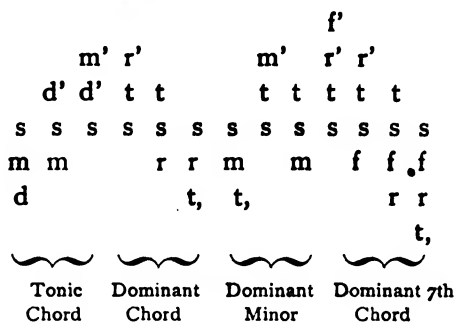
If the observance of the rules of tonality are of such great importance in the singing of chant, they are of vastly greater importance in accompanying it.

The accompaniment of chant consists of chords which are added to the melody, and which are played upon the organ while the chant is being sung. When these chords are properly chosen, the chant and the harmony added to it blend into a beautiful and artistic whole; when, on the other hand, they are not properly chosen, we have a lame, halting, hodge-podge with "neither head nor tail," as repugnant to the layman as to the trained musician.

The principles of accompaniment are not difficult to understand. Every note in a given melody may be made part of some chord. We saw in the previous pages that the major scale contains three major chords. These three major chords contain all the notes of the scale. In the scale we also find

three minor-chords, one on the second, one on the third, and one on the sixth. This latter chord is the chord of the relative minor, and those on the second and third are the chords of its sub-dominant and dominant respectively. If we enter the region of dissonance, we meet the chord of the imperfect fifth on the seventh of the scale, and the chords of the dominant seventh, ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth. We meet these dissonant chords also in the minor mode, besides some others which it is not necessary to mention here. All these chords are susceptible of inversion; the chords of three notes having two, and the chords of four or more notes having three inversions.

To show the enormous amount of harmonic material we have here, we will take the note *sol* and follow it through its various harmonic combinations:



We do not include the chords of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth. We might tabulate the combinations of all the other notes of the scale, but it would take up too much space.

Sounds combined into chords have habits which are much more imperative than the habits of single sounds. Chords whose roots are a fifth apart, will combine in all three motions, direct, contrary, and oblique; chords whose roots are a third apart, will combine in contrary and oblique only; and chords whose roots are a second apart, will combine in contrary motion only. (In direct motion the parts move in a similar manner; in oblique motion some of the parts move while others stand still; and in contrary motion the parts move in contrary directions.) Dissonant chords and common chords in their second inversion must be quitted in a certain manner, and therefore their use is restricted.

These affinities between chords exist, of course, also in the

Gregorian modes. To accompany chant properly we must be acquainted with the harmonic combinations of every note in the mode and, moreover, we must choose our harmony in such a manner as to bring out the peculiarities of the mode into stronger relief than if we sung the chant without accompaniment. We may harmonize every note of the chant, or we may harmonize only the salient notes, treating the other notes as passing notes, although they may make new chords.

I will analyse the first mode. Its compass is from D to D. It is an authentic mode; therefore its principal chord will be the chord on its final, the minor chord of D. This chord will be the principal chord for the harmonization of the portions of melody which are included in its compass. We have seen that the upper phrases of the mode are in the fifth *fa do*; the second principal chord of the mode is, therefore, the major chord of F. Our secondary chords will be: first, the chord of A minor, the chord of the dominant of the mode; second, the chord of B flat, the sub-dominant of F to be used when the *ti* is flatted; third, the chord of C, which is dominant to F; and fourth, the chord of G major, to be used in the accompaniment of *ti* when it is natural. We may also use the chord of G minor, the relative minor to B flat, though this is not necessary. I will now tabulate the harmonic combinations of the various sounds which are used in the first mode :

D	is found in the chords of D minor, G major and minor, and B flat.	} and their inversions.
E	" " " " " " C major and A minor.	
F	" " " " " " F major, D minor, and B flat.	
G	" " " " " " G major and minor and C major.	
A	" " " " " " F major, A and D minor.	
B	" " " " " " G major.	
C	" " " " " " F, C, and A minor.	

I might, in the same manner, give examples of the harmonization of the other modes, but I think enough has been said to prove to any fair-minded person that the progressions of the melody itself, and not the arbitrary shapes given to the groups of notes which form it, should govern its accentuation.

These then are the theories upon which the restoration of Plain-Chant will be based, and by a Restoration of Plain-Chant I do not mean a "restoration" which has for its object merely

the singing of the Requiem Mass or the Offices of Holy Week by a choir picked up for the occasion, or even the singing of the responses by a few boys, forming what is sometimes called by courtesy a "Sanctuary Choir"; I mean a real restoration, which has for its object singing in Plain-Chant the music of the entire Mass and Vespers, both proper and common, on every Sunday and holyday in the year, and also that of any other liturgical offices which may occur, by a choir of men and boys, attired in surplice and cassock, occupying their proper places in the choir (and not in the organ loft), and taking their proper part in all the ceremonies.

The writer has been told that "his theories are all very well; but will they stand against those of men who have made Plain-Chant a life-long study?" The reply is that these theories *are* the theories of one who has made a life-long study of Plain-Chant, and who, moreover, has proved their correctness by the success which has attended their adoption. They are theories founded upon melodic and harmonic truths. These are as old as the world, and are destined to last forever; for, as far as has been revealed to us, music is the only one of the arts which is to have a place in the world to come. They are theories of success, not of failure or of experiment, and we may safely say that all failures which have attended the many attempts at restoring Gregorian chant may be traced to the fact that these theories have been generally ignored.

Years before Dom Pothier published his work on the Gregorian melodies, and before the Ratisbon revival was thought of, it was my privilege to be entrusted with the task of forming a Gregorian choir, such as I have mentioned, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City, under the prefecture of Rev. Alfred Young, who was a learned and enthusiastic Gregorianist. This choir has now been in existence over a third of a century. It has proved by its success that the theories advanced here are true, and it has, I think, fully answered all the objections which have, from time to time, been brought against Plain-Chant. "Good enough for Requiems and for Advent and Lent?" some have asked. It certainly is, and grand enough and glorious enough for the celebration of the Christmas and Easter festivals and all the other great functions of the ecclesiastical year. "Drive the people out of Church!" others have prophesied. Come and see the crowds

at High Mass on any Sunday in the year. "The people will not listen to it!" is another prophecy. We leave the answer to any one who has assisted at our services and who has a spark of correct musical or æsthetic taste.

Organists and choirmasters and musicians generally, from all over the country, seem to make it a point to visit the Church during their vacation, and, what is still more important, they come year after year. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and priests from all parts of the world have given their approbation and expressed their pleasure at what they have seen and heard. Among them may be mentioned Cardinal McCloskey, Cardinal Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, Archbishop Falconio, Archbishop Agius, and almost all the archbishops and bishops of this country.

Cardinal Satolli, in speaking of the "Motu Proprio," said of St. Paul's Church: "It is the only Church in the United States where *nothing will have to be changed.*"

Archbishop Falconio said: "It is the only Church in the United States where *everything is done in exact accordance with the wishes of the Holy Father.*"

Archbishop Agius, after one of the services at which he was present, took occasion to go into the choir-room to express his approbation and to thank the choir for the great and excellent work they were doing for the honor and glory of God and of the Church.

A few words concerning the organization and work of this choir may not be out of place. The choir was organized in 1871 and its work was commenced under the special blessing of his Holiness, Pope Pius IX., and of his Grace, the Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, and it has gone on without any interruption ever since. The chant-books selected for the use of the choir were those published in Montreal, which were also the official books of the Diocese of New York, being used in the Provincial Seminary at Troy, and their use has been continued ever since. After the publication of the Ratisbon book our retention of the Montreal editions subjected us to many a good-natured criticism from the adherents of the Ratisbon, most of whom, by the way, are now just as enthusiastic for the Solesmes as they were then for the Ratisbon.

The choir consists of about seventy-five young men and boys. They sing the proper and ordinary of the Mass on

every Sunday and holyday in the year in *Plain Chant exclusively*; the proper Vespers, with all commemorations, and Compline on the Wednesdays of Lent. They are able to sing, if necessary, the entire proper and ordinary of the Mass and the entire proper Vespers in Plain-Chant at *first sight in the Church*, without any rehearsal whatever, and they could take entire charge of the music for any or all the ceremonies in the Pontificale, provided time was given to prepare copies of the music.

The boys, for the most part, are from the public schools, and their rehearsals take place after school hours—a serious handicap, as they are generally tired after their school work. The men are mostly young men of the parish, quite a large percentage of them having been boys in the choir. Their rehearsals take place in the evening, after their day's work is done. No salary whatever is paid to either boys or men.

The parish is not an ideal one, as far as the worldly prosperity of its inhabitants is concerned, nor is the location particularly conducive to the development of good voices. There is an elevated railroad station at the corner, for the Sixth and Ninth Avenue roads, and four lines of trolley cars converge at the same corner. Besides being thoroughly grounded in chant, the choir is well versed in modern music also. A piece of modern music is generally sung after the proper offertorium of the day; and an oratorio chorus, or a motet, after Vespers, while the preparations are being made for Benediction.

Among the composers whose works have been drawn upon for this purpose, I may mention Palestrina, Allegri, Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Haydn, Gounod, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Witt, Hanisch, Oberhoffer, and others.

It must not be supposed that in the development of this choir all has been plain sailing. Far from it. We have had the difficulties inseparable from a volunteer choir. We have suffered from misrepresentations, covert sneers, and ill-natured remarks. It certainly is discouraging, in a measure, for one of my singers to ask whether the Gregorian Chant we are singing is real Gregorian chant, because A had told him that *he* had heard from B that it is not.

It must not be inferred from what I have said that we resent criticism; we do not, provided that it comes from one competent to criticise. Gregorian Chant is one of the branches

of musical art, and as such it and its exponents must be prepared to stand *competent* criticism; but in every art and science there are pretenders, and music, unfortunately, has many more than its fair share.

While searching for information on recent developments and discoveries in Plain-Chant, I have found some curious statements; to some of these I have already referred. Some of them are musically untrue; and others are loose, misleading, and calculated to make Gregorian Chant, and all connected with it, a laughing-stock for musicians.

In treatises on chant, intended for the instruction of singers and others, I have seen examples of chant in which the clef is wrongly placed; others in which the examples of chant are printed *upside down* (with the words printed under the reversed and consequently retrograde notes). In one instance, the chant is commenced incorrectly as chant, because it is not in the mode to which the piece in question belongs; but about half way from the end all the notes drop one degree, so that the piece, which commences, let us suppose, in the key of G ends in the key of F. An example taken from modern music is said to be in the key of D, but it has three sharps in its signature. Other instances show models for accompaniments, meagre, puerile, and ill-sounding; with bare fifths, dissonances improperly resolved or not resolved at all, and consecutive fifths so barely avoided that they would still be held as violations of the rule by Cherubini, Albrechtsberger, and all other masters of counterpoint and harmony. I have read of "a chord or note" and that the "first beat of the bar is the *weak* beat, because it is the down beat"; the "diminished seventh," when the dominant seventh was meant, etc., etc.

We have endeavored to set forth what we judge to be the true theories of Plain-Chant; theories which we know, from our experience and from well-known results, will, if adopted, contribute most efficaciously to the great and glorious work—the restoration of Plain-Chant.

STUDIES ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

BY M. D. PETRE.

II.

NIETZSCHE THE POET.



IN his later introduction to *The Birth of Tragedy*, Nietzsche regrets that this book was not written in poetry instead of prose; his soul should have "sung and not spoken."

What he said of his first work some of us would endorse, with far more conviction, of his later ones. He was capable of being many things, but he was a poet perhaps more than anything else. Could we have classed him altogether in this category, his position would have been, I think, more sure and more permanent. The good in him would have been more forcible, the bad would have been less objectionable. His exaggerations would have had a clothing which, like a suitable dress, would have softened the harshness of their outline, making them seem that which they really were: not deliberate statements of truth, but suggestions and intuitions internal and momentary as flashes of light and sparks of fire.

Not but that a poet should be truthful as well as a philosopher or a scientist, but it is in a different way. In science we look for truth defined and limited, truth that we can measure and comprehend, whereas in poetry and in art we look for truth progressive, undefined, and unlimited. As Schopenhauer says, the artist must not explain everything; when we entirely understand him, then the art is thin. And Nietzsche also tells us that "as youth and childhood have a value of their own, and not only as stages of transition, so unfinished thoughts have likewise their value."* In these words he gave us the apology of his own writings.

Between the years 1870 and 1876 appeared all the works of his first, and his undisguisedly poetic and artistic period. In 1886 he put prefaces to his earlier works, prefaces which

* *Menschliches, allzu Menschliches*. I. 207.

contain the judgment of the later on the earlier Nietzsche. It is difficult for any writer to realize that he is, perhaps, no more competent in advanced life to give a final opinion on his younger work than any other critic, and has no more right than any one else to pass on it a sentence of final condemnation. But Nietzsche thought he had; and the lesser mind of 1886 set itself up to judge and reprove the stronger, richer mind of ten years ago. All that he really commended in his first books was any indication he could find therein of his later philosophy.

It is quite true that in *The Birth of Tragedy* there is evidently something of the spirit of the later *Anti-Christ*; and that in the consideration on *Wagner in Bayreuth* we have just the hint of the criticisms contained in his last pamphlet, *Nietzsche contra Wagner*. But if it be true that these marks of consistent development are to be traced, it is none the less certain that the first works possess something which is lacking in the later ones—a completeness, an originality, a warmth and strength which stamp them as the work of a richer mind. We would all of us like to prove ourselves consistent, but one could have wished, in the case of Nietzsche, that he had sought an inverse consistency, of the later years with the earlier, rather than the other way about. The chief misfortune, however, is that the world has been too much influenced by his own valuation, and has accepted his relative estimation of his earlier and his later work. How many people have read the *Anti-Christ* for one that knows his really beautiful work, *The Birth of Tragedy* or the *Considerations out of due Time*?

I cannot forbear from saying once more that Nietzsche does not appear to me to consist of successive and whole divided personalities; there is consistency; there are notes of self-assertion, self-restraint; there is a spirit of strenuous activity and forward movement which may be perceived throughout. But still he left a great deal of the best behind him in his advance; and he was, for this reason, the very worst critic of his own works. We will, then, in our study of Nietzsche as artist and poet, take him apart from his own self-appreciation, and learn what he has to teach us in spite of himself; that is to say, learn of the enthusiastic younger Nietzsche, and shut our ears to the bitter comments of the older man, who has no more right to pass a final judgment than we ourselves. The books that he has given us belong no longer to their author alone.

I.

APOLLO AND DIONYSOS.

In *The Birth of Tragedy* Nietzsche develops his theory of the Greek tragedy, which he considers the highest achievement of art, binding together, as it does, the two great fundamental elements of all art, called, in Greek parlance, after the gods Apollo and Dionysos. He raises his voice against the prevailing distinction between the subjective and the objective in art, and, on this point, parts company with Schopenhauer. There is for him no such thing as *subjective* art; "the *subjective* artist is," he says, "a bad artist";* and when the true poet or artist speaks in the first person, it is not as in the person of his own limited individuality, but in the person of the *Ur-Eines*, the whole universe; his song of joy is of the joy of all nature; his cry of pain is the groaning of all creation. Once he becomes, in the restricted sense, himself, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes the *Nicht-Künstler*.

Apollo and Dionysos must, therefore, be taken quite irrespective of this more ordinary distinction; Apollo stands for the kingdom of dreams and appearance, for the arts of sculpture and painting, while Dionysos represents music and sound, the wilder, less formulated expression of things which lie beneath the individual and the phenomenon. That which we can see and touch and measure and understand, that which has form and limits, shape and appearance, is of the realm of Apollo, and the Apollinistic artist is great in proportion to the perfection and completeness and finish of his outlines. That, on the contrary, which is expressive without being explanatory, which is intense but not clear, which implies but does not instruct, which hints but does not define, is of the kingdom of Dionysos, and the greatness of the Dionystic artist is shown in his suggestion of unlimited strength, not in his perfect rendering of a definite form.

The division of light and sound, sculpture and music, is here typical of a still deeper distinction, that, namely, which exists between the great underlying forces of nature and humanity, and the definite, phenomenal, and also ephemeral manifestation of these forces in the world of appearance. To

* *Geburt der Tragödie*. P 39.

Nietzsche, who herein followed Schopenhauer, this great underlying force, which found its expression in Dionystic art, was the will of the universe, and the realm of appearance and of individuality, was the manifestation, the objectification of this will. And, even though we follow neither Schopenhauer nor Nietzsche in their scheme of the universe, we may still find much truth and suggestiveness in the division proposed. Mankind falls, indeed, into two classes, which correspond fairly well with the above-named categories; and we could, furthermore, distinguish each one of us, in our own lives, the Apollinistic and Dionystic phases.

The delight in pure intellectual distinctions; in scientific certainty; in limited, clearly-defined notions; in syllogistic reasoning and mathematical problems are evidences and manifestations of the Apollinistic temperament, which is calm and contented and self-possessed. And this is perhaps, on the whole, the earlier stage of mental development, the stage in which cold intellect prevails and thought is untroubled by emotion. But then succeeds another period, when the mind begins to suspect its own insufficiency, to doubt whether its reach be commensurate with its grasp. To put it in Nietzsche's own words:

"Impelled by the strength of its own illusions, knowledge is hurried along to the barriers on which its hidden optimism is shattered. For the periphery of the circle of knowledge has an infinite number of points . . . and before mid-life the nobly gifted mind has struck on such points of limitation, and been brought face to face with the unexplainable."*

Thus the intellect has, after all, not played us false, but, even through its undue confidence, has brought us to the point where its own bounds are apparent, where life is seen to be more than mind. And now Apollo abdicates and the other deity arises; spiritual sense and feeling whisper to us of things which pure intellect had not imagined. The mind is not banished from the new quest, but it goes now, not alone, but accompanied; not supreme, but subordinate. From time to time it will again assert its undisputed sway; from time to time we shall turn from those dimmer though deeper impressions to the light of a more earthly day; we shall rest, with a sense of relief, in the contemplation of definite form

* *Idem.*, p. 108.

and shape. We shall count up, as far as may be counted, the spoils we have brought from that other land, we shall clothe them with individuality and make them our own. But once more, and again we shall hear the call from the unfathomable deep, and our true intellectual and spiritual greatness will depend on the willing recognition of our own mental littleness in the face of these underlying realities, which speak to heart as to head, but are wholly comprehended by neither.

It sometimes too often happens that the Dionystic stream of artistic and intellectual perception is dried up by the monotonous drudgery of daily life. Men look back on their younger days of enthusiasm and inspiration with a kind of pitying contempt. And yet, in the words of Omar Khayyam, we might say of such:

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robbed me of my Robe of Honor—well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell.

It is not wine, but wisdom, which is here in point—a wisdom which led once, perhaps, to *unpractical* results, deeds that were more than worldly wise. We can make no mistakes with clearly ascertained values; whereas we often err when dealing with what is too great for computation. But the question is: "What have we got instead?" Is it something "half as precious" as the stuff we sold to get it? Nietzsche himself might perhaps, in later life, have been numbered among those who are thus apt to regret much of what was best in their own youth. But, in so far as he did so, he forgot his own words of 1870, when, describing the Dionystic processions, he says:

"There are dull and ignorant men, who turn away in scorn and pity from such manifestations, proud in the sense of their own perfect sanity; they are too poor to know how pale and ghostly this their *health* appears, as the glowing life of Dionystic enthusiasm sweeps by."*

* *Idem.*, pp. 23-24.

II.

REACTION.

In a fragment on *History and Fate*,* written even so early as 1862, Nietzsche says:

"Ah! how often, from the midst of the endless ocean of thought, one yearns to be once more on the firm land; how often, in the throes of barren speculation, I have longed for history and science!"

In 1868 came his first acquaintance with Wagner, followed by those years of intimacy, so fruitful to both men, when art, poetry, mysticism, seemed to fill his life and satisfy his aspirations. But the aforesaid longing was not extinguished, and we are now to assist at the development of another side of this versatile nature.

Some would describe it in a few words, and say that he now proceeded to burn what he had adored, and to adore what he had burned. But this is too summary a description. His second period is not in every sense, though it is on many points, contradictory of the first. Nietzsche remained a poet still; he could not have done otherwise, however much he tried. But the critical and rationalistic and materialistic elements of his intellectual constitution became more pronounced, and assumed, for a time at least, the ascendancy. Nietzsche's philosophy was weak in synthesis. His development was successive and not comprehensive. The doctrine of the *Ewige Wiederkehr*, "eternal repetition," was not inapplicable to his own mind. Some of his later criticism of Wagner, though violent, is not unjust; it agrees with that of more professional judges. The pity was that it did not accompany his earlier enthusiasm, instead of merely succeeding to it. We should then have had at once an inspired appreciation, together with an intelligent criticism, of this gigantic genius, who cannot be wholly judged by poets and philosophers, because he is a musician; nor by musicians, because he is a poet and philosopher.

The first point, therefore, on which the reaction of Nietzsche took place was in his relations with Wagner. He had fought his cause when it was a well-nigh desperate one; he assisted at his success, only to turn away with weariness and repugnance. In 1876 the great representation of the "*Ring des Nibelungen*" took place at Bayreuth, and Nietzsche was pres-

* *Vid. Biog.* Vol. I.

ent in body, but not in soul. He had felt for some time that the personal influence of his friend was too strongly exercised; he desired emancipation; and to those who have followed the history of this episode, Nietzsche's first work of this period, *Human, too Human*, teems with hostile allusions to Wagner. He avenges himself on the friend for whatever he had come to think excessive in his own friendship and admiration.

But it was not only, nor even chiefly, a personal matter; it was a reaction from everything in the nature of sentiment and enthusiasm; a reaction excessive and violent, as was every Nietzschean phase. But here again, let us remember that this violence has an extenuating circumstance in the subjective condition of the man himself. Nietzsche was, as we have seen in the former article, fighting himself as well as his friends. He dreaded the impressions of sickness and nervous irritation, and chose to be coldly intellectual at a time when other men might have become still more highly emotional. He says in the *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*, with that lack of modesty which was, we must admit, a prevailing characteristic, but with some truth, that it is his "*proprium and ipsissimum*" to have found a "*classical pessimism*"—by which he means a pessimism not inspired by personal melancholy or personal woes; a pessimism not of weakness and inanition, but one which can recognize the evils of life from the point of vantage of its own strength.

Sickness and suffering were every day companions to Nietzsche, and had lost that sentimental halo which they possess for those who can sing sweetly of the fair face and the many charms of the siren, Sorrow. He dreaded his own weakness too much to admire weakness elsewhere, and the sufferings of his own frail body led him on to an almost absurd admiration for brutal health and strength. The motto of the first part of this period was, indeed, the antithesis of the former one. "*Cave musicam*"; he denied himself music in order to react more surely against what he deemed the over-romantic tendencies of his Wagner period.

Yet these new considerations were not all inspired by subjective needs, but had a very genuine foundation of truth. He was revolting against that theory of art which delights in the unfinished, the vague, the obscure, *not* because the highest efforts and the deepest thoughts are often, inevitably, though unfortunately, marked by these characteristics, but for very

love of incompleteness, uncertainty, and darkness. He pushed one truth persistently forward, unwelcome as it generally was, that the highest achievement of all is to be clear as well as deep; complete as well as suggestive; strong as well as sad. It is nobler to suffer than not to feel; but it is noblest of all to surmount the suffering and win through to joy. Conquered anguish; joy triumphant over pain; perfection and life victors over weakness and death; these are to him the noblest artistic themes, while the chief aim of modern art is, in his mind, to cover ruins, to sow flowers over the cave which is filled with empty desires.*

To the distinction of Apollinistic and Dionystic art succeeds now another category, with its division into the art which is born of *Sehnsucht*, of need and longing, and the art which is begotten of *Ueberfluss*, of strength and fulness. Some men write and paint and compose because they are seeking and striving; because they would attain but have not attained. Others let fall the fruits of their own strength and abundance, fruits as finished and perfect as the tree from which they fall. Speaking of a musical composer, Nietzsche says:

"He has the melancholy of impotence; he creates, not from fulness but from his thirst for fulness . . . all he really possesses is his own hunger."†

The last and the highest aim of art is the representation of "the permanent, restful, lofty, and simple";‡ and the true masters "are to be recognized in that they know, in little as in great, how to conduct their work to a perfect end."§

It is the trait to which we have already grown accustomed, the "will to be strong," manifested now in his conception of art, as we have already seen it manifested in the conduct of his life.

It is difficult to imagine what would become of our modern art and literature if they were to be cut off from their ordinary source of inspiration, and from the depicting of want and sorrow, both subjective and objective. And yet Nietzsche's theory would probably furnish the touchstone by which to test and judge what is really decadent. Except to a few full-blooded poets of "too, too solid flesh," this world is hardly a fit studio for the production of wholly perfect forms, of wholly happy scenes. But it is one thing to depict sorrow, and it is

* *Menschliches, allzu Menschliches.* B. II. 172.

† *Der Fall Wagner.* P. 46.

‡ *Menschliches, allzu Menschliches.* B. II. 177.

§ *Fröhliche Wissenschaft.* P. 281.

another thing to depict it simply because we ourselves are sorrowful; and Nietzsche's idea was that an artist must be master of his own impressions before he can give them the highest artistic rendering. The last note should be of triumph, and not of despair.

There is no doubt that, stoutly as he would have denied it, Nietzsche was, in this second period, on the whole, anti-Dionystic. The essence of Dionystic genius is that it should rise from a hidden, unfathomable source; when we demand of the artist absolute self-possession and transparent lucidity, this fountain is inevitably sealed. An artist then becomes, as Nietzsche has so often represented him, a retrograde utilitarian; and a man of genius is, quite contrarily to his former conception, an abortive savant. Ruthlessly, and often falsely, he now points out the spot of materialism, and the taint of animal self-seeking in our most spiritual aspirations.

Later on he might have said that he saved the cause of Dionystic art by the unlimited dimensions which he conferred upon the *ego*; if self be coextensive with the universe, then we may be wholly self-contained and yet also Dionystic and universal. But the cause of art is, in fact, hopelessly impoverished by his stern denial of that which had once been to him the fountain of living water. His criticism was strong and wholesome in its steady repression of dilettantism, of the pseudo-inspiration that really springs from vagueness and ignorance, from half-felt emotion and from half-apprehended ideas. But, like his superman, what we may call his super-art was not for this world. It was a hint of something which may, one day, be ours, when we can attain the fulness of life without suffering, and the fulness of strength without sin.

III.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

There is a considerable and influential school to whom the principle of "art for art's sake," of its moral indifference and absolute rights, is a fundamental principle. To them the law of beauty is the law of life, and to the artistic temperament nothing is forbidden or unclean.

Although we may be entirely convinced that there is something false and dangerous in this doctrine, and although the general philosophy of the men who propound it may sufficiently

taint it with an anti-religious character to justify our suspicions, let us own frankly that it is not easy, from a merely superficial consideration, to prove it entirely wrong. There is something imperative in beauty as in truth; something ultimate and compelling, in presence of which we can no more refuse our tribute of admiration and joy than we can withhold our intellectual assent from an evident scientific proposition.

And now, when we understand art in the sense which it bore for Nietzsche in his early works, a sense which it has borne also for the greatest artistic minds of the world, it becomes questionable whether we need quarrel with the principle at all; whether "art for art's sake" may not be as justifiable a doctrine as "truth for truth's sake," or "good for good's sake." It becomes also a question whether the above-mentioned school are wrong in the proposition they put forward, or are wrong merely in the conception they have formed of the terms which compose it; in which case our quarrel would be with their notion of art, and not with their assertion in regard to it. They say that art is *non moral*, but need we be scandalized, since there is a sense in which religion also is non-moral? dealing, as it does, with ultimate realities, and not with the laws of our process towards them. The supreme law of love in religion, in its super-moral aspect, is not so unlike the supreme law of beauty in art; is there not then some point of eternal necessity to which both ultimately converge? Art would then be, not the enemy of religion, nor yet her hand-maid, but just another bridge, springing from the sense of beauty in man, and leading to the source of beauty in God. If it is non-moral, it is also non-material; it is a revelation of the spiritual aspect of life as opposed to the *Diesselts*, its immediate, practical, and purely individual aspect.

But now surely we have struck on the barrier which divides art, in this its eternal and universal sense, from the art which is glorified by our modern decadents. To these men art is a mere adornment of their own lives; a means by which they may either express, if they be reproductive, or relieve, if they be receptive, their own moods and desires. They will depend largely for their success, not on their power of going out of themselves, but on the very force of their self-concentration; weaken the springs of their egoism and you lessen the stream of their invention. "Art for art's sake" becomes to them a

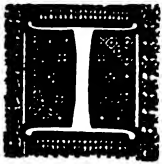
principle of license and unbounded self-indulgence. The law of beauty is not, in reality, supreme, but subordinate to the law of personal inclination. "The misty mountain winds" * will not "be free to blow against them," but will only be admitted, through scented curtains, into a well warmed and luxurious chamber.

But eternal art, in the service of eternal beauty, has a very different demand to make. A Kempis himself hardly asks for more entire abnegation than is manifested in the self-restraint of the highest works of art. The self-restraint is non-moral, but it is self-restraint none the less. Nor need it startle and perplex us to find that the ultimate laws of the spirit-life reveal themselves, different yet the same, in æsthetics as in religion; that the individual still finds himself in presence of the same necessity, that of bringing himself and his work into their right relation to the whole. Here is the task on which his self-restraint is to be expended, whether in religion or in art. The truths unveiled by either are so immense in their demands, that frivolity and license and dilettantism shrivel at their sight. Their claim is so all-comprehensive and so exclusive, that the details of law are lost sight of and forgotten, only because they are swallowed and summed up in something greater. "Love and do as you will," sounds an easy commandment, but expresses indeed a state of the highest religious attainment. It is a claim on the entire life, while the particular moral precepts are, each of them, a demand on some part of it. And so too the principle "art for art's sake," in its call for utter self-immolation in the cause of everlasting beauty ! In the midst of his own delight the true artist hears, like the voice of conscience, the summons onward and upward. He must not repose in a single theme, but must weave it continually into a greater whole. He is providing for an everlasting hunger, as Nietzsche says of Wagner, not for a passing appetite. But, as it would be grotesque to apply the dictum of St. Augustine to the earth-bound soul, that is fenced in by its own selfish desires and limitations, so is it false when we hear this other motto from the lips of those who use a lesser conception of art for their own personal ends, and have not sacrificed themselves in the service of a beauty which is resistless as fate, because it is eternal as love and truth.

* Lines above Tintern Abbey. Wordsworth.

MR. MALLOCK ON THE NATURALNESS OF CHRISTIANITY

BY WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.



IN a recent magazine article, Mr. W. H. Mallock turns his ready and restless pen to maintaining that Christianity is not an original, unique, or supernatural religion; but that, on the contrary, it arose quite in the normal order of things, as a natural product of the age in which it first appeared. Christianity, he says, has all the marks and signs of human manufacture that all the other systems possess which were contemporary with its origin. If it teaches an exalted morality, so do Epictetus and his fellow-Stoics. If it has a noble view of human brotherhood, so has Seneca. If it insists upon self-control and self-sacrifice, still more does Buddha. If it possesses an extensive apparatus of rite, ceremony, and sacrament, so had the religion of Mithra before it.

Why, then, should Christianity alone be admitted into the category of the supernatural, and its living likenesses, Stoicism, Buddhism, and Mithraism be thrust into the outer darkness of the merely natural? "Christianity," argues Mr. Mallock, "regarded under one of its aspects, must necessarily present itself, even to the most orthodox Christians, as a purely natural religion competing with many others and not generically distinguishable, so far as its origins are concerned, from the religions of Zoroaster, of Gautama, of the neo-Platonists, or of Mahomet, to which every element of the supernatural is by Christians indignantly denied." "Christianity, then," he says in another passage, "even in respect to those details which have commonly been supposed to stamp it as a thing apart, can no longer be regarded as a religion which is alone in its kind."

Doubtless in the back end of Mr. Mallock's mind, a mind as difficult to explore as any that we know of among living men, he holds some purpose of defending Christianity in all this. For he always wishes, he contends, not to attack religion, but

to support it. Nearly every one else in the world is of opinion that Mr. Mallock, in his recent writings, is hewing away the pillars of faith. But he asserts robustly that it is not the pillars at all that he is hacking, but only an unsightly scaffolding of futile apologetics, erected by feeble-minded philosophers and theologians, which is of no use whatever to religion, but rather disfigures and debases it in the eyes of sensible men. Away, says he, with the whole rubbish of philosophy, theology, history, and ethics, that have been packed into the *prolegomena fidei*; they prove nothing, and they are driving people into infidelity every day.

How, then, shall we give a rational account of religion? What will this "intellectual accountant" offer in place of what he would destroy? What are the real proofs of faith, its strangely overlooked defense, its genuine and victorious argument? Mr. Mallock has thus far not adequately answered these questions; though he is constantly leading us to expect that he can and will. We only hope that when he does adequately answer them, he will do the work so well that he will lead back to Christian faith the many whom, we fear, he has estranged from it. Meantime, not being able to wait for the ultimate unfolding of his apologetic purpose, we feel obliged to pass a few criticisms upon his recent article.

To expose the resemblances between Christianity and other religions, with a view to disparaging the Christian claim of unique character and supernatural origin, has been a favorite display of infidel tactics from the time of Celsus. Origen uses words to describe that ancient adversary's method which apply most pertinently to Mr. Mallock himself. "With an appearance of fairness," says Origen, "he does not reproach Christianity because of its origin among barbarians, but gives the latter credit for their ability in discovering such doctrines" (*C. Cel. Bk. I. c. ii.*) Especially since the rise and development of the comparative study of religions, has this species of criticism been cultivated, until to-day it is the favorite weapon in the hands of the anti-supernaturalists. The method of this attack is to reduce the apparently distinctive features of Christianity, one after another, to a pagan original, or at least to a pagan likeness; and thus to show that Christianity is not the heavenly thing we thought it, but a beggarly blood-relation of mythology and heathendom.

It is an ingenious theory and, in the hands of so clever a campaigner as Mr. Mallock, it looks as though it might give Christian apologists a "bad quarter of an hour." But we need only to push the objection from *à priori* speculations to living realities, to break it to pieces. It is academically attractive, but it perishes in the test of history. Let us see if this is not true. Christianity, says Mr. Mallock, in many points resembles Mithraism and Stoicism. Why, then, should we substantially differentiate them in respect to origin and essence, putting one upon a supernatural, and the others upon a natural, level? We are as much justified in maintaining that they are akin, as we should be in inferring that two children who looked and dressed exactly alike were brothers born. Against this we hold that the two terms of our debate, namely, Christianity on the one hand and the pagan religions of the Roman Empire on the other, are separated by a vast and vital difference; that they are shown by the verdict of history to be utterly disparate and irreducible to the same category; and that it would be as ridiculous to judge them akin, because of some shreds of external resemblance, as it would be to conclude that a negro child and a white child were twins, because each wore a sailor suit and a Tam-o'-Shanter.

Stoic virtue possessed the prestige of the three noblest names of antiquity, if we except Socrates. Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Seneca gave it the recommendation of strict example, the lustre of great learning, and the protection of imperial power. The religion of Mithra had spread through half the world when Christianity was struggling to be born. Yet Stoicism remained utterly sterile, and Mithraism collapsed before the Cross, and vanished in a few generations. Granted that Marcus Aurelius had lofty ideas of human brotherhood; that Epictetus warns us against evil thoughts; that Seneca ate at the same table with his slaves. All admiration to them for humane and moral sentiments so far ahead of their time!

But what did they permanently accomplish for humanity? Of what holy apostolate did they light the fire and fan the flame? What sacred enthusiasms have their names ever been able to arouse? Mithraism spread with wonderful rapidity; it had elaborate rites, an exclusive priesthood, and mysterious sacraments. But has it left a single enduring impress on human character or civilized institutions? Has any man who

ever read its history, regretted that it has disappeared, or wished that it would return to earth? No; neither Stoicism nor Mithraism ever grasped hold of the hearts of men. They reveal to us a few great but solitary figures, and a few spiritual characteristics that astonish us because they stand so far above the appalling bog of that old Roman society which Juvenal has satirized. But they had no life or light or power; and with all the advantages that favorable human conditions could furnish, they perished, and left hardly a trace behind.

Yet Mr. Mallock says that they exhibit as much of divine and providential purpose as Christianity, the religion of nearly the whole of civilized mankind. Let us examine that position a little. Perhaps history, which shows the inherent hollowness and foredoomed death of the religions of Rome and Persia, will tell us of the transforming vitality and the imperishable power of the faith that blossomed from a Cross. Christianity entered the world absolutely destitute of the human advantages which make a cause succeed. Its Founder preached to a few hundred peasants and converted half a handful. He gathered about him twelve dull-witted Hebrews, and gave them the incomprehensible mission of converting the world. Then, in what to all human calculation was the most sorrowful collapse of holy hopes and pure enthusiasms that the world had ever seen, he died desolate and deserted upon the cross. His peasant missionaries, changed by some miraculous ardor, and fortified by some new mystery of indestructible courage, which their Master seemed utterly unable to bestow on them while he lived, but copiously poured into them from beyond the grave, went forth to the unparalleled task he had appointed them. Armed only with the name of their Lord they faced a world-wide empire, and challenged the colossal paganism which ruled mankind from temple, from academy, from senate-chamber, and from the throne of Cæsar.

The "naturalness" of the situation could lead to no other expectation than that the religion of the Galilean carpenter would be crushed to death for its insolence; or at best would be flung back upon its native soil to linger on as one contemptible Jewish sect the more. Let such Messias mad Pharisees follow the apostles as were convinced by the study of the law and the prophets that the victim of Good Friday was the Christ. But what message could the apostles possibly de-

liver to the Gentile world which despised the Jew, made sport of his law, and ridiculed his prophets? The Twelve and Paul had nothing to tell except reminiscences of Jesus. On every natural ground of forming opinions and conjecturing results, what would a message of this sort avail? The cultured Greeks were asked in stammering speech to worship one who left not a line of literature by his own hand; one whose serious austerity of example and precept fell like a chill upon the indolent gaiety and the too-human love of living that for centuries had made their native home in Hellas; one who peculiarly laid himself open to the gibes of their sceptics and the lampooning of their satirists. And as for the conceited Romans, what would be their answer to the plea that they should bow the head at the name of a man on whom their own law had inflicted capital punishment?

Looking merely at this problem in its origin, and closing those pages of later history which tell how it was solved, will Mr. Mallock inform us what outcome he would feel obliged by the data of the case to predict? Let him with all his present cleverness—quite like a Greek cynic, in many respects is Mr. Mallock—with all his keen penetration, with all his horror of the supernatural, divested of nothing of what he now is master, except alone his knowledge of nineteen centuries of Christian history, let Mr. Mallock thus imagine himself a Roman of the year 100 after Christ, musing in the Forum upon the fortunes of the new superstition. He knows the current narratives of the life of Christ; he remembers that in his boyhood Peter and Paul, a pair of Jews who held pre-eminence in the strange sect, had been killed by Nero's order; he recollects an occasional conversation that he has had with converts; he is aware that the name of the Crucified is silently spreading throughout the empire. What now is going to come of Christianity? We think that some such reflections as the following would fairly express the Mallock-mind in such circumstances:

“These Christians are people of very edifying life, but of most abominable superstition. They have given a noble ethical impulse to the drear decadence of these times, and they are furnishing an unusual and inspiring answer to the question forever on the lips of the sour Roman Stoics: ‘Is life worth living?’ But what an uncouth set of personalities they have

created; and what grotesque ideas they profess and propagate! They imagine that the Jewish laborer who founded them—and indeed he is attractive, though his lack of learning, and his utter absence of interest in cosmopolitan culture, will forever keep him from the rank of great men—they imagine that he is now potentially, and will become actually, the sovereign of the world!

“Poor provincial Hebrews; they mean well, and they are doing good with all their fanaticism, but fanaticism is not philosophy; and they cannot see, what every deep thinker sees, that the world is built on a vaster scale, and will soon be burdened with more terrible issues than they dream. Evil days are about to dawn. The world will be torn asunder and the gulf filled with blood. Those wolves of the north, the barbarians beyond the Danube, are going to charge upon this aging empire and crush out its life. Rome will die, and its civilization will die. And in the presence of that catastrophe, how puny a thing will be this new religion of our crude Palestinian immigrants!

“I wonder what those hairy Alemans will say, when the preachers of Christ tell them to be meek. I wonder how they will answer when they are informed that they must worship a frail man of hardly a woman’s strength, who suffered blows in the face without return, and whispered forgiveness for his murderers as he died. No; the Nazarene prophet is not of the type to survive the approaching age of blood. As a beautiful memory he may live long; his unselfish character and high moral ideal may gain him some fragile sort of immortality; but that the vital hopes of men should centre about a cross of shame; that a defeated, broken, bleeding outcast, a helpless innocent, should be king of this rough world, is preposterous. His queer sect of paupers, Jews, and slaves, will be utterly without influence on the mass of men, and on the boundless ages of the future.

“Science will destroy the Christ, if nothing else will. Science is an ocean that swallows up personalities. Primitive peoples have their heroes, and ignorant religions their gods, in whom childish notions and naïve expectations are personified and made concrete. But truth, science, philosophy—these mighty impersonalities will have their day when wars and woes are at an end; and as they grow great, they will reduce all

poor provincials to insignificance. As the Nazarene himself has said, those that are first shall be last. The words will be fulfilled in himself. In an intellectual age he will be ignored. When thinkers rule the world, his fragmentary, Oriental parables will be forgotten, and his peasant simplicity will not be enough to gain him admission to the academies, whence mankind is to be taught."

These are observations which might be made in the early days of Christianity, by the "natural" man. Now it is not merely because those expectations have been surpassed that we would infer that Christianity is supernatural. We have no intention of maintaining that a duration of centuries and millions of adherents prove, of themselves, the divine origin of any religion; although there is much in the unique establishment of the Gospel which points strongly in that direction. But we do call attention to the fact that certain circumstances and consequences of Christianity's survival totally baffle our naturalistic calculations and drive us to the supernatural for not only a reasonable, but in any sense an adequate explanation. We shall indicate two or three such circumstances and consequences.

Christ steps forth upon the scene of world-history from the door of a carpenter shop. To all appearance he has no equipment of deep learning or scientific culture, and so far as we know, he stood aloof from purely intellectual interests. Many looked upon him as a Galilean artisan singularly pure and high-minded, whose mysterious power, benevolent life, and artless earnestness for virtue made him the most attractive personality of his time. But that this man should have conquered the civilized world, becoming the deepest object of its science, the unapproachable ideal of its morality, the supreme object of its worship, the holiest inspiration of its art, the imperishable source of its highest heroism, the eternal guide and law-giver of the human soul, is a result which all researches into comparative religion, all exploring of Mithraism, Stoicism, and Oriental mythology are completely and ridiculously impotent to explain.

Think of the initial difficulty to the progress of Christ's teaching from the fact that he was a Jew. No race is more intensely individual than the Jewish; none so little susceptible of assimilation; none probably has more points of collision with the national

prepossessions of other peoples. Yet Christ is so clothed about with some unique and wonderful universality, that we are unable to think of racial distinctions when we look upon him. He is of no race, because he is of all. Greek, Roman, Goth, Briton, American, all build their faith and hope upon him, as though he belonged by blood to each. He is of humanity; but of a humanity without the conditions to which mere men must submit. His humanity has attributes of the absolute. He is all to all. In him we see the unconditioned which suffers not from the boundaries of temporal existence, or racial origin, or transient civilization.

In the second place, if our judgment have a purely natural basis, we must admit that our Lord should be made ridiculous by the extravagant claims of his first disciples. This unlearned and lowly Hebrew, this gentle Child of faith, humility, and kindness, is spoken of, in the reckless ardor of his earliest biographers and St. Paul, as the Son of God, the Logos, the Eternal Word of the Most High, the world's Redeemer, the one in whom the fullness of the Godhead dwelleth corporally, the one in whose name alone is salvation for men. Now there is nothing more fatal to the dignity of a great man than that he should be compromised by the intemperate adulation of unbalanced admirers.

Highly-colored language of that sort, Matthew Arnold would tell us, is one of the most harrowing symptoms of provincialism and of the absence of urbanity and culture. What then shall we say of the terms applied to Christ? They are the loftiest, most extreme and awful words ever in any literature or any religion applied to a human being. If they were used of the mightiest warrior, the deepest scholar, the holiest saint that ever lived, they would be a blasphemous extravagance. For no man, remaining merely human, could possibly possess a character commensurate with them. How then will they sound as designations of Christ?

Shall we not tremble lest language of so tremendous an import will disfigure him, the shy, silent, self-effacing preacher of the interior kingdom of God? This certainly is what we should naturally apprehend. Yet Christ, despite his humility and meekness of heart, has so impressed the world with the power and splendor of his sovereign spirit, that men acknowledge him as not only not falling short of, but as adequately

and completely possessing the awful attributes ascribed to him by the Fourth Gospel and St. Paul. The Logos from eternity, the Light of the world, the Savior of men, the Image of the Father, are terms that are not too great for Christ—the man who was a day-laborer in Nazareth, who read nothing but the Hebrew Scriptures, who was hooted by a mob and died in infamy. In the face of a fact like this, Christians have some right to the claim that their religion has a unique origin and a divine Founder; and Mr. Mallock makes rather a sorry figure arguing for Mithra's equality with Christ.

A third feature of the victory which our Lord has won over the world is that despite the immense progress which mankind has made since his day, in science, in breadth of mental outlook, and in individual independence, he has not diminished, but remains the centre of the universe of morality and truth. The Græco-Roman world, whereof his earthly life was a part, the race has long since left behind. Him humanity has not left behind. Him it holds fast to-day, feeling that the pillars of the world would crumble, and we should fall to chaos, if Jesus of Nazareth should disappear. The advances of truth lessen not his greatness; the growth of individuality leaves him indispensable and supreme. He is unconditioned by changes on earth and in men. He is humanity's hope and life. He is truth beyond our feeble and half-shadowed truth. He is the moral ideal never to be equalled or approached. He is the model of every character, by likeness to whom men will be noble, women pure, children holy, homes sacred, and nations just. This is the conviction held by the best intelligence of the world regarding Christ. And it is a conviction too deep and sacred for Mr. Mallock to destroy by so miserable a means as comparing Christian baptism with Mithraic ablutions. As well might he attempt to pry loose Mont Blanc with an alpenstock.

We are not constructing a formal argument for the divinity of Christ. We are simply pointing out a few features in that august character, and in his sway over nineteen centuries of civilized man, for which our naturalists seem to take good care to avoid accounting. They will run headlong after some syncretistic theory of Christianity, as Mr. Mallock does. They will seize upon resemblances to pagan practices. They will conclude from accidental likenesses to essential identity. But most of them will not fairly face the real issue which lies in the

person of Christ. They seldom study him adequately; and still less often do they examine into the nature and results of his supremacy in the souls of men. The result is that a large proportion of their work attracts only the type of man who imagines that it is all over with Christianity because the twenty-fifth of December was also the birth-day of Mithra; or because Zoroaster taught a doctrine of archangels; or because the Gilgamesh epic has a Babylonian story of the flood. But such extravagant conclusions, based on a foundation which is quite outside the essential thing in our religion, is hardly worthy of a thoughtful man's respect.

Mr. Mallock affords a flagrant example of this precipitous reasoning when, in the article which we have been criticising, he draws the inference that Christianity is on a level with certain pagan systems, without having given half a dozen lines to a consideration of the person and character of Christ. Let our Lord be studied fairly; let the course of his influence be impartially traced in the ideals and institutions of Christian history; and it will be seen not only that he is supreme among men, but that human standards fail when applied to him, and human calculations are baffled in measuring him; for the reason that he is the divine Teacher of ultimate truth, of absolute goodness, and of final salvation.

Current Events.

Russia.

The situation in Russia, far from showing signs of improvement, is worse than ever. The various sec-

tions of the population are still struggling for the mastery. The Tsar has of late counted for nothing; he is only a tool in the hands of men who are striving to be his master, and it is not yet clear who among these many claimants is to mould the future of the vast Empire. It is even doubtful whether there may not be a disintegration, more or less complete, of the various provinces that make up the unwieldy mass.

The Imperial Manifesto of October 30 brought no peace and no change of methods. Count Witte was made Premier, but M. Durnovo has been appointed Minister of the Interior, whether by the Tsar or by the Premier, we are not informed. And M. Durnovo is a disciple of the late Von Plehve, and an imitator of his ways. The Manifesto gave freedom of meeting and of the press; M. Durnovo disperses meetings and suppresses newspapers as of old; so that the concessions appear to be a mere blind. The strikes and mutinies and disturbances of all kinds and at last insurrections, which have taken place throughout the length and breadth of the land, gave the government an excuse for not carrying out the provisions of the Manifesto; but this excuse only brings home more clearly and forcibly the slender foundation upon which Russian liberties are resting, when that foundation is merely the concession of an autocrat. The demand of the Congress of the *Zemstvos*, held at Moscow for the summoning of a Constituent Assembly elected on the basis of universal suffrage, appears therefore to be reasonable. The concessions made in the Manifesto were so many and so far-reaching in their consequences, that at first sight it appeared to be a mistake not to accept them and to make the most of them. But the majority of the members of the *Zemstvo* Congress were right in recognizing the instability of everything which depends only upon the grant of an autocrat, since he, by the same irresponsible will by which he gave, can take back either wholly or in part. The Congress therefore, after long debates, declared the concessions unsatisfactory, and refused to give to Count Witte the support of which he stands in such urgent need. As the *Zemstvos* are made up of the more sober-minded

and thoughtful of the Russians, of those who have the most important interest in the well-being of the country, the non-acceptance of the Constitution by the members of the Congress implies the deep conviction of those best qualified to judge that a more solid basis for the Empire's political institutions must be found. They hope to find this basis in the will of the people, expressed by means of a Constituent Assembly.

We hope that this lack of support will not throw Count Witte into the arms of the advocates and the beneficiaries of the autocratic system hitherto existing. In the present welter of parties, this is the thing most to be feared. We are assured, however, that this is impossible, and the disaffection of the Army gives reason for this assurance. No agreement as to what is to take the place of the former system seems to be in sight, but all are agreed that something must take its place. Meanwhile the Cabinet (if so we may call it) of Count Witte is said to be elaborating the details for carrying out the election to the *Duma*, with the extended franchise granted by the Manifesto of October 30; and has called into its counsel that minority of the *Zemstvo* Congress who were willing to accept the Manifesto as a basis. But the workingmen have gone on striking, the soldiers and sailors mutinying, the peasants in many parts burning and destroying, as if they had no hope of any improvement in their lot. It is not, however, so easy to make a new Constitution as to put up a sky-scraper, and it takes several months to do that; so we must not be discouraged if after some six or seven weeks everything is not settled.

The only concessions which so far have brought peace, are those which have been made to Finland; and if nothing more came of the recent troubles, the undoing of the elaborate and long-continued attempt made by the Tsar and his advisers to deprive the Finns of their ancestral liberties is a thing at which to rejoice. Poland has not fared so well; in fact, martial law was declared throughout the kingdom, on the pretext that the Poles were seeking independence. This, as we have pointed out before, they have no idea of seeking; they have, in fact, entirely abandoned such a purpose. They do, however, aim at autonomy; and in this they were supported by the Liberal members of the *Zemstvo* Congress. The attitude of the German Emperor complicates the situation; for he does not wish the Poles, whom he oppresses, to have the extent of that op-

pression brought home to them by the contrast. How far he was able to influence the Russian government in its treatment of its Polish subjects we have no means of knowing. However, the *Zemstvoists* made common cause with the Poles, and the martial law decree has been rescinded.

Not a single syllable can be said in defence of the utterly inexcusable and atrocious massacres of Jews which have taken place in some fourscore towns in Russia—massacres which were in some cases organized by the Russian bureaucrats, in all cases connived at by them. The military governor in South Russia, after the massacres at Odessa had begun, on being requested to use the soldiers for their repression, replied: "I have orders that this freedom, for which you have schemed and agitated, shall be tested for three days without interference from me." He obeyed his orders, with results that have filled the world with horror and disgust. But in explanation of the Odessa massacres, correspondents upon the spot affirm that certain Jews inflamed the Russians, by showing all possible dishonor to the national emblems, tearing down the national motto, mutilating the Emperor's portrait, declaring the reigning dynasty abolished and a republic established. To the "ikons," carried in procession by patriotic Russians, open contempt was shown. In this way they played into the hands of their enemies, and made it easy for the bureaucrats to let the hooligans loose. Their object in this was to show that the grant of liberties by the Tsar was not desired by the Russians themselves, and to induce him to recall that grant.

The situation has been very much complicated by the strikes of telegraph operators, as well as of many workmen of various trades, through which Russia was almost completely cut off from communication with the rest of the world. This does not seem to have been primarily a political strike like the first general strike; but its object was to secure adequate payment. It greatly added, however, to the general confusion. The serious mutiny at Sevastopol, and the smaller ones at various other places, and the manifestations of widespread disaffection in the army and navy, are the most serious blows to the ruling party, destroying their reliance on that which has been so far their sole support—force. What the outcome will be no one can tell. There seems to be no commanding mind.

While the *Zemstvos* represent the landlords, the professional,

and the educated classes, and the strikes are due to working-men, the vast population consists mainly of peasants. These, too, have contributed to the general upheaval—crops have been seized, mansions have been burned, several landed proprietors killed. A Congress too of peasants has been held at Moscow. Some three hundred delegates from all parts of Russia were present. How they were elected we are not told; and what right they had to speak for the hundred million of their class we cannot, therefore, judge. They wisely disclaimed an appeal to force, laying the outrages which have taken place to the state officials. Their aim they declared to be the possession of the land. The present possessors they called usurpers. There seems to be no doubt that if the Tsar could find a means of gratifying this desire he might, for all the peasants would care, reign over them and everybody else as despotically as he pleased. But he will have to go farther than he has yet gone. The remission of land-redemption dues, granted in November, and the granting of facilities for the purchase of land through a peasants' bank, although they involve the sacrifice of some thirty-five millions of annual revenue, and a total surrender of six hundred millions, failed to satisfy the demands of the Congress. These concessions have been made some years too late. Notwithstanding the Manifesto of October 30, which granted liberty of speech and of assembly, the President and the members of the Peasant Congress were arrested. They were, however, soon released. Perhaps the best evidence of the present state of Russia is afforded by the fact that, after the fall of Port Arthur, Russian Fours were quoted at 89; after Mukden, at $89\frac{1}{2}$; after Tsu Shima, at $83\frac{1}{2}$; after Sevastopol, at 79. They have since fallen to 74, although every means has been taken to keep up the quotations. Count Witte still remains in office, but his fall is looked for any day; and then the two main forces—Reaction and Revolution—will stand face to face. Of late there have been three governments—Count Witte's, the Palace, and the Revolutionary. By a process of natural selection the fittest, we hope, will survive.

Germany.

The King of Spain has been paying a visit to the German Emperor, and was received, of course, with all due pomp and ceremony. No change, however, in the

relations of Spain to France and England with reference to Morocco has, so far as is known, resulted from this visit.

The strengthening of the Navy is the thing which the Kaiser has most at heart. The new Navy Bill has been published. It provides for an increase in the tonnage of the battleships which have already been sanctioned; for the construction of six large cruisers on a scale little inferior to that of first-class battleships; for a larger number of torpedo-boats; and for the building of submarines. This involves an additional expenditure each year of some two millions of dollars. Inasmuch as the financial condition of Germany is very unsatisfactory, there having been deficits for the past four years amounting to some sixty millions in the aggregate, and as the debt of the Federated States has increased from 18 millions, in 1877, to 875 millions in the present year, there must be some very strong motive for incurring this large additional expenditure for the Navy. The Germans will have to pay, if the proposals of the government are accepted, an additional sum of some sixty millions a year. Their beer and their tobacco are to be made to bear part of this burden, duties are to be imposed upon railway and steamboat tickets, on freights, and on receipts. On motor-cars too a heavy import is to be laid. Death duties are also to be introduced. This additional taxation may be salutary, for it will bring it home to every one that a world-policy cannot be indulged in without paying for it.

The Kaiser has made two speeches which have called forth general attention. In the first, addressed to the recruits of the Potsdam garrison, he gave encouragement to the worst spirit of our times. We recognize, of course, the lawfulness of war and its necessity; but, with Mr. Balfour, we look upon it as a disease and have some hopes that it may be extirpated; as not a sacred and holy duty, although at times a dire necessity. The Kaiser, however, in his address, pointing to the altar, said: "You see here an altar and on it the Cross, the symbol of all Christians," and then he proceeded to relate the story of Prince Eugène and the Emperor Leopold. "When the Emperor gave to the Prince the marshal's baton, Prince Eugène seized the crucifix and held it aloft with the words: 'This shall be our generalissimo.'" "I expect," said the Kaiser, "similar sentiments from you. I want pious and gallant soldiers in my army, not mockers." Perhaps in these our days we ought to

be grateful for any recognition of religion in high quarters; but when this recognition means its conversion to worldly aims, and to a worldly spirit, the service rendered does more harm than good.

The second speech of the Emperor was made at the opening of the Reichstag. The chief interest of the speech is the reference made to the foreign relations. These he declared to be correct with all the Powers, while with most they were good and friendly. The Powers with whom the Emperor's relations were not good or friendly but correct were not mentioned, but France and also England were obviously meant. We learn from the speech that the Kaiser supported President Roosevelt in his efforts to bring about the peace of Portsmouth. While he declares the peace of the German nation to be to him a matter of sacred concern, he complains of the existence of a misconception of German ideas and of prejudices against German industry. The Morocco question arose, he declared, from the endeavor to settle, without German co-operation, affairs in which German interests were involved. And he goes on to say that tendencies of this kind, though suppressed at one point, may reappear at another; and that even the signs of the times make it a duty to strengthen the defences of the Empire against unjust attacks. In France the speech was regarded partly as a veiled threat and partly as intended to influence the Reichstag in view of the coming naval credits. The attitude of the French people towards Germany has become one of invincible distrust, with a quiet and firm determination to watch and wait. In England there are not a few who believe that Germany has adopted as a whole, or is likely to adopt, that hostility which is avowed by a section of its press. Meetings have been held in England to disavow this distrust of Germany. It certainly is not widespread; but that it should be thought necessary actively to counteract it, shows that perfect confidence does not exist. There is no doubt that Germany is the enemy of the *entente cordiale* between France and England, and that the Emperor last summer did all in his power to destroy it.

Austria.

Baron Fejervary's proposal for the extension of the suffrage in Hungary has had the effect of causing a demand for a like extension in the Austrian dominions of

the Emperor-King. To this demand, although involving many difficulties, on account of the numerous nationalities of which these dominions are composed, the government paid prompt attention. Baron Gautsch, the Austrian Prime-Minister, announced that the government would undertake the work and would set no bounds to the political movement for suffrage reform; that it might proceed unhampered in the press and in public meetings. Meetings have accordingly been held in many parts of the Empire. The most imposing political demonstration that ever took place in Vienna was organized by the Social Democrats in favor of universal suffrage. More than 200,000 workingmen and women marched ten abreast in silence for nearly five hours past the House of Parliament. Czech and German, Slovene and Italian, Ruthene and Polish workmen united their forces. The definite proposals of the government are to be introduced next February, and are based on the abolition of the *curia* system and on the principle of universal suffrage. These proposals, so far as they are known, seem to meet with the approval of the people, but with the opposition of those whose privileges will be curtailed.

In Hungary the situation has not materially changed. The Ministry occupies an unconstitutional position; taxes are still levied, as they have been for some time past, without due parliamentary authority; in some places there are two sets of officials, one appointed by the government, the other elected by the people. Anarchy or despotism seemed the only alternatives left, a few weeks ago. The Fejervary Cabinet was proceeding on the highroad to despotism; resistance to it was becoming national. Brighter hopes, however, have dawned more recently. There is now a prospect of a *modus vivendi* being found. M. Kossuth, the leader of the Independence Party, which is twice as numerous as the rest of the Coalition, has accepted universal suffrage as proposed by the government. He looked upon it as his duty, when the King offered a right to the people, for the people not to oppose the realization of that right. He insists, however, that this reform must be carried out by a constitutional ministry, and that consequently Baron Fejervary must resign. The Hungarian Parliament meets in December, and there are better hopes of its being able to find a solution of a question which is endangering the existence of Austria as a great power.

Macedonia.

The combined action of the six Powers against Turkey has led to certain changes being made in financial control which we hope will contribute to the improvement of the condition of the Christians who are still subject to Turkish oppression. One effect has been to make all the great Powers, instead of Russia and Austria, the active protectors of the various races in the Balkans. There is some reason to think, however, that these various races are their own worst enemies. That it should be so is, of course, due to Turkish misgovernment; and not only to misgovernment, but to active promotion on its part of the national rivalries. But, as things are, Greek massacres Bulgarian and Albanian, and all of the many various races act against one another more readily than they do against the common enemy. And as the Christians have fallen away from the Catholic Church, and each race has its own National Church, religion only accentuates their differences. The efforts of the Powers, therefore, may alleviate but cannot remove the state of things. This can only be done by the appointment of a government strong enough to keep the peace between the contending races and churches, or by an equitable division of the whole country between the disputants.

France.

The chief anxiety of the French people has been their relations with Germany; much less attention has been given to what is of far greater importance—the separation of the Church from the State. This is now an accomplished fact; the Bill having passed the Senate on the 6th of December, after a few weeks' debate, by 181 votes to 102, and having been officially promulgated on the next day. The Conseil d'État is now at work on the details of its application. It will take about three months to complete its task; until then the administrative relations between Church and State will remain as they have been hitherto. Then the new era will begin. What the effect will be cannot, of course, be foretold. Those who are in favor of the disestablishment of the Anglican Church have been watching the proceedings of the French Parliament with great interest; they have been inspired with greater hope of success in their own case. In

fact, the Welsh Liberal members have inaugurated a movement for immediate action in favor of Welsh disestablishment, during the coming elections.

M. Déroulède, after his return from exile, is sparing no effort to bring home to his fellow-countrymen the serious danger of a war with Germany. The recent action of Germany, he declares, was an attack upon the national independence, an effort to make her a subordinate ally. The customs-union advocated in Germany, and supported by some Frenchmen, would speedily reduce his compatriots to the position of taxpayers of Germany. There are, he believes, only two solutions open to France in the grave crisis in which she finds herself—she must either kneel before Germany, or seek the support of England. Neutrality would expose her to the enmity of both. Alliance with England is the only way in which to suspend, or at all events to retard and repel victoriously, that sudden aggression of the German Emperor, which he looks upon as imminent. Other prominent Frenchmen are still more despondent. M. Clemenceau asserts that there is no way of living at peace with William II. for a single moment. War is preferable to a peace so deplorably agitated as is the present. Never before have the people across the Rhine taken so much trouble to make themselves intolerable. Prominent members of the Society for International Conciliation are sending in their resignations, on the ground that the constant preparation for peace, advocated by it, is the way to encourage war. The outlook is, indeed, dark, when action of this kind is taken.

The ministerial crisis threatened by the sensational resignation of the Minister for War was averted by M. Rouvier, who warned the Assembly that such an event would imperil the passing of the Separation Bill. The democracy of France treats its servants with but scant respect; the Generalissimo of the Army has been placed under confinement for repeating to an outsider a private conversation with a minister. If this indicates the determination to make the civil authority supreme over the military, the country is to be congratulated.

Spain.

For in Spain yet another Ministry has fallen, and its fall was due to the inability of the Premier to control certain army officers. Certain articles which appeared in the

press of Barcelona excited the high indignation of those war-like spirits, and taking the law into their own hands they proceeded to wreak their vengeance upon the unarmed editors. This seems to have excited the feelings of the citizens to such an extent that riots took place; and the Ministry, not having been able to deal with the matter effectually, resigned. A new Ministry has been formed belonging to the same party, and, it is understood, adhering to the same foreign policy with reference to France and England as its predecessor.

Norway.

Norway has elected its king, and so sets out on its existence as a separate nation fully equipped for the future. The first person to congratulate Prince Charles of Denmark (as he was then styled) was the one who would himself in the expected course of events have been the King—the Crown Prince of Sweden. He came to Copenhagen for this purpose. The new King has chosen the name of Haakon VII., in order to associate himself with the Norway of old; for, before the Union of Calmar, at the end of the fourteenth century, Norway was a distinct nation and Haakon had been the name of several of its most distinguished kings. The name is, therefore, chosen in order to link the Norway of olden times with the new Norway of to-day. Everything began auspiciously. The King, the Queen, and their little son—newly named Prince Olaf—made the best of impressions on their subjects when they arrived at Christiania. The quiet dignity of the King and his manly simplicity especially commended him to them. Before acquiring any regal power he was called upon to take an oath to observe the Constitution. This he did in the following terms: "I promise and swear that I will govern the Kingdom of Norway in accordance with its Constitution and laws, so help me God and his Holy Word!" He recognizes that he is subject to the law; and the peaceful way in which the separation from Sweden has been accomplished, without a drop of blood having been shed, shows the effect of the reign of law upon the character of a people. The contrast afforded by Russia, where it is not law but a person that rules, shows as clearly the effect of personal rule.

New Books.

No man in England, it goes with-
ENGLISH MONASTIC LIFE. out saying, is so well equipped to
By Abbot Gasquet. describe monastic life as Abbot
Gasquet. Both as monk and schol-

ar, he possesses extraordinary qualifications for such a volume* as he has just written, and it has increased the debt we owe him. The subject of this work is a homely one, being nothing else than the daily life of English monks and nuns in pre-Reformation days. But our right reverend and scholarly author touches this theme with so many side-lights of rare information, that his essay becomes not merely a monastic *horarium*, or catalogue of monastery officials, but an historical and even a psychological study of a great and predominant feature of ancient English Catholicism.

Running through the severer material, is a pleasing thread of humor, as in the description of the quarterly blood-letting, to which the mediæval monks had to submit; and in the account of the common *rasura*, when the monks, facing each other in two lines as if in choir, sat down to have their tonsures shaved, chanting psalms the while; and finally in the incident of the bishop's visitation of a certain convent, wherein the severest complaint he had to listen to was one nun's objection to the beer. It is a very real and life-like picture that Abbot Gasquet paints for us, and it shows that those old-time religious were a robust and penitential race, who spent their time in praising God and in benefiting mankind.

IN THE LAND OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

By Abbe Klein.

The Abbé Klein's book† is certainly very readable. Of course it cannot be, and does not profess to be, anything but a mere sketch of what most impressed him dur-

ing his brief visit to this country; and he principally occupies himself with what he had special opportunities for seeing, and thus keeps fairly clear of the commonplace, so usual in books of travel. Moreover, his book is very pleasant for Americans

* *English Monastic Life.* By Abbot Gasquet. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *In the Land of the Strenuous Life.* By Abbé Felix Klein. With Portraits and Views. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

to read, since the Abbé did not come to find fault, but rather to note the good qualities of our people, which he thought specially worthy of imitation in his own country.

He came here not so much to see America, as to get acquainted with Americans, and the personal side of everything is prominent throughout; so much so that the book seems, when one has read it, almost like a series of interviews; though there is, indeed, a great deal beside this. Of course the author was specially interested in the condition and working of the Church in this country, and collected a great deal of information about it.

His observations on this and other matters were, considering the circumstances, remarkably accurate. He makes one rather egregious error, in stating calmly that the transatlantic liners pass under the Brooklyn Bridge; but really this is an exception.

The English of the translation is also very good. Here again, however, we have just one big complaint; namely, the continual reference to members of the religious orders as "religionists." How in the world he got the notion that they were so called in English is a mystery.

The book is very appropriately dedicated to President Roosevelt, and the typography and illustrations are very fine.

**THE PASTORAL MINISTRY
OF FATHER OLIER.**

By G. Letourneau.

Anything that throws light on France at the present day is interesting and timely, even if it only recalls well-known facts. Too many, however, seek to understand the actual situation, and forthwith to don the mantle of the prophet of evil things, who yet have learned but slightly the lessons of the past. We welcome, therefore, a book* that brings us back to the beginning of the Catholic reaction in France in the seventeenth century, and by its record of the glorious work done then by a devoted band of priests, gives us "some reasons of hope" for the France of the twentieth century.

The troubles of the French Church did not begin with the advent of Combes or Waldeck-Rousseau, nor even with the

* *Le Ministère Pastoral de Jean-Jacques Olier.* Par G. Letourneau, Curé de Saint-Sulpice. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

Revolutionists or *philosophes*. Religion was in a sad way long before their time; but it had one bright, though brief period, made illustrious by the names of St. Vincent de Paul, Cardinal de Bérulle, de Condren, Olier, Eudes, and, somewhat later, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Fénelon, and many others. These great men not only shed glory on the Church of France, but helped to diffuse a Christian spirit and to add souls to the kingdom of God. How Father Olier contributed to rejuvenate religion in the French capital we learn, in part, from this book of his successor in the parish of Saint-Sulpice.

We doubt if there were as many practical Christians in France in Father Olier's time as there are at the present moment; and it certainly would not be easy to point to an immense parish to-day, where religion is at so low an ebb as he found it on entering upon his duties as pastor of Saint-Sulpice. The *Faubourg St. Germain* was the resort of all that was low and vile in Paris; religion was not only notoriously neglected there, but openly insulted. So low was its moral and religious tone, that we can safely say the worst parish in any American city, in comparison to it, would have a claim to respectable standing.

And yet, under the influence of Father Olier, this abandoned parish became the most religious quarter of Paris. And it has ever thus remained through two hundred and fifty years. In this little volume, M. Letourneau shows us how this great work was inaugurated and carried out. The effective methods of evangelization do not vary much from age to age, and the most zealous and up-to-date American priest will find his best, most modern ways and means anticipated by this Parisian curé of long ago. The secret of success is ever the same—an intelligent comprehension of the needs of the parish, and entire devotedness flowing from a deeply religious sense. We see this young pastor (he was only thirty-four years old on taking charge) dividing and subdividing his immense parish and assigning a priest to each district, establishing a catechetical school in every section of the parish, so that no child would have far to go, organizing the work of these schools, and placing seminarists in charge of the classes, gathering together for instruction, at one time the domestic servants, at another the laboring men, at another the higher classes of the parish, who needed the knowledge of the truth no less,

and, in fact, endeavoring to supply the special needs of every soul under his care.

Thus was this worst of parishes regenerated; and the work there accomplished forbids despair of any situation. When France raises up apostles of the stamp of Father Olier and St. Vincent de Paul, who went out among the people, the hour of her regeneration is at hand; and it can come in no other way. We must recognize, however, that the present situation is more difficult, for Catholic traditions in France are much fainter now than in Father Olier's day.

The present volume serves effectively to recall these lessons and inspire their hope. It is, however, the work of a busy pastor, has slight claim to literary merit, and adds little to our knowledge of its subject. Its story is better told in Healy Thompson's admirable *Life of Jean-Jacques Olier*.

THE NUNS' RULE.

In the new edition of the *Ancren Riwe*,* we have a most convenient and readable form of that famous work which, beside being the noblest prose monument of thirteenth century English literature, is an excellent sample of the spiritual books by means of which the religious life of Mediæval England was nourished and spread. Written for three recluses, probably by Richard Poore, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, it gives a detailed description of the duties and defects of the class to which its first readers belonged, speaking with such directness and British bluntness as to make the good and bad possibilities of the anchorite vocation stand out very plainly indeed. For the average modern reader its primary interest will, no doubt, be of a literary or historical order; though it contains fine and lofty spiritual teaching for such as are patient and experienced enough to pierce through an exterior which we must acknowledge to be, for the most part, unsympathetic and—according to nice (or squeamish) modern standards—frequently coarse.

The present edition reprints from a Camden Society tract the translation of the *Riwe* made some fifty years ago by the Rev. James Morton. Some slight changes have been made—of what nature the editor does not say. An Introduction of nearly twenty pages, by the scholarly Abbot Gasquet, pro-

* *The Nuns' Rule: Being the Ancren Riwe Modernized.* By James Morton. With Introduction by Abbot Gasquet. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

vides the reader with all the information necessary for a proper appreciation of the origin and purpose of the Riwle.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

By Fr. Hull, S.J.

This pamphlet* is a fruit of the controversy which, a year or more ago, was carried on in the London *Tablet*, the *Month*, and some other periodicals, on the credence to be attached to the revelations of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and, particularly, on the authenticity of the Twelfth Promise in favor of the devotion of the Nine Fridays.

After briefly touching upon the scope and excellence of the devotions to the Sacred Heart, and the credibility of the revelations, Father Hull considers the eleven promises in general. In their interpretation, he says, care must be taken to avoid brute literalism. Common sense suggests "that they are not intended as almighty guarantees, arranging a sort of miraculous dispensation of the world, and acting like charms and talismans reversing the order of causation." "They would rather indicate an indeterminate statement of fact, vague in its application, but definite in its tendency; *viz.*, that, though in the various circumstances referred to, Christ does not pledge himself to work miracles by virtue of the promises, still some spiritual and, possibly, temporal advantage will be an outcome of the devotion practised."

The twelfth promise, he teaches, is conditional; the implied condition is that we do not abandon our general good purpose of living well and serving God faithfully. "We must win final perseverance piecemeal, by persevering in good works day by day." He lays down the necessary caution that "in order to avert the possibility of the promise being taken in an absolute sense by children, and to satisfy those whose critical instinct is offended by the promise taken alone, the text should never be circulated without some introductory explanation."

Father Hull, who writes in a spirit of kindest charity befitting the claims of the devotion which he advocates, has attached due weight to the criticisms leveled against the absolute character which was alleged to have been, sometimes, assigned to the promise when it was presented to the faithful; so we

* *Devotion to the Sacred Heart.* By the Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S.J. The Catholic Truth Society of Scotland.

may consider his excellent exposition to be an end of the controversy.

LECTURES AGAINST SCEPTICISM.

By Aveling and Gerard.

Convinced of the necessity of doing something towards combating the spread of scepticism among all classes of society, through the medium of popular rationalistic literature, some priests of Westminster inaugurated, last winter, a series of lectures that should present a popular exposition of the philosophic arguments for the chief basic moral and religious truths. Six lectures were delivered during the present year. One, on *The Freedom of the Will*, was recommended to our readers in a previous issue. Two others* have just been published. In one of them the editor of the series has accomplished the difficult task of presenting, in a brief yet clear and attractive form, the scholastic argument for the immortality of the soul, based on the validity of the concept of substance and the spirituality of thought. In the other, Father Gerard turns the tables on the free-thinkers by demonstrating that they, who charge believers with surrendering their reason to the bondage of baseless assumptions and prejudices, are themselves completely dominated by unwarranted prepossessions in their attitude towards religious truth.

Each volume has two appendices, one consisting of solutions to difficulties and objections that were proposed by members of the audiences to whom the lecture was delivered; the other being a select list of works recommended as bearing on the topic in hand. It is to be hoped that the course of lectures will be continued until the series covers all the fundamental questions of philosophy. The most effective way to counteract the unbelief of the day is not to attempt the almost endless task of confuting separately every form of rationalistic error that appears, but to expel error from the mind by the presentation of truth.

CHRISTIAN SPAIN.

By Leclercq.

When, with zeal and enterprise deserving of unstinted praise, the publishing house of Lecoffre undertook to realize the project, originally suggested by Leo XIII., of bringing forth a universal

* Westminster Lecture Series. *The Immortality of the Soul*. By Rev. Francis Aveling, D.D. *Modern Free-Thought*. By Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.

ecclesiastical history that would reflect the progress of criticism, the immense field was mapped out into divisions, each of which was to be treated by a competent scholar in an independent volume. The African church was allotted to the Benedictine monk, Dom Leclercq, who produced on the subject a study that has won high approbation in the academic circles of France and Germany. The second contribution * to the series, no less than the former, is worthy of the grand traditions of the Benedictine order.

The period covered extends from the establishment of Christianity in Spain to the Arab Conquest. Dom Leclercq, in conformity with the scope of the series, has produced, not a textbook, but a work of *haute enseignement*. With the exception of the recently discovered works of Priscillian, which the writer has turned to account by softening somewhat the lurid colors in which his foes painted the heresiarch, all the documentary and monumental evidence for this period have long ago been gathered and critically appreciated. The exposition of details, too, has also been sufficiently carried out. Aware that in these respects there was but little need for supplementing his predecessors, Dom Leclercq has turned his attention to setting forth the significance of the whole and the dominant characteristics of the time, and to demonstrating the presence, during the initial period, of some strands that run through the entire web, and serve to determine the pattern that is woven into the history of Spain.

Three elements are saliently brought out. The first is the intellectual narrowness that marked the period, and its penury of thinkers. The next is the national character, harsh, violent, and extreme in action, prone to cruelty under slight provocation, proud, self-satisfied, and stubborn, defiant, prompt to substitute force for argument, courageous to fanaticism, equally ready to turn out a martyr or a persecutor. The third phenomenon on which Dom Leclercq fixes our notice is the existence of a State religion, and its consequences. State religion, he remarks incidentally, is no invention of the Middle Ages; it goes back to Theodosius, and beyond him; it is a legacy of the pagan world. This union of Church and State, co-operating with the psychologic influences above mentioned, did not prove an unmixed blessing for religion. The identifi-

* *L'Espagne Chrétienne*. Par Dom H. Leclercq. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

cation of Church and State resulted, our author shows, in closing religion to all metaphysical and moral speculation, so that it became entirely absorbed by ritual and polemics. Churchmen, fired with fanaticism, sought conversions by any means, and at any price. Without any pretense or disguise, they invoked force to propagate the religion of peace and love, and trampled the fallen adversary in the dust: "Arians, Luciferians, Priscillianists, Origenists, are treated by the Councils exactly as the heterodox will be treated by the Inquisition."

Wherever occasion calls for it, Dom Leclercq displays a refreshing independence of judgment and a disinterested love of truth which strengthen him to ignore prejudices and prepossessions in his distribution of praise and blame.

FRANCISCAN HOMES.

By De Selincourt.

Under the guidance of a person of artistic temperament, and possessed by a genuine, reverent love for the saint of poverty, we make, in this handsomely finished book,* an enjoyable, instructive, and edifying pilgrimage to the places hallowed by their association with St. Francis. We are occasionally reminded, now by a passing stricture on monasticism, or again by a contradiction drawn between the work of St. Francis and the work of the Church, that our guide does not share the faith in which the *poverello* gloried. In some instances, too, one notes a failure to catch the Catholic significance of deeds and words. Nevertheless, as we listen to our writer detailing the stories associated, on the authority of good old Brother Leo—the later chroniclers and biographers have failed to obtain recognition here—with the old dwelling places, the chapels, villages, woods, and ravines around which linger memories of that great awakening, we are considerably helped to a deeper and more vital understanding of the lives of St. Francis and his close companions. And, rejoicing at the general and the many particular tributes paid to Catholic sanctity, we are satisfied to register an internal dissent from the occasional observations at which St. Francis would have shaken his head.

Homes of the First Franciscans in Umbria, the Borders of Tuscany, and the Northern Marches. By Beryl D. de Selincourt. With 13 illustrations from photographs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE EDUCATIVE PROCESS. ers will find that Mr. Bagley's elaborate account of the processes of education * repays careful study.

By Bagley.

He enters in detail into the psychology of experience—its acquisition; its play in habit, in the formation of concepts, and in judgment; the organization and recall of experience; the transmission of experience and the technique of teaching. In the introductory section, dealing with the function and end of education, Mr. Bagley devotes one chapter to the ethical end of education. He adversely criticises the "bread and butter aim"; "the culture aim"; "the harmonious development aim"; and the "moral aim"; all of which he rejects in favor of the "social aim." This one, he holds, is inclusive of all the others, even of the moral aim, because, "generally speaking, the moral standard is the social standard." Obviously this view is based on the assumption that either the individual has no ethical value, except what attaches to him as an atom in the social mass, or at least none of which education is to take account. But if the unit is valueless in itself, of what importance can the total be? The sum of a line of zeros stretched to infinity is—zero. The philosophy which inverts the relation of man to society, making man a means and society the end, finds itself at a loss when it has to give its reasons for assigning any transcendent value to the well-being of society, beyond the "bread and butter" estimate.

THE SIBYLS.

By Monteiro.

We found Miss Monteiro's volume † on the interesting subject of the Sibyls a rather puzzling affair. For, while in the earlier

pages we are told that the Sibylline predictions are genuine prophecy, so that only an infidel criticism could maintain the contrary, we are informed later on that the famous Oracles should not be taken too seriously, and should, in fact, be regarded only as a literary curiosity. To tell the truth, this book, from the point of view of criticism and scholarship, is worthless. The lives of the Sibyls which it relates are the

The Educative Process. By William Chandler Bagley (Ph.D., Cornell), Vice-President and Director of Training, Montana State Normal School. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *As David and the Sibyls Say.* By Mariana Monteiro. St. Louis: B. Herder.

veriest mythology; and the marvelous predictions attributed to the pagan prophetesses have no basis but credulity. It is true the Sibylline Oracles contain descriptions of Jewish and Christian belief, which would be truly miraculous if written by priestesses of Apollo centuries before Christ. It is true, also, that some of the Fathers, notably Lactantius, Justin, and Augustine, laid great stress upon the apologetic value of the Oracles, and considered them divinely inspired. But the whole fabric of miracle tumbles to pieces when we remember that critical study has proved that some Alexandrian Jews wrote the oracles concerning Judaism, and some Christian hand composed the Sibylline accounts of Christ and Christianity.

This elementary piece of information seems never to have come within the consciousness of the author of this volume. As for the Fathers, all we can say is they were grossly deceived. However it happened that so manifest an imposture could have deluded men like Augustine and Justin, the fact remains that it did delude them. There are a few classic instances of credulity in the pages of the Fathers, of which the Phoenix fable is the most amazing, with the belief in the Sibyls a fairly good second.

If any student wishes to investigate the extremely attractive subject of the Sibyls, we advise him to study scientific sources, such as Gförrer, Hilgenfeld, Geffcken, and Kautzsch.

When Lyman Abbott's book on
THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. the ministry * touches upon mat-
 By Abbott. ters of doctrine, the Catholic reader

naturally finds it insufficient and censurable. Particularly in defining the nature of authority, Dr. Abbott seems to fall into the prevalent but mischievous notion that an authoritative church puts some obstacle between the soul and God; whereas a free church leaves the human spirit full liberty to commune with its Creator directly and simply. The function of authority and organization is simply to preserve us from vagaries, and to treasure up for our benefit the manifold spiritual experiences of past ages, not to check true growth, true liberty, or true piety. The distinction between authority and non-authority is not where Dr.

* *The Christian Ministry.* By Lyman Abbott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Abbott seems chiefly to put it. But when the author describes the moral and spiritual qualifications of the preacher of the Gospel, he has some very noble and inspiring pages. His plea for sincerity, simplicity, and courage; his sharp censure for weak, cowardly, stilted, or sensational preaching; his exhortations to go back to Christ, until, by meditating on his all-perfect character, the preacher of the Divine Word shall touch his lips to the divine fire; his insistence on robust manhood as a foundation for a public ministry—are all finely conceived and vigorously expressed, and perhaps will be found useful and helpful by priests themselves.

SERMONS.

By Father Phelan.

A criticism frequently urged against many volumes of written sermons is that the discourses are too vague, abstract, and bookish; that they

seem to have been composed without any reference to the needs of the congregations for whose benefit, presumably, they are ultimately intended. They read like monologues or meditations, in which the regular rythmical return of *my dear brethren* fails to give them the semblance of living thoughts addressed to concrete men and women. The sermons of this volume* are not open to this stricture. Take any page in it at random, and before you will have read very far, however sluggish your imagination may be, you cannot help fancying that you are listening to a strong, energetic preacher, fluent of tongue and liberal of gesture, addressing a representative American congregation, whose virtues and faults, needs and temptations, he knows with the knowledge that has come from personal acquaintance. He takes the Gospel of the Sunday, as authoritative tradition recommends, for his text. But he has no intention of confining himself to the limitations which convention has thrown around the treatment of the subject. He extracts from the narrative some precise, practical lesson that will find its application in the life and circumstances of the people whom he addresses.

In thought and language Father Phelan is plain and clear. The important point of instruction or exhortation is so explicitly stated, and repeated, that nobody can miss, or forget

**Christ; the Preacher. Sermons for every Sunday in the Ecclesiastical Year.* By Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

it. Ample illustration and argument, of a kind suited to interest and arrest the attention of an American congregation, are liberally employed. There may be, at first sight, an absence of division, and a seeming want of unity in some of the sermons; but division is only a means towards keeping the central thought of the sermon well in view, and this Father Phelan manages to do in his own way. If he does seem, occasionally, to indulge in irrelevant digression, one finds that he is but approaching his theme from another direction. Judged by the canons applicable to literary composition, the volume might not claim a very high place; nor would every incidental statement pass unscathed the ordeal of theological and historical criticism. But solid, practical instruction, not literature or dialectics, is Father Phelan's aim.

Occasional irrelevance or redundancy, a not infrequent over-emphasis of merely personal opinion, may be justified on the grounds that they serve to add a flavor of piquancy to the main subject, and to sustain the attention of the hearers. This is, probably, Father Phelan's motive when, relative to the miraculous cure of the deaf and dumb man, he indulges in a little disquisition on philology; or, again, when he awards the palm for the most perfect observance of evangelical poverty to a body whose claim to pre-eminence in this respect has seldom been advanced so uncompromisingly as it is in the following passage: "There is, to day, only one order that observes fully the vow of poverty; and that is the noble, apostolic order of parish priests. They have nothing that they do not receive from the people, and what they get from the people is given them for good value received. I say parish priests; because they are the only ones who depend entirely on the people, as it is chiefly they who continue the life, office, and spirit of Jesus Christ. The parish priest is about the only man to-day who must accept Jesus Christ as the portion of his inheritance. He is the only man on earth, to-day, for whose maintenance there is absolutely no provision. He must support the Church, and keep it in proper repair. He must support the charities of the parish. He must support the poor within his jurisdiction; and woe to him if any man goes from his door hungry. He must support the bishop and his assistant clergy. Assistants must receive their salaries. But where is he to receive his salary? Whither does he turn

on pay day? There is no pay day for him. He has no paymaster." It must be said, in fairness, that there are not many freaks of this kind in the book.

Even a very meagre knowledge of the history of the development of religion in the city of San Francisco would persuade one, that among the most important elements in that development was the work done by the Jesuit Fathers of St. Ignatius' Church. The Golden Jubilee of their coming to San Francisco has recently been celebrated and on the occasion a memorial volume,* full of illustrations, was issued. It is replete also with good material for the future historian of the Church on the Pacific Coast.

While the chronicle is well written, still it does not give an adequate estimate of the influence of the Jesuits on the city of San Francisco. Perhaps it is just as well that this estimate comes from one outside of the Society.

The very conservative judgment of such a one places the Jesuits in the front ranks of Church influence on the Pacific Coast. Their church and college date from the time when San Francisco was only a frontier town with scarcely an organized government.

Archbishop Alemany at that time bade Father Maraschi to go "anywhere over there," at the same time indicating with a sweep of his hand the range of sand hills that surrounded the little settlement of gold seekers. A location was selected, that meant in pioneer days grading the hills and filling the valleys. This same locality had to be abandoned twenty years later, because of the encroachments of city activities.

To-day there is probably nowhere in the country an ecclesiastical establishment so splendidly equipped as the one under the control of the Jesuits in San Francisco. It represents an outlay of probably \$2,000,000, and it is out of debt.

This is the material side; but what of the spiritual work of these fifty years? Needless to say, these Jesuits have been a band of devoted men. Their Church has been always crowded with worshippers; their confessionals constantly besieged by penitents; and their zeal has asserted itself in every channel

**The First Half Century of St. Ignatius' Church and College.* By Joseph W. Riordan, S.J. San Francisco, Cal.

of spiritual activity. Their college has been a centre of educational influence among the young men of the city. The religious communities of women throughout the city have relied on them almost entirely for training in the spiritual life. The extra work of the diocese, such as the visitation of prisons, industrial schools, and asylums, has fallen largely to them. In these and many other avenues of missionary activity they were the most efficient helpers of the Archbishop.

The Fathers themselves were associated with the Turin province, and were for the most part Italians. The names of Fathers Maraschi and Accolti and Burchard and Congiato and Varsi, and a score of others, were household names to the older generation of San Franciscans. Their work remains as a monument of their zeal and devotion.

The Jesuits of San Francisco begin their second half century with a wonderfully complete plant. It remains for the newer generation to uphold the high standards of devotion and efficiency that have been left to them by their saintly predecessors.

CONVENT DAYS.

By Agnes Repplier.

It is impossible for us to renew our youth; but still it is in the power of genius to make the days of childhood live again. Miss

Repplier, in her latest volume,* has recalled the past years, and presented them with such living power that, in all the charm, the frankness, the mischievousness, and romance of childhood, they live again.

We who are old were delighted to be brought into such close association with young hearts and even though we never knew the heroines, we felt that we knew many who were like them; only that ours lacked something of the vivid imagination and the romantic enthusiasm which warmed, sometimes overmuch, the young blood of the author's fellow-students.

The theme of the book is distinctly personal. It is Agnes Repplier's own convent days, and she returns to them with a love that, evidently, has only increased with time.

Everything has changed in the convent that I loved, and I am asked to believe that every change is for the better. I

* *In Our Convent Days.* By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

do not believe this at all. . . . I look with disfavor upon luxuries which would have seemed to us like the opulence of Aladdin's palace. I cannot wax enthusiastic over the intrusion of Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Pater upon the library shelves, where Chambers' *Miscellany* used to be our nearest approach to the intellectual. The old order changes, and that unlovely word, modernity, is heard within the tranquil convent walls. Even the iron hand of discipline has been relaxed; for the long line of girls whom I now watch filing sedately in and out of the chapel have been taught to rule themselves, to use their wider liberty with discretion. I wonder if liberty, coupled with discretion, is worth having when one is eleven years old. I wonder if it be part of wisdom to be wise so soon. . . . Our successors to-day know more than we knew (they could not well know less), they have lectures and enamelled bath tubs and "Essays on Criticism"; but do they live their lives as vehemently as we lived ours; do they hold the secrets of childhood inviolate in their hearts as we held them in ours; are they as untainted by the commonplace, as remote from the obvious, as we always were; and will they have as vivid a picture of their convent days to look back upon as the one we look at now?

The picture is vivid, and the children are of real flesh and blood. The clique that are the heroines of the story are united in common sympathy. But a line will set forth the different characters, as yet undeveloped, of each. Their loves and their hatreds are undisguised. Their confidences and their trusts; their pranks and their ambitions are all simply, delightfully told. The book is a charming human document. Miss Repplier is a master of the phrase, and the added skilful touch, here and there, the unexpected turn, the summary, within a line, of a tendency or custom or personage, gives to the work an exceptional grace and power.

We couldn't beg our mothers, even when we saw them, for dictionaries of a language they knew we were not studying. Lilly said she thought she might ask her father for one, the next time he came to the school. There is a lack of intelligence, or at least of alertness, about fathers, which makes them invaluable in certain emergencies; but which, on the other hand, is apt to precipitate them into blunders.

And because it is a true memoir of how teachers are
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viewed by the pupil, teachers might learn more than one lesson from its pages. We quote a clever and instructive description of why a child was not duly impressed by a certain form of punishment:

But I had not imagination enough to grasp the importance of a candle more or less upon the altar. It was useless to appeal to my love for the Blessed Virgin. I loved her so well and so confidently, I had placed my childish faith in her so long, that no doubt of her sympathy ever crossed my mind. My own mother might side with authority. Indeed, she represented the supreme, infallible authority, from which there was no appeal. But in every trouble of my poor little gusty life, the Blessed Mother sided with me. Of that, thank heaven! I felt sure.

Miss Repplier, with praiseworthy humility, says: "Our successors to-day know more than we knew." We can but say, that if there are many pupils now in our convent schools who will attain to Miss Repplier's knowledge and power, the outlook for Catholic literature is promising indeed.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE. Not only to those directly concerned in Church-building, but to the many to whom the beauty of God's House is dear, this book* will be welcome and valuable. It is wholly concerned with what is being done in the present, and largely, if not altogether, in our own country. The manifest tendency to build churches more in harmony with the venerable and hallowed traditions of ecclesiastical architecture found in Catholic lands will be noted. And the peculiar variations in belief and worship found among American non-Catholics are just as prominent in the strange forms employed in their ecclesiastical buildings. The "up-to-date" church of many among our separated brethren means more than a house of prayer; it is now the "centre of all the parish activities," and as such its architecture exhibits many modifications and departures from the traditional forms.

We are glad to see some noteworthy Catholic Churches

* *Ecclesiastical Architecture*. A special number of *The Architectural Review*. With articles by Ralph Adams Cram, F.A.I.A., F.R.G.S., Thomas Hastings, R. Clipston Sturgis, and others. Boston: The Bates & Guild Company. \$2.

among the specimens of recent ecclesiastical buildings in this country. Many of these show the influence of that form of the Gothic found in northern Italy, and our Catholics can justly be proud of them. It gives us pleasure, too, to read Mr. Cram's learned and eloquent plea for the Gothic as the proper expression of Christianity in art, though the pages of this volume show that his professional brethren are not in this always in accord with him. It is scarcely necessary to add that the book is beautifully and copiously illustrated.

**FAIR MAID OF GREY-
STONES.**

By Dix.

When we read the opening sentence of this story : * "In the nave of St. Andrew's Church two men were mauling each other zealously, while near threescore of tatterdemalions cheered them on," we suspected that we would be condemned to the reading of another story of battlefields and blood and death. But in a short while the unhappy suspicions were cleared, and we read a tale as enjoyable as any we have met in a long time. Scotland is the ground, and the bloody quarrels between Royalists and Roundheads the general subject.

But these things, though giving a local color and a fanciful historical setting to the tale, might be taken away, and yet the tale be just as interesting. The plot is not novel, and it is rather a late date to expect novelty in plots, but it is human and thrilling.

Our sympathies are with Jock Hetherington from the very beginning. He is young and impetuous, and culpably imprudent. He himself lies to save probably his head, and his lie visits him with dangers and misfortunes that require some three hundred pages to recount. But Jock, quite paradoxically, is the soul of honor, and though persecuted and hounded by deceit and treachery and poison and starvation and pistol and sword, lives and fights bravely against them all.

Our hearts were with Jock, and though we knew he would come out with a sound body and mind, we had, for a time, to accept the result on faith; and, speaking figuratively, our faith was not strong enough to keep our hearts quiet and without fear. Misfortune with Jock was a blessing in disguise, since it

* *The Fair Maid of Greystones.* By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Macmillan Company.

brings to him the girl whom he is to love and who is to be worthy of him. A strenuous, wholesome, stirring love tale it is. The girl is sweet and kind and very much of the woman; and Jock, who has very often washed his bloody hands after a fight, is a coward in love's conquest. Althea must follow him in the night, as he is running away, tell him of her love, and bring him home.

The book is alive; now and again it may border on the melodramatic, but it is all wholesomely good and healthily sentimental. The presentation shows power, skill, and sympathy, and we congratulate the author.

ROMANCE BOOK.

By Andrew Lang.

Number seventeen in the Fairy Book Series comes *The Red Romance Book*.^{*} It is prefaced by a brief and interesting little account

of fairy books in general, and of this series in particular; and gives the children this good bit of advice—to read the stories which hold their attention and are fit for their years, and to leave others—lesson books excepted—alone. "Some of the present tales were first told in Iceland eight hundred years ago, and are mostly true and about real people. Some are from the ancient French romances of the adventures of Charlemagne and his peers and paladins. Some are from later Italian poems of the same kind. Cupid and Psyche is older, and so is the story of the man who was changed into a donkey. These are from an old Latin romance written when people were still heathen, most of them. Some are about the Danes in England (of whom you may have heard), but there is not much history in them." Beautifully bound and illustrated, the present volume, like its predecessors, makes a pretty gift for children.

MATILDA OF TUSCANY.

By Huddy.

It would, perhaps, be more correct to call Mrs. Huddy's account of the great and noble Matilda a story, rather than a history.[†]

Not that the author takes any liberties with facts, for she is

^{*} *The Red Romance Book*. Edited by Andrew Lang. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

[†] *Matilda, Countess of Tuscany*. By Mrs. Mary E. Huddy. St. Louis: B. Herder; London: John Long.

well acquainted with the literature of her subject, and advances no statement of importance for which she might not quote respectable authority. The proportions, however, that she has given to the various elements of her narrative, sometimes suggest the historical novel as much as they do strict history. She loves to linger with feminine tenderness, over a pathetic incident, or a romantic tableau; and she frequently embellishes her account with details of the feelings, emotions, motives, and behavior of her characters, for which, sometimes, she must have drawn upon her imagination. These features are, however, not out of place here; for Mrs. Huddy's purpose has evidently been to provide a volume of instructive, popular reading, rather than a book for the student. Edification, too, is her object; and she finds in the brilliant virtues of Matilda, and still more in those of Pope Gregory, ample resources to set off the depressing pictures of vice, violence, cruelty and greed which the chronicler of this stormy period of Italian history is obliged to recall.

The Catholic Church in America has suffered a distinct loss in the death of Dr. Patrick Cronin, the editor of *The Catholic Union and Times*, of Buffalo.

Dr. Cronin was one of the best known and most influential Catholic editors of the country. For over thirty years, through *The Union and Times*, he was the fearless and watchful defender of the Church; a sincere patriot; a lover of American institutions; and a ceaseless champion of liberty. He was learned. In writing, he was facile and powerful. Personally, Dr. Cronin was a man of splendid presence; genial and attractive in his manner; large-hearted and sympathetic.

These lines are but an unworthy tribute to his life and his work. The apostolate of the press mourns because of his death, and Catholic journalism is so much the poorer. But may the reward in its fulness be his, and may his soul rest in peace.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (18 Nov.): Mgr. Avesta has left Rome for his Apostolic Delegation in Cuba. He succeeds Archbishop Chapelle, who died recently at New Orleans. The Pontifical Commission for the codification of Canon Law has resumed its meetings. It is hoped that in five years a complete code of ecclesiastical legislation will be published.—An effective speech against the Separation Bill was made recently by M. Charles Dupuy, a former Premier.

(25 Nov.): Mgr. James Connelly gives some interesting impressions on Germany and Church Music. He says that, thirty years or so before the "Motu Proprio," the German Catholics had, of their own free will, reformed themselves. The principles enunciated in the Pope's pronouncement are neither more nor less than those of the "Cäcilia Verein," of which Dr. Franz Witte is the apostle. Special tribute is paid to the reverence and devotion of the Catholics in Germany.

The Month: In the first of a series of articles criticizing Edmund Campion's *History of Ireland*, Rev. J. H. Pollen deals entirely with the early life of Edmund Campion, from the time of his apostasy from the Catholic faith, in 1536, until the year 1571. Between those two periods it was that the afterwards famous Jesuit, in collaboration with one J. H. Stanihurst, who enjoyed court favor under Elizabeth, wrote the *History of Ireland*.—The Chinese problem in the Transvaal is also the topic of an article, in which we obtain a clear insight into the present labor conditions in that country. According to the writer, under the present Chinese Labor Ordinances, the Chinaman is merely a slave, and as such is a menace to the community; if he is to be more than a slave, he must have his own Chinese environment, and this is just what will never be permitted in South Africa.

The National Review: Contains its usual full summary of the episodes of the month. Sir John Strachey and Sir Richard Strachey contribute an article against the policy that upheld Lord Kitchener against Lord Curzon in India. The policy "may lead to consequences disastrous to the

peaceful maintenance of our Indian dominion."—Will Crooks, M.P., writes on the growing power of the Labor Movement in England.—An unsigned article of unquestionable significance and of surprising data is "The German Navy League."—The Rev. B. J. Campbell writes in favor of temperate biblical criticism.—Special Commissioner writes on "The Counter Revolution in Russia," in which he says: "If the moderates, who are for going to work cautiously, considerately, and without wounding the susceptibilities of the masses, are worsted in the struggle that has just commenced, the Black millions will rise up in fury and wipe out the political element which is hostile to their God and their Czar."—J. W. Welsford writes on Frédéric Bastiat, Cobden's teacher.—Sir Gilbert Parker gives his views on "Canada after Twenty Years." "The American," he says, "is not going to Americanize Canada."

La Quinzaine (16 Nov.): It is the opinion of Max Turmann that the present state of the works of popular education should be a source of hope and an incentive to action for all Catholics. He has arrived at this opinion after examining the rapid spread of educational works started by Catholics, and the stand taken by those who are inclined towards Christian views.—All art, and most especially literature, has for its object, if we may depend on the authority of Comte J. du Plessis, the realization of a beauty capable not only of charming the senses, but of placing the soul, snatched from earth, in communication with the invisible, the infinite beauty. Such was the aim of the literary men of the Middle Ages. Such now seems to be the opinion of a very few of the latest writers. But the gap from the Middle Ages to the present moment was filled with writers whose sole purpose was the gratification of the senses. No Christian influences pervaded their thoughts and works. Now a return to a thoroughly Christlike conception has been begun. That all writers may join in this movement is the ardent desire of the author of this article.—Georges Fonsegrive explains the conflict between the laws of the social life of man and those of his moral life. The moral is wholly interior, is governed and directed by

the will, depends constantly on the individual, and is purely spiritual. The social, however, is almost directly opposed to this, and depends on the body. "It is created by the communication of bodies and dominated entirely by the laws of mechanics." Still it must be remembered that the social acts of man are not exclusively corporal, for they are conditioned by the state of the soul. Social acts are social, inasmuch as they are realized exteriorly, but they are also antecedently interior, in so far as they spring from moral decisions.

Le Correspondant (10 Nov.): There is much that should be helpful to French readers of this magazine in an article contributed by Patrick Boyle, entitled: "Church and State in Ireland." The condition of the Church in Ireland is shown, so that French Catholics, in case their Concordat is abolished, may learn just how to construct a new "modus vivendi." The different points recommended by Mr. Boyle are: The election of bishops by the clergy; the support of the Church by the voluntary offerings of the faithful; civil freedom in regard to rights of property and rights of education. These obtain in Ireland at the present day. The Church is free from subjection to the State and finds its legitimate office in ministering to the spiritual needs of the faithful. (25 Nov.): With reference to *Les Origines de la Réforme*, M. Imbart de la Tour studies the development of Gallican principles during the fifteenth century and up till the eve of the Reformation. He thinks that "C'est beaucoup au gallicanisme que la France Catholique a dû de traverser les tempêtes de la Réforme sans se détacher."—M. Rodolphe Müller surveys the active colonial policy pursued by Germany for the past ten years, in which great stress has been laid on the stimulation and protection of missionary enterprise.—The efforts made by the organizations for the social amelioration of working women, towards aiding girls to finding employment as clerks and needleworkers, are discussed by M. Louis Rivière, who points out the care that must be taken to make such help a stimulant to self-reliance.—The recently published volume containing the correspondence of the Comte de Jaucourt with Talleyrand,

during the Congress of Vienna, is the subject of a critical article written by M. De Lanzac de Laborie.—A second series of the brilliant, gossipy letters of M. Edmond Rousse to his friend covers the events and topics that afforded Paris subjects for conversation during the years 1848–1849.

L'Action Sociale de la Femme (20 Nov.): In a conference delivered, in the first instance, to a congress of ladies engaged in the “mouvement féminin,” M. J. Lerolle discusses the causes of the waning of faith among French Catholics. He assigns three: First, the substitution of various petty practices of piety for the Church’s own devotions—we have the Mass and the Eucharist, yet we must go off and make to ourselves a religion of ribbons and medals; the second is a tendency to reduce religious duty to external observances; the third, defective catechetical instruction for the young. There is a chronicle of the work accomplished in various centres by the organization of “L’Action Sociale,” A scheme for starting popular libraries, for the diffusion of religious instruction is submitted.

Études (20 Nov.): There is in preparation a work entitled: *Le Jesuite de la Legende*, by Alexander Brou. This number contains an extract of that work. Here the writer limits himself to Pascal, his Provincial Letters, their effect on religion and their influence on the Jesuit order.—Henri Chérot makes a few remarks *apropos* of the publication of the *Memoirs of the Jansenist Feydeau*, by Jovy. The author of that book, he thinks, has rendered a great service to the history of Jansenism.

Demain (27 Oct.): This is the initial number of this weekly paper, which is to devote itself to the lifting up of France’s fallen faith, and to help Catholics to meet the momentous crisis which now stares them in the face. The following words are translated from its salutatory: “Catholic France is drawing its last breath. But it is dying, not so much through the attacks of enemies without, as through the blunders and deficiencies of its own children within. Catholicity among numbers of our co-religionists is nothing but a habit of forms and rites, the deeper meaning and richness of which have dropped

from people's minds. We have Pharisees in plenty to strike their breasts over the evils of the nation, but who have not humility enough to accuse themselves as the cause of those evils. We shall combat these domestic enemies more than enemies outside. Three chief principles will be the constant object of our propaganda, political liberty, social duty, and intellectual progress. To break with ancient parties, but without pretending to establish a new party, to put life into a priesthood that is benumbed and torpid at the feet of human authority, . . . will be part of our purpose. If Christianity is to persist in France, it must dissociate itself from all parties of reaction; the spirit of criticism has penetrated everywhere and nothing can stop it. For this paper, every demonstrated truth will be an orthodox truth. Some womanish souls, for whom every step of progress is a danger, and to whom the word "*to-morrow*" is the synonym for the impossible, will call us utopian. Others will blame us for speaking of hope in an hour like this. We answer, we are not blind to the evil around us; but we are going to combat it, and we are going to combat it in the place where it has won its chief triumphs—among ourselves. We shall be optimists; we shall be enthusiastic sons of liberty, of democracy, and of light."

Civiltà Cattolica (18 Nov.): An article on the conquests of Catholicity during the nineteenth century points out that Catholics have many reasons for rejoicing at the gains of one hundred years. In China, Thibet, Ceylon, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific, enormous advances have been made by our missionaries, especially those who labor under the wise laws and free spirit of the British Empire. The European countries in which the Church has more than held its own are Germany, Holland, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece. The growth of Catholicism in the United States is recognized in glowing words. New York is acknowledged to be the most Catholic city in the world. The admission is made also that our progress is chiefly due to the religious liberty granted by our Constitution. Still we are warned that the American system of separation of Church and State is not in accord with Catholic principles. However, in America

State indifference to religion has never meant the official atheism and cruel anti-clericalism so prevalent in Europe. One sentence or two touches on Americanism, saying that the theories of Americanists would lead to the downfall of religious authority and "to intellectual and moral chaos." Still the danger will be checked by a vigilant papacy and a careful episcopate.—An article on the new French Catholic weekly *Demain* is severely censorious. Its programme is declared to be theologically and historically false in maintaining that the evils of the Church in France are due largely to Catholics and churchmen themselves. The new organ is a mischievous and innovating affair, the article concludes, and then with a jest upon words, warns *Demain* that if it is to do good work *to-morrow*, it should change its programme and spirit *to-day*.

(2 Dec.): Reviews Fogazzoro's new popular romance *Il Santo*, but in a vein that does not agree with the praises showered on the book by others. The author has made a mistake in his thesis. It is not the Church which needs reform, but society which disregards the Church, denies God, and abandons his law to lose itself in corrupt materialism and frightful anarchy. It is not the Church which should adapt itself to society, but society which should adapt itself to the Church, the infallible depository of divine truth. Really it is a piece of bitter irony to publish a book accusing the Church of avarice and domination, when her sacred rights are disallowed by all human lawmakers, her religious are despoiled and scattered, and sectarian hatred rejoices over her ruins.—With regard to St. Expedit, it is an error to say that his cultus has been prohibited by the Holy See. That the cultus of this martyr may continue without scruple is deduced from the fact of his real existence, proved sufficiently by the indications of St. Jerome's *Martyrology*.

Stimmen Aus Maria Laach (Nov.): Fr. Beissel, S.J., in an article entitled: "Truth in Religious Pictures," contrasts modern art with that of the Middle Ages, and shows wherein the latter is superior.—Fr. Baumgartner has an article on Paul Bourget and his psychological novel, *Eine Ehescheidung*.—Fr. Stockmann concludes his series on the work of the Countess Hahn-Hahn.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

NEW YORK greeted Douglas Hyde in Carnegie Hall by a meeting which was a most pronounced success from every point of view—in the number, character, and standing of those present, the tactful opening speech of Judge Keogh, the masterly address of Bourke Cockran, the clear, convincing, and simply eloquent plea for the Gaelic League by Douglas Hyde. Judged by the people in the audience and the financial result, it was by long odds the most remarkable Irish gathering ever held in New York. No missionary from Ireland ever before commenced an American tour under such favorable circumstances, and the complete success of that tour is already assured.

The Honorable Bourke Cockran's speech had a strong Christian element sometimes notably excluded from meetings to promote the Gaelic revival. He spoke in part as follows:

Mothers began to think that it would handicap their children in the race of life to be familiar with the Gaelic of their fathers. The march of material prosperity seemed to involve the destruction of the tongue; and yet, in the face of all this, some ten or twelve years ago, a little band of Irishmen, no more numerous, I believe, than six or seven, met together for the purpose of founding a Gaelic League; and this language, which Archbishop McHale seemed powerless to save, which all the forces of civilization seemed bound to destroy, suddenly, inexplicably, almost in a night, leaped forth into life and light! From being the dialect of a few remote hamlets, it has become the language of a large part of the population—about two hundred and fifty thousand—and an object of passionate cultivation by the whole race. It has already reasserted itself upon its own soil, and to-night, before this imposing gathering, it proclaims itself advancing among the forces operating for the spread of civilization, and we American citizens express our greeting here to the patriot, the apostle, the prophet of its revival.

My friends, this, I have said, is a significant event. Its significance goes far beyond the gratification of Irish patriotism. What does it mean: this event which I am justified in calling the phenomenon of all the ages; which would be a miracle, if any event evolved from purely human circumstances or human action could deserve that description? How are we to explain the fact that this language, disappearing and dying, has suddenly revived, not through the aid of government, but in spite of it; not through the encouragement of the learned, even among the patriotic, but in spite of their opposition? Why is it? Ordinarily we are told that the multiplicity of languages is not conducive to human progress.

I have heard men even say, and with a good deal of force, that building construction was not promoted by a multiplicity of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Some people will point you to the fact that in this country now, when we are highly civilized, there is but a single language spoken. When it was the abode of savages, there were as many languages as different tribes. At this moment in the Philippine Islands there are eighty different dialects. The multiplicity and diversity of these methods of expression is

one of the greatest difficulties confronting this Government in dealing with that problem. Ordinarily the march of progress has been by the assimilation of language. Man discards that which is no longer useful. One method of expression inferior to another is doomed to die. What man requires, that man summons. Here the mere fact of this extraordinary phenomenon, the revival of this language in this extraordinary manner, proves one thing beyond all question, that the Irish tongue is necessary in some way or other to the progress of mankind. The fact that it lives is an evidence that it is necessary to human development.

In what way can we see that this language is necessary to the growth of human progress? Well, it seems to me the answer is suggested in the testimony which Douglas Hyde gave before a commission which sat some years ago in the city of Dublin. I often wonder if he understands the full significance of this language and of the movement which it describes. It is the feature of great events that the men who contribute most are unconscious of the magnitude of the tasks which they have started. He says that "the study of the Gaelic tongue operates to train the people in oratory or power of expression, in æsthetic appreciation of literature, and in song and in music." My friends, who ever reinforces the resources of human nature in oratory, in song, and in music, is broadening the current of civilization and uplifting the sons of men to a dignity they never knew before.

What is most essential at this moment in the civilized world? I believe that it proves conclusively the purpose of God in the revival of this tongue is to summon to the defence of Christian civilization, in the splendor of success, the same forces and the same language which laid the foundations of Christian civilization in the ruins of the corrupt old Empire of Rome.

What is this modern civilization of ours? What is its essential principle? It is justice, that justice, according to the Christian conception of it, that holds all men equal before the law. It is but the application to civil government of the Christian belief that all men are equal in the eyes of God. That equality of men has worked the abolition of servitude, and it must ultimately work the overthrow of despotism throughout the world. Already it has substituted free labor for slave labor, and that change has accomplished the most marvelous revolution in the whole history of mankind. It has wonderfully uplifted the conditions of every individual. It has reinforced the productive power of his hands; it has multiplied the commodities available for his comforts; it has widened the scope of his knowledge; it has lengthened the span of his days; it has broadened the horizon of his hopes; but besides the successes it has achieved, it has developed new dangers and new difficulties which are born of the very splendors which it has accomplished.

The slave was ready to accept the crust of bread from the hand of his master as the reward of his day's toil, glad to escape the lash. The free laborer demands a fair share of the property in the commodity produced by his labor; and fixing this fair share is the great problem of civilization. It has provoked struggles more desperate and more difficult than any that heretofore perplexed the statesmanship of the civilized world. The questions of the future will not be to settle the boundaries of nations, but the conditions of the people who dwell in them. It will no longer be a question of dividing the

surface of the earth among different powers, but of the correct way of dividing the products of the earth among the different elements that have created it.

These questions cannot be settled by force; they must be settled by justice; and, under the growth of Christian civilization, it is no longer necessary to arm justice. You have but to show her and all men are agreed to serve her. Justice is no longer something to which men must be coerced; it is become the passion of Christians everywhere. The question is, and the perplexing problem is, not to obey justice but to discover it; to ascertain precisely where justice lies. And how is justice to be discovered? By the interchange of human thought, by the comparison of human views, by the exercise and use of that supreme power given to man, by that power which God himself invoked when he proceeded to establish his law and to sow the seeds of his civilization in this land. It must be done by the word spoken or written. It must be done by appealing to the conscience and the intellect of men and pointing out before their eyes the pathway through which their footsteps can reach the spot where justice is often concealed.

Dr. Hyde tells us that he has discovered where an English peasant has a vocabulary of five or eight hundred words at the outside; that the Irish peasant in the most unlettered condition has a vocabulary of not less than twenty-five hundred words, and in Kerry and in Limerick that vocabulary rises to six thousand where the Irish tongue alone is spoken. The Irish language, called to the service of man, will be the strongest instrument in showing where justice stands and raising her to the throne on which men are ready to have justice set as soon as she is revealed to their eyes.

All men are awkward in a language which is not their own. If a man be eloquent in a foreign language, or even forcible in it, he will be sublime in his own. Edmund Burke, speaking the English language, raised it to such development that Lord Macauley says as he spoke it no tongue comparable to it was ever used by man except the ancient Greek alone. Irish poets have added a new splendor to English verse, and Dr. Hyde himself tells us that the very foundation and origin of verse is to be found among the Irish poets. Every one of us knows that to every phase of English expression the Irish poet has contributed most of its pathos and of its humor. He has managed to lend, even to the unbending English words, something of the melody, of the cadence of the Atlantic as it strikes and moans upon his rock-bound shore. He has been able to implant in English literature a likeness of the parent spirit which sees in the swaying of the daisies and the cowslips, not the movement of the senseless winds, but the footsteps of the laughing fairies.

If Burke could move the English Senate and raise the English tongue to new splendors, conceive what he could have accomplished for humanity had he spoken the tongue of his race and of his fathers. He was able to make his mark, not merely upon his own age, but upon the civilization of the world. His speeches are to-day the monuments by which every progressive movement is directed. He was able even in the English Parliament, before its reformation, in the name of justice and equality, to so strip and unmask vice, oppression, and pillage in high places, that the man whom the courts and the king wanted to make appear innocent, he placed at the bar of the House of Commons and caused to answer for his offenses. He did not suc-

ceed in convicting Warren Hastings, but he did destroy forever the system which Clive established and which Hastings completed; and these services are but a faint indication of what he might have rendered had he been trained in the language which nature intended his tongue and his talents should employ.

This is the philosophy of the past and the lesson of the future. That which makes this a memorable gathering, and that which justifies this outpouring to meet and greet and praise this distinguished Irishman is not the mere gratification of our patriotic pride by the mere assurance that our race is indestructible, but the graver, grander feeling that the task which lies before the Irish tongue and the Irish people is grander than any even of those which it has accomplished in the past; that the language which was spoken when the foundations of Christian civilization were laid is the language which will lead and be spoken in the foremost place when the capstone and the roof shall be placed upon the structure, and in the mighty tide of progress that is bound to flow from the ultimate domination of Christian justice throughout the world, there will be found the last achievement of Irish nationality; there will be found the crown of the work that Douglas Hyde has begun and which God has destined to succeed.

* * *

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

NO. 491.

THE SOCIAL ACTIVITY OF FRENCH CATHOLICS.

BY MAX TURMANN, LL.D.

THERE are very good reasons why the Catholics of France should be cheerful amid all the anxious cares of the present moment. It gives me pleasure to write about one of these encouraging facts for the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, because I think it extremely important. That is the increasingly active part which the Catholic young men of France are playing in public life. Their influence grows every day. In some places it has already produced excellent results. As yet, of course, the same success has not been achieved everywhere. Time is needed for that.

Some people, to be sure, are astonished and even angered when they cannot reap the harvest almost as soon as the seed is sown. They, however, know no more about the cultivation of a field than others about the intellectual training of men. We must be, above all, on guard against discouragement. Results rarely come up to our fond hopes. Moreover, as a rule, we do not know all the effects of our actions. At times the best and most fruitful escape our notice. As M. George Goyau wrote recently: "We know the good that we want to do, but not always the good that is done. If, here and there," he adds, "some result seems slight and rather discouraging, tell your friends that sometimes things turn out well without our knowing of it till we get to heaven."

Happily our Catholic young men have not given way to discouragement. On the contrary, obstacles and opposition

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have given them truly apostolic zeal. For this reason we cherish the hope that their optimistic spirit will get good results out of the present movement.

I.

Within the last few years, associations of young Catholics have been formed in every province throughout the country. They are to be found in the most widely separated ranks of society. Here you have a body of students—there a set of laborers or of farmers. And these groups are not isolated units, no matter what their make-up. Everybody realizes the need of unity. As a result, different large federations have been established. In some the membership is determined by personal, in others, by local considerations.

The two most important of these federations are L'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française and Le Sillon.* Of these in particular, I wish to treat.

The Catholic Young Men's Association is the older, having come into existence about twenty years ago. It comprises more than a thousand groups, with a total membership of nearly sixty thousand. This is a force to be reckoned with.

From the very first this association has had an eminently practical character. In its statutes, which go back to May, 1886, we find proof of this. There we find these words: "The Young Men's Catholic Association of France aims at co-operation for the re-establishment of Christian social order. Its principles are submission to the authority of the Church and a thoroughgoing adherence to her teachings, especially to those that bear on the truths of the social and economic order. The means to its end are Christian devotion, study, and the mutual helpfulness of the members."

In its programme of studies and discussions, the association proposed such subjects as these: "The Liberal Theory of Labor"; "The Socialistic Theory of Labor"; "Producers' and Consumers' Co-operative Societies"; "Workmen's Socialistic Leagues"; "Female and Child Labor in Factories"; "Limitation of the Hours of Labor"; "Legal Rest on Sunday"; "Accident Insurance," etc.

This was in 1886. At that time such questions did not

* There are other associations, less important, however, since they do not extend over the whole of France. We note particularly La Fédération des Alpes et de Provence; La Fédération des Groupes d'Études du Sud-Est; Les Jeunes du Jura, etc.

engage Catholic thought so generally as they do to day. This distinctly social bent should not be astonishing, however, on the part of a society which owes its beginnings to the "Work of Catholic Workmen's Circles," from which sprang practically the whole Catholic social movement in France. Count Albert de Mun was probably its chief promoter. At any rate, he stood out as its sponsor at the first general assembly, at Angers, in 1887, over which Monsignor Freppel presided. Since then the Association has grown and prospered. It has branched out all over France, and has given thousands of the people one common purpose. All the while, it has been faithful to its first object—social action. There are two distinct periods in its development. The first—reaching to 1898—was that of organization. During this time the scheme of administration was decided on, extreme care being taken to interfere as little as possible with the self-government of local branches. In the second period, since 1898, the society has been making itself democratic.

I wish to say something about this latter feature of the society's growth, because it is the most recent, and, from our point of view, the most interesting. Up to 1898 the great majority, in fact, almost all, of the affiliated groups were made up of students and college men, or, to speak more plainly, of men from the middle classes.

It is true that the Workmen's pilgrimage, led by Léon Harmel, met that of the Catholic Young Men's Association at Rome in 1891. But nothing in the way of intimacy came of this meeting, though many eloquent things were said. Afterwards all kept to themselves in their respective organizations. As yet there was no mutual understanding, nor cordial co-operation. That is a thing hard to bring about even among Christians. To secure it it is necessary that the common people should lay aside some of their inborn distrust, and the middle classes their tone and air of superiority. There must be good will on both sides.

In 1896 the Federal Council of the Catholic Association addressed a warm-hearted, ringing appeal to the young men of the masses. Little by little the invitation was heeded. To-day workmen, employees of all sorts, and farmers make up two-thirds of the whole society. The admission of these recruits will, of course, change the association exteriorly, but

will in no wise alter its aims, which were and will remain decidedly social.

The directors of the association recognize these modifications and are glad of them. "Our association," writes George Piot, one of its vice-presidents, "is open to all comers and is now more democratic than ever. Our educated classes have not left us. We have students from the higher schools and colleges and even from the seminaries. The common people, besides, are flocking to us. Some branches, such as those around Orleans and in La Vendée, are made up, for the most part, of country people. The same state of affairs is found in the Nord and Calais. Other groups are composed almost entirely of miners; others, again, of metal workers. Why go on with this enumeration?" adds M. Piot. "It would be tiresome and, even then, incomplete. To realize how democratic our association is becoming, a man must see one of our provincial or general assemblies."

We can only confirm M. Piot's assertions. By looking over the annals of the association, and examining the numerous snap-shot photographs that were taken just before the meetings broke up, we have satisfied ourselves that the common people have always been a large and, at times, the dominant element of these assemblies. If the association had not had a decidedly public bent from the beginning, the very circumstances, and even the conditions of its growth, would have brought on a steady development of such tendencies. It is also to be remarked that most of these affiliated bodies have taken up economic questions, especially of late, and have made inquiries into the condition of workmen and farmers in their own particular neighborhood. More than that—and this is something altogether new—for the last three years these young men have organized annual congresses, in which social questions alone have been discussed.

The first of these was held in 1903 at Chalons-sur-Saône. There three days were given to a careful study of problems connected with unions. The second congress, held at Arras in 1904, was devoted to a study of mutual aid societies. The third, which met at Alby some months ago, took up the grave question of apprenticeship. The holding of these three congresses shows, more than anything else, that the association has entered resolutely into the field of social endeavor. Its members have our heartiest congratulations.

II.

The ever-growing activity of our young men, as we have just remarked, is a characteristic feature of the Catholic movement in France, and especially of the Catholic social movement. The members of *Le Sillon* must be distinguished from the rest. They are unlike the others, in that they employ tactics which show their originality, and—better yet—assure their entrance into circles that are hostile to Catholicity. Their method springs, it seems to me, from a state of mind which is unhappily too rare as yet. These young men say, or rather have vaguely realized, that the first step towards influencing our contemporaries, is to refrain from chronic fault-finding. Though in some ways sad and stormy, we should, they maintain, love the times in which we live, cherishing what is lovable in them, instead of saying or hinting, in season and out of season, that this is the most hateful period in the history of the world. Such pessimistic assertions are not altogether true, and besides they are utterly imprudent. The members of *Le Sillon* do not spend their time railing at their age or country. They feel that they have something better to do.

Let it not be imagined, however, that they are willing to put up with all sorts of tyranny. When the Sisters were expelled a short while ago, they were the first to organize a meeting at Paris, in the heart of the Latin Quarter, to protest, in the name of liberty and equality, against the sectarianism of M. Combes' Masonic Cabinet. Their protest differed from those made elsewhere in an equally eloquent fashion by other Catholics. It drew strength from the unquestioned profession of their political faith. They speak of the Republic as the form of government which they prefer, and assert that such a government can always count on them.

This society is, in addition, thoroughly democratic; not only in theory, but—what is probably not so common among us—in practice as well. In all its branches the rich and poor, the sons of the well-to-do and young workmen, the educated classes and laborers, are treated alike. They meet each other on a footing of sincere Christian equality. They look on each other as comrades, devoted to a common great cause. Each one is expected to play his part according to the gifts God has bestowed on him. For myself, I do not know of anything more touching than the simple yet strong affection which binds

these men together, in spite of the social differences which separate them in the eyes of the world. Well is it said that Le Sillon is a league of friendship, in which all strive to be of one mind, upholding the same ideals and setting themselves against the same moral evils.

Another striking feature of this society is its formally expressed desire to take part in the Christian Apostolate. Its members never hide the Catholicity of their convictions. Quite the contrary. They have never been backward, nor, on the other hand, have they been aggressive in affirming that they are always submissive and loving sons of the Church. They are quick to condemn what she condemns. At the same time they always claim freedom of thought and action in all those matters that are left to the discretion of the faithful. No one, I think, has ever seriously questioned their determination to be scrupulously orthodox. It is true that some have disapproved of their stand on one or another difficult subject. These people are, of course, within their rights in criticising, but the members of the society have just as good a right to act on their own convictions. In other words, these matters are open to free discussion. We must not forget, however, if we wish to be fair, that Pope Pius X., Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, and many French bishops, have given public proof of their fatherly feeling for these young men who make such frank profession of their Christian faith.

Their candor fully explains the sympathetic welcome which the speakers of Le Sillon receive from very mixed audiences, in which non-Catholic elements are, at times, predominant.

"We are going to take part in necessary social work," writes M. Mark Sangnier, the founder and president of Le Sillon, "in spite of distrust, raillery, and hatred. *Our work will be of a positive character.* We will show the world what use we intend to make of the liberty we claim. We will try to free Labor from the exacting demands of Capital, and from the tyranny of politicians. We will not hide what we think nor conceal who we are. Our stubborn loyalty may be the best policy."

Stubborn loyalty, that is one of Le Sillon's chief virtues—one of those splendid traits which command respect and inspire sympathy in all who attend the society's meetings.

The reader has doubtless noticed the italicized words in the preceding quotation: "*Our work will be of a positive character.*" These few words sum up a plan of campaign which

creates a deep gulf between these young men and some politicians who preach a blindly negative opposition, in the belief that there is no hope of a return to better conditions till we have fallen into the worst. The members of *Le Sillon* have not stopped short with sounding phrases and easy invective. They want to be up and doing.

Let us see what they mean by action. We can best obtain that knowledge by letting the society's indefatigable and eloquent president speak for it. Some months ago, M. Mark Sangnier spoke about the moral and social work of Catholicity in France. After telling of the good already accomplished by the Christian schools, the *patronages*, and the workmen's Catholic Leagues, he went on to say:

"Now we can see how favored a generation this is—no matter what appearances may be—and how, as Holy Writ says, it has been called to reap where it has not sown. It has a two-fold work to do. Our Catholic societies have long been well equipped so far as religion and morality are concerned. They must now be fitted for social work, which is to-day the field of action for sound Christianity. Our study circles are busy getting people ready for this work. In the next place, it is our duty to make the people feel that Catholicity, with its incomparable social virtue, can freely enlighten and help the country. Our Popular Institutes are designed to produce this conviction."

M. Mark Sangnier, on another occasion, put the tendencies of *Le Sillon* in a clear light. "Our friends know," he wrote, "that it is most important to maintain strictly the spirit in which we wish to work. That is the spirit of truth, which makes us despise the narrow and unfortunate distinctions of society; which enables us to be true brothers in spite of superficial obstacles; which keeps us from joining exclusive societies; which makes us recognize and esteem all that is good in our opponents. It is also a spirit of love, of a love which embraces not only those who are our comrades in the every-day struggle of life, who are of one mind and heart with us, but also those who call themselves our enemies—men whom we wish to free from error and evil that we may share with them the joys of a restored unity."

These Study Circles and Popular Institutes are the two chief works organized and developed by *Le Sillon*. We must study them a little more closely.

III.

We will take up first the Popular Institutes. They are far less numerous than the Study Circles. At the beginning of last year there were only about thirty. Those at Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Roubaix, and Limoges are the most energetic. What is a Popular Institute? It is an educational centre—a home of learning—where Catholics lecture every evening on scientific, historical, philosophical, or economic questions. Any one may attend these lectures. Those who originated this scheme desire that the audience should be chiefly non-Catholic. Even when that is the case, the Institute is still energetically Catholic, because of its promoters and directors.

"Our aim," said the director of one of the chief Institutes of Paris recently, "is to make every lecture that a Catholic gives efficaciously apostolic. We succeed in that aim, it is true, when we study the social activity of the Church and show the perfect harmony of philosophical and sociological principles with her teachings. We want something more, however; we want every lecture to have an apostolic as well as an educational value. For this nothing more is needed than that a very simple reflection should forcibly impress itself on the hearer. This is the reflection we mean. I have just heard an educated man tell me what he believes to be the truth in this scientific question. He has sought the truth loyally and unreservedly. Now I know that he is a Catholic. The Catholic state of mind must, therefore, fit in well with the free search after facts. This Catholic is not at all afraid that looking for the truth will compromise his faith.

"The day when one of the audience reasons in this fashion it can be truthfully said that the lecturer has done apostolic work."

These few lines show what the Popular Institutes are meant to do. Unhappily there are not as yet enough of them, nor are they well enough attended. Some, however, like those of Roubaix and Limoges, bring together audiences that number hundreds of the common people.

The Study Circles have been much more successful up to the present. We meet them not only in most of the towns, even those that are small, but also in many purely country districts.

The Study Circles are periodical meetings held by the

young folks for the discussion of moral, economic, religious, and other such questions. A well-educated man, priest or layman, takes part in the debate. These circles are something more than centres of Christian thought. As a rule, they are also centres of Christian activity. In them efforts are made to find out what social institutions can be organized in the parish, and from them the first supporters of these institutions are drawn.

Many examples might be given. Probably the most significant, however, is that of Chanché in Vendée. Some time ago a young priest went to that parish as assistant. He found a *patronage* there managed, or rather mismanaged, in the old fashion. It was a club for only amusement and talk. Boys were admitted from the time of their second Communion till they were of age for military service (twenty-one years), and even after that. In this place there were some twenty-five or thirty members, big and little. Our good priest was not afraid of work. He told himself that *patronages* should not be mere hot-houses, but that they should also be laboratories for the formation of Christians who might be useful to Church and State.

Accordingly, at the first meeting he delivered substantially this short address: "My dear friends, it is my ambition to make you better Christians and better citizens day by day; to make you devoted to the Church, and at the same time lovers of France. . . . Do not be selfish. Do not keep your love and devotion to yourselves. Be apostles. Whoever comes here simply for amusement would do better to stay at home and find his fun there."

They understood him and set to work to carry out this splendid programme. He established talks for Thursday evenings. Every week the last half hour of the meeting was set apart for little talks, which the priest took upon himself. He treated in as interesting a fashion as possible such subjects as these: "The Domestic Society, or the Family"; "The Religious Society, or the Church"; "The Civil Society, or the State," and so on. In a word, he gave them a regular course of philosophical and social study. The older of those in attendance had to make brief synopses of the talks.

This first transformation of the *patronage* brought on others. Our good priest made up his mind that he would no longer do all the talking, but would get the young men to speak. Thus a Study Circle was formed. This is how the meetings

were conducted. At the opening a chairman was appointed. He would then call on one of the members to give a talk on the subject which had been assigned at the previous meeting. When he had finished his talk, the speaker had to answer questions and objections which every one had the right to put. At the end of the meeting a subject was chosen for the following week.

This method produced excellent results at Chanché—as it has secured wherever followed. New mental horizons were opened up for the members; their wills were strengthened, and they became acquainted with those vital questions that engage public thought. As the members of this branch are all country people, they discussed agricultural questions in particular—from a practical as well as a theoretical standpoint.

They are not selfish. They do not keep their learning to themselves. They are most anxious to be apostles. As a consequence, they have inserted in their rule a clause which provides that each private monthly conference shall be followed after a fortnight by a public conference which is to be held in the presence of the whole *patronage*. Friends and relatives are invited to this meeting. The subject treated in it is one that has been handled already, one whose difficulties have all been foreseen and solved. At a meeting of this sort, the subject, "Alcohol and Alcoholism," was treated in the presence of eighty communal electors. This meeting had a happy sequel. It was the means of starting a temperance society which has a large membership and which exercises a beneficial influence in that neighborhood by distributing tracts and pamphlets.

A like result was accomplished by another conference, which investigated the subject of mortality among cattle. At the end of the discussion a mutual aid society was formed to stamp out those diseases which occasionally ruin farmers. Such are some of the results achieved by the Study Circle at Chanché, under the guidance of a devoted priest. This example does not stand alone. We might tell of many another like it.

Every day new bands are being formed. They have the same spirit and ardor which fill the Vendéans of whom we have just spoken. That is why our hearts are light in the midst of our present cares. We feel that the Catholic young men of France see their duty, and are working hard to prove themselves worthy of their religious and social mission.

WILLIAM HABINGTON AND HIS "CASTARA."

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE wisdom of lavishing attention upon poets of second or third-class merit has sometimes been disputed, but surely such an objection is shortsighted. For in the first place, no infallible authority for determining the status of an author has yet come into existence, and "infinite riches in a little room" have more than once been revealed in a search through forgotten pages. And again, it is sometimes precisely because of his limitations that a man is interesting. The great genius is cosmopolitan—of all time and every age; the lesser star is personal and national, and often very valuably provincial. He has his own individual message delivered in his own particular way; and if it be a sincere and beautiful message, we can scarcely afford to be without it. Especially is the truth of all this felt when the minor poet happens to be such an engaging person as William Habington—and one whose life was so representative in its very isolation. By birth a gentleman and by nature a student, it seemed probable at one time that the priesthood would claim him for its own. But love, in the person of "Castara," came into Habington's life—and his name is handed down as poet! The single volume due to this inspiration is the foundation of his literary fame, and to a large extent the explanation of his life. Were all outer details of his biography lost, we should still know the heart of this austere but lovable young Englishman from the revelations of his *Castara*.

Happily, however, we have other channels of information. From the reign of Henry IV., the Habington (or Abington) family had been a representative one, and during the sixteenth century their annals were particularly stirring. A certain John Habington was cofferer to Queen Elizabeth, and seems to have lived peacefully enough through those tumultuous times; but his two sons were of more radical temper. Edward was executed in 1586 for participation in Anthony

Babington's conspiracy; and his brother Thomas (father of our poet) was only less unfortunate. His studies at Oxford had been supplemented at Paris and Rheims, whence "after some time spent there in good letters," he returned to England a very zealous Catholic. Although one time Godson to Queen Elizabeth, Thomas Habington now acknowledged himself an adherent of Mary Stuart—and was promptly dispatched to the Tower. His imprisonment there lasted six years, and from Anthony à Wood's account we learn that "he profited more in that time in several sorts of learning than he had before in all his life."* He seems, indeed to have passed most of his subsequent years in scholarly pursuits, living at the family estate of Hindlip Hill with his wife Mary—a sister of Lord Mounteagle.

In the year 1604, after a brief respite, King James revived the penal laws against his Catholic subjects. Severe fines for recusancy were once more demanded (even for the period of toleration); and in default of such payment, all the personal goods and two-thirds of the lands of the victim became forfeit to the Crown. Hundreds of families were thus pauperized, and conditions became more and more intolerable all over England.† "It is both odious and grievous," wrote Father Gerard, "that true and free-born subjects should be given as in prey to others." But the work went on; until the fanaticism of one little band of zealots rose to fever heat, and in the mind of Robert Catesby was conceived the Gunpowder Plot. As is well known, this conspiracy was discovered, and its horrors averted, by means of a warning letter sent to Lord Mounteagle. Its author has never been positively identified; but Wood asserts that it was none other than Mary Habington. On the very day which had been set for the Gunpowder affair—the fifth (or possibly the fourth) of November, 1605—her son William was born. It was in truth a troublous world upon which the future poet opened his infant eyes; England, from her vacillating King to her intensely Puritan Commons, fell into a panic over the conspiracy. Catholics were in worse repute than ever, and over the Jesuits (as usual) burst the main torrent of popular fury. In this crisis, Father Garnet, their Provincial, fled for shelter to the home of the Habingtons. Hindlip was admirably adapted to the situation, containing no

* *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

† Lingard's *History of England*. Vol. VII. Ch. i.

fewer than eleven secret chambers, and had served before then as a refuge for the persecuted priesthood. But the Government was watching. In January, 1606, after a search of eleven nights and twelve days, Garnet was discovered; a few months later he was executed. And while the elder Habington's life was spared, it was on condition that he never subsequently put foot outside of Worcestershire.

After that, Hindlip Hill was tranquil enough. William's childhood passed uneventfully amid its beautiful surroundings, while his father pursued antiquarian researches in the neighboring cathedrals of Worcester and Chichester. At least two characteristics of the poet's later life—his fervent and enlightened Catholicity and his love of peace—may be traced to the training of these early years. For bloody and turbulent memories were a thing of the past to Hindlip; little by little the smoke of battle faded from its walls, and sunlight entered in. When William was old enough he was sent to the famous Jesuit College at St. Omer's, France; and the Fathers were so much impressed by his virtue and ability that after a time he was "earnestly invited to take upon him the habit of the Jesuits."* It would have seemed eminently fitting for a Habington to enter that great Society, whose aims and dangers the family had shared in England, but human destinies are not formed by such considerations. William, who was apparently uncertain of his vocation, "by excuses got free and left them," passing on to continue his studies at Paris. And as the final decision was against the priesthood, he returned to England; where, "being then at man's estate," Wood tells us, "he was instructed at home in matters of history by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman."†

It could not have been so very long after this that Habington met Lucy Herbert, youngest daughter of the Baron Powis—and his *vita nuova* commenced. "I found," he subsequently wrote, "that Oratory was dombe when it began to speak her, and wonder . . . a lethargie." His ingenuous little character sketch of "A Mistris" (prefixed to *Castara*) gives a more detailed description of this "fairest treasure the avarice of love can covet":

She is chaste. She is as fair as nature intended her, helpt perhaps to a more pleasing grace by the sweetnesse of educa-

* Wood, *ut supra*.

† *Ibid.*

tion, not by the slight of art. She is young. She is innocent even from the knowledge of sinne. She is not proud. In her carriage she is sober, and thinkes her youth expreseth life enough, without the giddy motion fashion of late hath taken up. She dances to the best applause, but doates not on the vanity of it. She sings, but not perpetually, for she knowes silence in woman is the most perswading oratorie. She never arrived at so much familiarity with man as to know the diminutive of his name, and call him by it. She is never sad, and yet not jiggish. She is not ambitious to be prais'd and yet vallues death beneath infamy.

To be less tedious, the Lady Lucy seems (from her lover's account!) to have been dowered with every perfection. But Habington was not to find this Rose of the World altogether without its thorns. His family, although an eminent one, was scarcely a mate for the Herberts or the Percys, whose blood was mingled in Castara's veins; and his worldly fortunes were doubtless far inferior to those of other suitors. But there was something in the grave, cultured grace of this young student to which the lady could not be indifferent. And his unfaltering assurances that they were created for each other had a persuasive power all their own. William Habington knew how to love; and he told his story in a series of poems so severely pure and so exquisitely tender that, in addition to winning the heart of Lucy Herbert, they won him a place among the makers of English literature.

Very little did he think of that result, however, as he penned the praises of his well-beloved.

Let all the amorous Youth, whose faire desire
Felt never warmth but from a noble fire,
Bring hither their bright flames; which here shall shine
As tapers fixt about Castara's shrine.
While I the Priest, my untam'd heart surprise,
And in this Temple mak't her sacrifice.

Thus characteristically does the little volume open; and from its First Part we learn the story of their somewhat checkered courtship. There is a charming little poem "To Castara, Praying"; another to the same "Softly Singing to Her Selfe." And as evidence that, with all her rare discretion, Lucy Herbert was still a very woman, Habington has

left some beautiful verses "To Castara, Inquiring why I loved her."

Why (he retorts) doth the stubborne iron prove
 So gentle to th' magnetique stone?
 How know you that the orbs do move;
 With musicke too? Since heard of none?
 And I will answer why I love.

But, not unnaturally, our young poet was keenly sensitive to the opposition of Castara's family. In lines addressed to her "right honourable" mother, he impetuously wishes that his high-born mistress were

The daughter of some mountain cottager,
 Who, with his toile worne out, could dying leave
 Her no more dowre than what she did receive
 From bounteous Nature.

And a few pages further on, we find him boldly asserting that:

Parents lawes must bear no weight
 When they happinesse prevent.

The lady, however, was too dutiful to heed such questionable doctrine; and she was finally induced to leave town for Seymours, on the Thames. Habington—after the manner of disconsolate lovers—composed a number of poems lamenting her absence, immortalizing "a trembling kisse" stolen at the moment of departure, and berating his friends for their philosophical advice. Then, very sensibly, he followed her.

Subsequent titles—"To Castara, Being debarr'd her presence"; and "To the Dew, In hope to see Castara walking"—usher in the pastoral phase of this romance. Under the "kinde shadow" of some friendly tree, or on the banks of the "courtous Thames," the old vows were once more repeated; and love had grown strong and brave during those months of probation—far too strong to fear what the hand of man could do! The young lovers had passed their Purgatory, and now the gates of Paradise were opened wide before them.

Yet are we so by Love refin'd,
 From impure drosse we are all mind.
 Death could not more have conquer'd sence—

Thus Habington wrote in the climax of his great joy. A touch of the unearthly, a certain kinship with the angels, tempered his most ardent moments; and it is this spiritual element, more than any other, that has separated his songs from the somewhat "madding crowd" of Cupid's votaries.

The marriage of our poet and his Castara was consummated sometime between 1630 and 1633—we cannot be certain of the exact date. But that it was an ideal one, the Second Part of the poems abundantly testifies. It seems probable that the Baron Powis was to the last unyielding, for one of the finest of these compositions implores his parental blessing as the one thing needful for their happiness.

Ere th' astonisht spring
Heard in the ayre the feather'd people sing,
Ere time had motion, or the sunne obtain'd
His province o'er the day, this was ordain'd,

declares the intrepid bridegroom. And surely the most obdurate of fathers could scarcely be unmoved by such a plea, ending as it does with the assurance—

To me
Ther's nought beyond this. The whole world is she.

To just what extent Castara's worth was "above rubies," Habington has not left us ignorant. A second 'prose portrait—this time of "A Wife"—is inserted among the poems; and reading it, we cannot wonder that he calls her "the sweetest part in the harmony of our being." He writes:

She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions, and if succeſſe crowne not expectation, remaine nevertheſſe uncontemned. She is colleague with him in the empire of proſperity; and a ſafe retyring place when adverſity exiles him from the world. She is inquisitive only of new wayes to pleaſe him, and her wit ſayles by no other compaſſe than that of his direction. She looks upon him as conjurers upon the circle, beyond which there is nothing but death and hell; and in him ſhe believes Paradiſe circumscrib'd. His virtues are her wonder and imitation; and his errors, her credulite thinkes no more frailtie than makes him deſcend to the title of man.

So, if Habington did not cease to be a lover when he became a husband, the credit was possibly not all his own!

During those early years of his married life, our poet seems to have felt an almost excessive shrinking from public activity. Political struggles had brought his family very near to shipwreck in the old days, and he had no wish to venture upon the stormy main. For, although there was no active persecution under King Charles, Catholics knew full well that they were merely tolerated in England, and their wisdom lay in much quietness. It is doubtful, too, if Habington chafed greatly under this restraint. The peaceful tenderness of his life with Castara is reflected in poem after poem; he writes of her "Being Sicke," then of her recovery; and on the first anniversary of their marriage he compares their passion to the sunlight:

Which had increast, but that by love's decree,
'Twas such at first, it ne're could greater be.

In the course of time two children were born to them—Thomas and Catherine—of whom we unfortunately know very little. But such glimpses of the home life as do reach us make lines like the following entirely comprehensible:

Though with larger sail
Some dance upon the Ocean, yet more fraile
And faithlesse is that wave than where we glide.
. . . And cause our boat
Dares not affront the weather, we'le ne're float
Farre from the shore.

Another, and most amiable side of Habington's character is revealed through his friendship with George Talbot, brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The two were cousins and had doubtless been close friends from childhood. Both had known the culture of "a liberall education," and both developed into men of severely high and noble nature. Looking back after Talbot's death, it seemed to Habington that his friend had inherited "the vertues of all his progenitors"; and he mused lovingly how frank and open had been his speech; yet how faithful his guarding of another's secret; how he was "absolute governor, no destroyer of his passions," and so generous that he could forgive an injury. As for Talbot, he declared,

in verses to his "best friend and kinsman, William Habington," the absolute unity "in blood as study" between them, and that their sole contention was "who should be best patterne of a friend." Indeed, Castara herself did not replace this older companionship; in the very midst of his courtship, Habington found time to reproach Talbot for an absence of *three days*! But this friendship was destined (as great affections so often are) to be the means of a mighty sorrow. It is not difficult to picture the darkness which enveloped our poet's life when the hand of death fell precipitately upon the vigorous manhood of his friend. For ten days Habington was speechless with grief. Then he sought relief in the touching Elegies which add a new solemnity to the 1635 edition of *Castara*. They are eight in number, perhaps the most powerful being the second:

Talbot is dead. Like lightning which no part
O th' body touches, but first strikes the heart,
This word hath murder'd me, . . .

No man can look straight into the eyes of death without having his aspect of life transformed. After that year, 1634, William Habington was no longer the weaver of delicious day-dreams, the tireless singer of Castara's praises. He was her faithful and devoted husband; but that was not all. In the studious repose of Hindlip Hill, we find the quondam poet giving himself more and more to historical research. He produced—in collaboration with his father—a *Historie of Edward IV., King of England*, which was published in 1640 "as the desire of King Charles I." That same year saw the appearance of his *Queene of Aragon*, a tragic-comedy of considerable merit, which the Earl of Pembroke "caused to be acted at Court, and afterwards to be published against the author's will."* One little dialogue in this play takes on no little interest from the tradition of Habington's Republican sympathies. It is the following:

The stars shoot

An equal influence on the open cottage
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper.

* Wood, *ut supra*.

And what hence infer you?
 That no distinction is 'tween man and man
 But as his virtues add to him a glory,
 Or vices cloud him.

These sentiments may or may not have been personal with the author; but when we recall the Royalist doctrine of divine right, and even Cromwell's preference for a "gentleman," we perceive how radical their tenor really was.

Popular opinion is too apt to concede to the Puritans of that day a monopoly of English piety; but the intensity and austerity of Habington's later poems might, if better known, serve as a wholesome antidote. The Third Part of *Castara*—issued in 1639-40—has comparatively little in common with the earlier pages. Its poems, composed mainly upon Scriptural texts, possess a solemnity, a detachment that is most impressive. From a man like Habington, indeed, it is almost alarming. All trace of the youthful lover, who caught the sound of Castara's name in the brook's "harmonious murmures," or fancied Cupid buried in the dimple of her cheek, has disappeared. The intense seriousness of life, the mutability of human joys, man's high destiny and the dread alternative of hell—these are now the poet's themes. We have before referred to Habington's custom of inserting prose sketches which strike the keynote of the various poems; at first it was the "Mistris"; then the "Wife"; still later, the "Friend." But for this Third Part was reserved the most famous of all—his vision of "A Holy Man." It seems a thousand pities to mar the continuity of this study—so wise, so sane, so full of austere beauty—by a mere extract; but the whole is too long to quote. The Holy Man alone, declares Habington, is truly happy:

In prosperity he gratefully admires the bounty of the Almighty giver, and useth, not abuseth, plenty; but in adversity he remains unshaken, and like some eminent mountain hath his head above the clouds. . . . Fame he weighes not, but esteemes a smoake, yet such as carries with it the sweetest odour, and riseth usually from the sacrifice of our best actions.

There is no trace of self-righteousness in this little sermon.

For seldome, says the preacher, the folly we condemne

is so culpable as the severity of our judgement. . . . To live he knowes a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, but . . . death, how deformed soever an aspect it weares, he is not frighted with: since it not annihilates but uncloudes the soule.

There would seem to be more than a superficial significance in this change in Habington's mental attitude. Was the weight of six additional years, the maturing of a deeply serious nature, even the death of George Talbot, sufficient explanation of it? Or did, perhaps, dreams of a lost vocation haunt the soul of our poet? Only his God (and possibly his Castara) could know what chastening hand had rested upon that heart. But surely it was not in the school of ease or joy or human consolation that Habington learned to write words like those closing ones of *Castara*:

My God! If 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breathe this ayre;
My heart obeyes, joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great
And treachery of the faire.

For in the fire when ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified,
Doe we deplore the losse?
And when thou shalt my soule refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the drosse?

Our poet's later years were passed amid much turmoil, and few details have survived. In 1641 appeared the last of his published works—*Observations upon Historie*; the next year saw England dark with the smoke of her Civil War. Habington's love of freedom must have rendered him but a half-hearted Royalist; yet with the fanaticism of the reformers he could have no sympathy whatever. Moreover, if there was one word which fired every spark of Puritan wrath and Puritan hostility, that word was Popery. A scapegoat has at all times been found convenient; and there is a certain grim humor in those Parliamentary proclamations which hold Catholicity re-

sponsible for the sins and afflictions of Protestant England. "Under such circumstances," says Dr. Lingard, "the Catholics found themselves exposed to insult and persecution wherever the influence of the parliament extended; for protection they were compelled to flee to the quarters of the Royalists, and to fight under their banners; and this again confirmed the prejudice against them, and exposed them to additional obloquy and punishment."* William Habington, says Anthony à Wood, "did then run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the Usurper"—words so ambiguous that we long to call the old Oxford chronicler back from his grave and demand an explanation. Very precious, too, would be some news of Lucy Habington during those "evil days." But nothing is clear save the one ultimate fact of our poet's history. On the thirtieth of November, 1654—at the commencement of his fiftieth year—William Habington died. His body was laid to rest in the old vault at Hindlip, by the side of his father and his grandfather—and not improbably close to his beloved Castara. Various manuscripts were left in the possession of young Thomas Habington, but they have yet to be of service to the literary world.

It is unnecessary in the present paper to discuss Habington's historical works. They are scarcely read to-day, having been supplanted by more recent scholarship; although we have Edward Phillips' word that twenty years after our author's death, his *Historie of Edward IV.* was better known than his *Castara*.† The *Queene of Aragon* also was very favorably regarded by his contemporaries, being revived during the Restoration. In its prologue, Habington declares the language of this drama to be "easy, such as fell unstudied from his pen"—an assertion the reader will be tempted to take *cum grano salis*. As might be expected, there is a great deal of beauty in the love passages, and a certain loftiness of tone throughout. Its characterization, too, is often full of vivacity, especially in the case of Cleantha:

Madam (observes this sprightly beauty)
I have many servants, but not one so valiant
As dares attempt to marry me.

Her wit is a constant delight, and renders Cleantha almost a worthy companion-piece to Shakespeare's immortal Beatrice.

* *History of England*. Vol. VIII. Ch. i.

† *Theatrum Poetarum*.

But after all, it is as a lyric poet that William Habington must stand or fall; although he himself took poetry with slight seriousness. "I never set so high a rate upon it as to give myselfe entirely up to its devotion," he once wrote. In the seventeenth century such an attitude was by no means unusual. Poetry was considered less as a vocation than as a graceful accomplishment, and Milton himself laid aside its composition during those twenty strenuous years, from 1640 to 1660. So, like Donne and others, Habington permitted his verses to float about in private circulation, until "importunity prevailed and cleere judgements advis'd" the more permanent form of a printed volume. Then, in 1634, *Castara* was anonymously published, with the author's half-playful assertion that "to write this, love stole some houres from businesse and my more serious study." The verses (which appeared almost simultaneously with Milton's "*Comus*") met with such success that a second edition was called for during the following year, and a third—with additions—in 1640. Since then, *Castara* has been little known to readers in general; and by the critics it has been damped with much "faint praise." We have already indicated that Habington did not desire to be a poet by profession; he was a poet only when some strong emotion—love or grief or religious longing—cast off the bonds of habitual reserve, and freed the wings of his imprisoned fancy. From such moments he must be judged; and because those moments were rare, he cannot be judged among poets of the first order. Scarcely any one could fail to feel the exquisite beauty and sincerity of those lines commencing:

We saw and woo'd each other's eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine.

They are among the most characteristic Habington ever wrote. But perhaps equally charming in its fashion, and with a sweet, frank ingenuousness that recalls the lyrics of Elizabeth's own day, is the following little poem:

"UPON CASTARA'S DEPARTURE."

Vowes are vaine. No suppliant breath
Stayes the speed of swift-heel'd death.

Life with her is gone and I
 Learne but a new way to dye.
 See the flowers condole, and all
 Wither in my funerall.
 The bright lilly, as if day
 Parted with her, fades away.
 Violets hang their heads, and lose
 All their beauty. That the rose
 A sad part in sorrow beares,
 Witnesse all these dewy teares,
 Which as pearle or dyamond like
 Swell upon her blushing cheeke.
 All things mourne, but, oh ! behold
 How the wither'd marigold
 Closeth up now she is gone,
 Judging her the setting sunne.

After the manner of its own age, *Castara* may be said to have accomplished very much what Coventry Patmore essayed in *The Angel in the House*—the glorification of domestic love. In delicacy of imagination, tenderness of sentiment, and a certain even felicity of verse, it has few rivals.

Habington's religious poems form a curious contrast to those of Richard Crashaw, which appeared only five years later. They have almost no trace of the younger poet's ecstasy of joy and tenderness, nor of his lyric melody. But they have the awesome solemnity of far-off organ music; and sometimes "heart-perturbing" echoes of the "Dies Iræ" seen floating through the lines:

Eternitie ! when I think thee
 (Which never any end must have,
 Nor knew'st beginning), and foresee
 Hell is design'd for sinne a grave.

My frighted flesh trembles to dust,
 My blood ebbes fearefully away ;
 Both guilty that they did to lust
 And vanity my youth betray.

There is a simplicity, a directness in our poet's verse which is very rare among his contemporaries. Neither the overwrought fancies of the Italian school nor the subtlety and perversity of the so-called "Metaphysical" poets seems to have touched

him. Perhaps that insistent moderation which hampered Habington when he would scale the heights of lyric beauty, also saved him from the vices of his age. For in his literary, as in his private life, William Habington was "like a star and dwelt apart." A modest star he was—yet one from whom others have taken light for their pathway. We cannot read his lines on "The Grave," for example, without being conscious that they contain nearly the whole of Grey's immortal Elegy—in embryo, as it were.

Professor Saintsbury has remarked that our poet's work is "invaluable as showing the counterside to Milton, the Catholic Puritanism which is no doubt inherent in the English nature."* It is a very just criticism, although the word purity might advantageously be substituted for Puritanism. Although by no means devoid of humor—nor of satire, when occasion required—Habington was pre-eminently a man of high seriousness. And his poems are essentially a part of himself. They reveal a nature too proud to stoop to any littleness, yet too gentle for bigotry or censoriousness; a character in which learning had been tempered and vitalized by the power of love, and where the graces of life flourished but as blossoms of some heavenly fruit. George Talbot was nowise blinded by friendship when he wrote that affectionate little preface to *Castara* :

Beyond your state (he told his friend)
 May be a prouder, not a happier fate.
 I write not this in hope t'incroach on fame,
 Or adde a greater lustre to your name,
 Bright in itselſe enough . . .
 . . . But I who know
 Thy soule religious to her ends, where grow
 No sinnes by art or custome, boldly can
 Stile thee more than good poet, a good man.

And we to-day can reach no truer estimate of William Habington.

* *Hist. Elis. Literature.*

LIFE AND MONEY.

II.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



IN a preceding article reference was made to the forces which cause our wants to expand and to those which tend to discipline or repress them. The former extend activity, and widen the circle of interests, and insure development; while the latter direct and control that growth. The natural tendency of our wants to expand is strengthened by our ideal of progress, by popular agitation, by custom, political teaching, education, and by the spirit and methods of business. Discipline and order are introduced among our wants by Christian teaching, moral law, and conscience, public opinion, education, civil law, and, in an important way, by income. For, the great majority, since they have not sufficient money to allow indiscriminate satisfaction of wants, are compelled to make choice, to forego pleasures, to submit to a self-denial, at once wholesome and more or less severe. Credit methods in business have, to some extent, injured this discipline by permitting many to escape the limitations which small income would otherwise impose. Many are enabled to live beyond their means and are exposed to temptations against property, person, and honor which cause great anguish and, too often, the moral ruin of life. When one maintains a standard in food, clothing, residence, leisure, and amusement, by exhausting one's credit without developing resources to offset this, one is guilty of conduct which entails the most distressing consequences.

Our willingness to increase wants, and our reluctant submission to the discipline of them, may be ascribed to many causes. Nature's instinct leads us to want things. It is life. Not to want, not to strive, is stagnation, death. We commence life, creatures of many wants. And all of the consciousness of our earliest years is centred on wanting things and getting them. Only late in life do we realize what is meant by cost, sacrifice, or pain and labor in procuring needed things. From infancy we are aware of appetite, need, disappointment, pleasure

but we learn by slow, awkward, later process, the law of cost and of exchange. With many the sense of cost and of sacrifice does not penetrate deeply enough into the moral consciousness to constitute a check on desire. An epoch is begun in a human life when, for the first time, it realizes the law of cost and proportion in exchange—that something must be given, a sacrifice made, for what is received.

Our remarkable ignorance of real wants, our inability to distinguish real from imaginary wants, our lack of a standard of value among our wants, all are factors in hindering the discipline that we need. We hear every day that men eat unwisely, drink ignorantly, dress in a way to injure health. Custom, tradition, and varied social impulses govern us in what we want and in our manner of satisfying desires, when we should be governed and disciplined by knowledge of nature and by healthy ambitions based on real values in life.

This disorder in human wants has an important relation to income. Unless one govern one's wants prudently, one is apt, when limited in income, to expend it without judgment, and to suffer for the error. If one is forced to choose between warm clothing and showy dress, and one prefers the latter, there is little use in endeavoring to increase one's income. Wisdom in spending what one has is a more important thing than increasing income. Many agencies aim at the latter; few at the former. It is customary to express nominal income in terms of dollars. Real income consists in the quantity of consumable goods which nominal income can procure. It is evident that one's real income depends on prices, and on one's good judgment in spending, and on small economies which good management looks to. Hence, wisdom in spending money is as necessary at least as success in getting it. Ruskin tells us that "Twenty people can gain money for one who can use it; and the vital question for individual and for nation is never 'how much do they make,' but 'to what purpose do they spend.'"

Much of the modern discontent, which is formulated by labor unions and socialists, is directed toward income conditions. One can scarcely deny that in vast numbers of cases, income is insufficient. Yet the equally vital question of spending money is neglected, when much in the way of reform might be accomplished by right judgment in expenditure. The pity of life and tragedy of the poor is that they who have least income are so often least wise in spending it and are

most exposed to adulteration, high prices, purchase in small quantity, and bad judgment in the use of what they do procure.

Saving money, though wise, is not the chief wisdom of life—spending it well is wisdom. Aside from general occasional admonitions against extravagance and debt made in the pulpit, there is little impressive and effective teaching on this vital question. Even labor unions and socialists, professed representatives of the laboring millions, bend their energies toward increasing income rather than toward increasing wisdom in the use of what laborers now have. Possibly the conviction prevails that laborers' income is now so much less than what it ought to be, that there is no chance to save, except as saving is effected in insurance and union dues. Then too a class which saves money is apt to be contented, while unions exist to foster discontent. Increased wants cause increased consumption, which means more business, more labor, higher wages, and this is always an attractive prospect for the laborer.

Whatever be the explanation, it is evident that society does not furnish us with sufficient impressive and effective teaching as to wisdom in our wants, discipline in our desires, judgment in use of income. Even within the limits of civil and moral law and conscience, there is room for the greatest ignorance, error, and misdirection. Right direction of life implies a full definition of it in terms of life, understood, respected, obeyed. Judgment of values in life should be based on it, and restraints in life should come from it. Life may not be expressed in terms that are below it. Right discipline of wants is part of life, hence it is interior and vital. If men depend on external law, on public opinion, on chance, and accept only such external discipline as these give, they live on a low plane. If men know no discipline other than the restraint of income, they cannot live nobly. Among the great majority of men, there are few who would not eagerly change their standards, habits of life, and forms of enjoyment, if some chance should treble their income; life is so little self-contained and so weak in interior discipline.

One's attitude to money is a commentary on one's whole philosophy of life. Hence, no other study will yield better results for understanding life than investigation of our habits of expenditure. Statistical data are not easily procured, but points of view are not without interest. While it is difficult to classify men by their manner of expenditure, one readily un-

derstands a point of view, and one may, with a moment's reflection, find abundant illustration in one's daily experience.

I.

A first point of view in disposing of income is that of those who spend what they gain. Money is opportunity, and opportunity should be embraced. Whatever need asserts itself, that need, with little discrimination as to its importance, will be satisfied when money is at hand. The improvident, easy-going, and thoughtless, those who live entirely in the present, and neither learn from yesterday's misfortune, nor think of tomorrow's risk, belong to this class. Some among these save small amounts in benefit associations, many of them give relatively much in charity, but life has no hopes to inspire ambition, no outlook to stimulate self-denial, and no reward to promote industry. Hence, existence dwindles down to the present listless enjoyment of what the day's luck or week's income offers. In these classes, fantastic needs are as pressing as real ones, and sentiment is as important as furniture. A philanthropic business man once gave a destitute family \$25, which was used to purchase two large photographs of the family, in gaudy frames, one of which was with much joy and ceremony given to the benefactor.

This point of view is by no means confined to the poor. Large numbers of the salaried class share it and display the same lack of foresight and wisdom. No doubt life insurance contributes to this, for one may any day hear men excuse their extravagance by saying that they carry life insurance to protect their families, and that therefore they may spend what they make and enjoy life. *Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

II.

A second point of view is that of those who spend income according to the standard of a social class to which they belong or to which they aspire. Whether or not one is actually associated with the members of a given class, one may aspire to be rated as in its grade of life, and then one fixes one's standard of life accordingly. Those who constitute such a class are held strongly to its standard. Their desire for approval, fear of diminution, of being "declassed," so to speak, their instinct for rivalry hold them rigidly to the class standard, and they eat and drink and make merry, dress and entertain, travel

and enjoy life, not as their personal needs and heart's deepest wish dictate, but as the social class commands. Throughout all of this process, show is prominent. One watches effect, one enjoys only when one feels that others look on, notice, and approve. One goes to the opera, the seaside, not to hear, or see, or profit really, but to be seen, to be conspicuous. When income is great enough to permit this, no particular distress other than that of foolish mockery results. But when income is insufficient, when this standard is relatively beyond one's means, the greatest distress follows.

This social standard, which fixes food, clothing, residence, and such necessities, is at once inclusive and exclusive. It forbids to its subjects certain kinds of revenue and productive labor, while it enforces dignity, leisure, and thus imposes great hardship. The acceptance of this social standard, with all that it entails in every direction, causes struggle, engenders false ambition, and fosters vain hopes. And yet those who accept it, identify it with life itself.

If our social classes which now follow given standards were constructed along the lines of equal income, but little trouble would result. However, it is the misfortune of us all that accident, choice, social impulse, business sympathy, and ambition throw us into classes without any thought about equal income. Thus, those with \$2,000 income are thrown with those of \$4,000; those with \$5,000 are thrown with those of \$7,000. This is the tragedy to which we ourselves add, by attempting, whatever our income, to associate with those who have more, and not with those who have less. As a result, many men live beyond income, and even when living within it, a large portion of it is perverted from real human needs to imaginary wants. There was some appearance of reason in the attempt centuries ago to maintain men in their own classes by legislating to control them in their expenditures. Democracy does not destroy classes; it rearranges them.*

* "Thanks to the irony of life, it may come to pass that the multitude pursue not the gratification proper to their own nature, but the gratification proper to the nature of the influential elite." Ross. *Foundations of Sociology*. P. 163. "The notion that human worth is measured not by achievements or personal qualities, but by the scale of consumption . . . exalts pecuniary emulation above all other forms of rivalry, and engenders a host of purely factitious wants, which call into being an insensate luxury at the top of society; then, percolating down through the social strata, these wants divert a serious proportion of income from the service of real human needs." *Idem*. 221. "The standard of living of any class, as far as concerns the element of conspicuous waste, is commonly as high as the earning capacity of the class will permit, with a tendency to go higher." Veblen. *Theory of the Leisure Class*. P.

Each class in society aims to reach the level of the class next above it; members of a class commonly seek to conform to its standard of life, and the standard of life generally tends to be placed as high as possible. When we find people of all grades of income thus grouped—acted upon by general social forces, and seeking by every impulse and feeling to conform to a standard which is beyond income—we behold results which are of the highest importance in the history of the morals of the race.

(a) Noble persons of this type, in whom moral sense is strong, whose grasp on ethical principles is unyielding, and who are possessed of ethical self-control, will scarcely suffer any moral deterioration, but they are subjected to great anxiety and to all the pangs of martyrdom in maintaining a social standard which is beyond their means. Parents will retire to the background, in order to maintain the level for their children; husbands sacrifice, that wives may be noticed, and they bend every energy to the business of money-making, in order to keep up the unequal struggle; self-denial in private is necessary to make show in public. Hack-hire, theatre tickets, receptions, fashionable schools, seem as important possibly as good clothes, substantial food, and decent dwelling. One might live in a neighborhood where rent is lower or property cheaper; one might wear ready-made instead of tailor-made clothes, one might buy less expensive, if equally nutritious food, and one might have simpler amusements and fewer vacation trips. But one will not. The standard of life adopted is life itself, and one resists diminution as one would a form of annihilation. Income is not sufficient to afford all that this standard involves. Hence struggle, worry and disappointment, but no iota of conscience, or decent self-respect is sacrificed. Such are noble, true-hearted men and women, who are caught in the social current, mistake it for life, and, without question, attempt to conform their lives to it.

(b) Others, however, are not so high-minded. They too attempt to live in a manner not warranted by income, but they suffer morally in the effort. They use income and credit to the fullest limit; they are always potentially bankrupt, if not actually so, are never out of debt, and do not aim to be. They look upon debt as a social and legal inconvenience, rather than as an ethical obligation, and they pay only insistent creditors, when driven to it. Their right to live as they wish

appears stronger than creditors' right to justice. They neglect weak creditors, such as grocer, dairyman, servant, or dress-maker, while they more willingly pay caterer, florist, and confectioner. In such cases, actual income is regularly insufficient and resort is had to every known credit-device, to delay, to part payment of bills, in order to avoid trouble and maintain so-called respectability. While one is in debt, without a horror of debt, and makes no particular effort to pay what one owes, living, at the same time, in apparent luxury or comfort, one does not break with so-called respectable people. This course of life seems to dull the moral sense, violate moral law, and cause serious harm to noble instincts. But the process is ended there.

(c) There are those, finally, who, in attempting to maintain a standard beyond their means, yield to the distressing pressure, refuse to reduce their manner of life, and resort to cheating, stealing, embezzling, gambling, betrayal of trust, and deception, in order to procure needed money. By a strange fallacy of self-exception, they think that they may escape, that luck is with them, that they will easily and quickly restore stolen funds. At times husbands, in a desire to allow their families every pleasure, hide their true condition, encourage expenditures which would be quickly given up if conditions were known. Misery and ruin that have come to men, shame, temptation, and degradation that have come to thousands of young girls, owe their origin to the foolish though natural effort to maintain a standard in food, clothing, and pleasure which their means did not warrant, and which were possible only by sacrifice of honesty, decency, and self-respect.

The work of this instinct in the race is of far-reaching effect. Nature is a class builder, she is not democratic. Her limited instinct for equality works horizontally on different planes, but not perpendicularly among the planes. Equality in classes and not equality of classes is her apparent law. She has implanted likewise the passion for distinction, individualization in us, which leads all of us to hope that, in some way, we may stand forward in the class, marked by form, or achievement, or symbol, that lifts us above our fellows. When we belong to a class, we must maintain its standard. Class strives to reproduce the external forms of the class next above; the weaker in any class tend to attain to the standard of the

strongest in the class. If we might know the whole truth about ourselves, we might discover that we look upon equality as a transitional stage on the journey toward a favorable inequality, for which our love of distinction leads us to crave much as the momentary poise in balance of the teeter-plank of the children's game is a stage in the rise of one who was down.

This whole course of conduct bears directly and constantly on income, for through income we are enabled to procure what we desire. The fixing of this standard of life takes us far away from consideration of our real essential need of food, drink, recreation, and shelter, and places a burden on income which the latter can, if at all, bear only with difficulty. Our difficulty is increased by the accessories which we impose on ourselves. Thus, if we are living beyond our means, if we are in debt, or if we have reached secret dishonesty in our moral degeneration, we impose a certain dignity upon ourselves. We will not go to a free ward in a hospital, and accept the services of an attending physician. We secure a private room and our own physician, though without means or intention possibly to pay for either. Some important event in life approaches—we must have money to make the show demanded by our standard, whether or not debts are paid. The spectacle was seen in a western city, some time ago, of the bride at a "smart wedding," who was served on her wedding day with notice of suit to collect money which she owed for a gown worn a year previously at a Governor's New Year's reception.

This disregard of the ethical question involved in extravagance and debt, is facilitated by the tacit agreement among us not to discuss our living expenses with one another. Many are frank, but they are the sternly honest—those who strive and aim to rise take part in the "conspiracy of silence." We spend to attract the public, but one may not ask what we pay for things. We do not ask our host how much he owes for his furniture, or his silver, or his wines. We do not ask if he buys at bargain counters or on the instalment plan. The host may tell us, but we may not ask. We are silent about the one thing which occupies ambition, absorbs thought, and enables us to maintain form. In our dress, homes, food, we maintain equality with our class; but our income—wherein we are unequal—is not mentioned, because therein we are unequal.

The business world, which profits so largely from this rivalry, has been merciful in inventing veneers, imitations, and machine-made goods, so that, however unequal the genuine and the imitation may be in quality and price, they approach equality in show and service, and thus unequal incomes are apparently equalized. Few are expert judges; the superintendent's solid mahogany looks little better than the clerk's stained birch. But no sooner has the poor man caught up with the rich man in show, than the latter establishes a new standard. Handwork is now select and expensive—machine work is cheap and common. When imitations and cheap grades enable the lower to imitate the higher, these take refuge in something new—transforming life into a veritable merry-go-around.

III.

Another point of view in the employment of income is shared by those who abandon themselves to some form of self-indulgence, to a passion or habit to which all else is made subservient. Appetite, desire is uppermost. It is not a particular view of money, not an ambition to maintain a social standing. It is an individual force, a sensual or social desire, which has mastery. Passion for drink, gambling, for personal ornamentation and vulgar display, desire for unusual distinction, are of this kind. When such desire is strong and well-established in its overmastering sway, nothing can withstand it. Self-respect, honesty, decency, virtue, loyalty—everything will be sacrificed. The young man who pawned a \$35 coat for \$5, in order to buy a pair of athlete's shoes; another who places in pawn his Christmas presents, and pays 40 per cent on his loan in order to have money to bet on races in a distant city; the brutal drunkard, the overdressed and over-ornamented daughter of shame and sin, are sad and wretched illustrations of the havoc which is wrought in this way.

The thoughtful reader, who is interested in working out this line of observations, will easily supply other points of view and abundant illustrations of those suggested. One will scarcely fail, in doing so, to win new self-knowledge and better understanding of the social forces which are of vital importance in the life-conduct of the individual. The bearing of the situation herein outlined, for and against Socialism, will be studied in a subsequent article.

STUDIES ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

BY M. D. PETRE.

III.

NIETZSCHE THE ANTI-MORALIST.



so far as his practical influence is concerned, Nietzsche the poet has been merged and forgotten in Nietzsche the anti-moralist; or, if remembered, has been so chiefly as contributing eloquence and charm to the moralistic writings.

In the last article my readers may have seen some reasons to question the truth of this estimate. Nietzsche as poet and artist was usually at his best; Nietzsche as anti-moralist, or immoralist, was sometimes at his best, but often at his very worst—and Nietzsche at his worst was something very bad indeed, and more harmful just by reason of his violence and shallowness. It is the extreme assertion of pernicious maxims, rather than a more scientific treatment, that works injury. The exaggeration which has descended as low as a lie, has its own short and ill-omened reward; it engenders vulgar belief.

The dangers, however, of many of Nietzsche's anti-moral aphorisms is actually non-existent, for those who are inspired by the more modern and spiritual philosophy, in contradistinction to the outworn materialistic and mechanical theories. In spite of his very keen-sighted criticism of the English utilitarian philosophers, Nietzsche's method was not so entirely different from theirs.

"These English psychologists," he says, "what do they really want? Whether wilfully or not, we find them always at the same work, dragging the 'partie honteuse' of our inner world into the foreground, and finding the cause, motive, and deciding factors of our development just in that wherein the intellectual pride of man would least wish to find it."*

And yet a few pages later we find him seeking the true sense of the word "good" in its earliest and barbaric conception; and he tells us, with satisfaction, that "schuld,"

* *Zur Genealogie der Moral.* I. Par. 1.

"debt," meant, first simply "schulden," to owe, in the sense of material or pecuniary obligation.* Is not this also to make the lowest instinct the parent of the highest; to explain the noblest development of which man is capable by its meanest commencement?

But "nous avons changé tout cela." It is no longer regarded as the best scientific, any more than the best philosophical, method to explain the plant or the animal by the seed; the cultured and civilized state by the barbarous tribe; the richest developments of reason and conscience by savage and rudimentary instincts.

Equally false would it be to take no account of these earlier stages. But our method has been widened and reversed. It has dawned on us that the greater is more likely to include the lesser than vice-versa, and that in the highest are to be sought the reason and explanation of the lowest. Nietzsche criticizes the notion of "absicht," of purpose and intention, as a fallacy in our moral consideration.

"In the *unintentional* element of our action," he says, "is its decisive worth; its purpose, all that is seen, known, and conscious therein, is of the surface and skin only."†

In so far as he denies to the individual alone a full knowledge of end and intention, and holds that, in every action of man, there is something more than one, personally, can gauge and comprehend, he goes in no way counter to a spiritual philosophy, which can fully recognise the force and value of spontaneity. But he does also tend to exclude from an action the end and purpose which are involved in its very essence, and thereby approximates to the mechanical theory. Those who have imbibed the later and more comprehensive notions will, therefore, be unhurt by that part of his philosophy which is based on these narrower and outworn conceptions. We look now for the reason of the first in the last, for the reason of the worst in the best.

I.

GAI SAVOIR.

In the title of one of his later, but not latest, works, Nietzsche expresses the aim and outcome of his moral studies. They resulted in a state of *gay* or *joyful* or *happy* knowledge, *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*; that state to which he so often al-

* *Idem.* I., 4, and II., 8.

† *Jenseits von Gut und Böse.* Par. 32.

ludes, directly or indirectly, when he describes the light-heartedness of the intellectual "free-lance," who not only walks but positively dances on the heights and on the edges of the precipices. This state of "think and do as you like" he considers attainable, like its religious counterpart, only through much effort and suffering and endurance. Old ties must be cut, old affections quenched, old habits broken, in that whole-hearted service of truth, which is to find its reward in its own exercise, in the keen delights of the intellectual chase, in that freedom and detachment of the mind which bounds along in pursuit of one sole object, invulnerable by the very fact of its nakedness. A thousand years earlier and Nietzsche would have been a Christian anchorite, devoted to solitary contemplation in the African desert.

Most of us have had at least some slight experience of these periods of intellectual freedom and exaltation, when the whole force of our nature is summed up in the single joy of knowledge and thought, when the emotions are still and the heart has no ache.

Oh! the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to rock,
The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree, the cool silver
shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water, the hunt of the bear,
And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.*

To return to the discussion of our last article, this is a phase in which Dionysos has been pressed into the service of Apollo; the hidden forces of emotion and feeling, of the mysterious underworld of our nature, are, for a moment, reinforcing the purely intellectual faculties, so that we seem to need nothing beyond the delight of thought.

But Nietzsche's earlier studies should have warned him that this was no permanent condition; that the "periphery of knowledge," as he himself put it, would soon be struck, and the mind awakened from its joyful dream. This happened in his own case, though not to the extent which might have been expected. What we would call the purely scientific stage of *Human, too Human* suffered amendment and modification later on; and "Wir Gelehrten," "We Savants" of *Beyond Good and Evil* receive some of the castigation which they had equally well de-

* "Saul." Robert Browning.

served, but escaped, in *Human, too Human*. Yet, on the whole, there is no doubt that Nietzsche endeavored, an endeavor which was partly successful, to lead the latter part of his life in a kind of mental abstraction, reducing every other faculty to the service of his intellect.

As usual, Nietzsche was prepared to make all the sacrifices that should be demanded in this whole-hearted pursuit of truth. He even fell into the frequent delusion which leads us to suppose that a course of action may be desirable, not only *in spite* of the sacrifice it demands, but actually *by reason* of it. He sprang forward to meet any new and subversive revelation with the enthusiasm of martyr or fanatic who faces the kindled pile. He accepted, without the necessary spiritual reaction, the crushing lesson of immensity, and came at last to well-nigh rejoice in the crude denial of old-established values. What he most sincerely regarded as pure love of truth, degenerated into recklessness, and he squandered hard-earned convictions, as a savage nation scatters works of art which it cannot understand. His "will to be strong" was corrupted to a "will to be rough," and he developed an increasing taste for violent assertions and denials, which grew to the dimensions of a mania.

II.

MASTERFUL AND SLAVISH MORALITY.

One of the first points to be noted in Nietzsche's anti-moralism is its undisguised advocacy of egoism and self-assertion. In *Human, too Human* we could gather countless aphorisms, witty perhaps, but not very original, in which the old difficulty is raised, the old contradictions are exposed, which inhere in the very notion of a wholly unselfish action. The difficulty is, indeed, unanswerable from a certain standpoint. When the love of self and the love of the neighbor are conceived as two wholly separate affections, it is well-nigh impossible to find a solid ground for the second. How are we, for example, to answer this argument of Nietzsche? The unselfish man, he says, must suppose:

"That the other is selfish enough to continually accept his sacrifice and his life; so that loving and self-sacrificing men have an interest in the preservation of others who are selfish and incapable of sacrifice; and thus the highest morality, in

order to exist, must produce immorality, thus tending to its own extinction."*

In other places he develops this objection with still more persuasiveness and power, basing his argument, not only on the fallacy of altruism, but also on its actual uselessness, as a round-about and ineffectual way of procuring the same good which egoism attains far more fully and directly. In a passage on "Nobleness," he writes:

"What makes a man noble? Not sacrifice, for the most extreme sensualist is capable of sacrifice. Not the following of a passion; for some passions are shameful. *Not the serving of others without any self-seeking, for perhaps it is just the self-seeking of the noblest which brings forth the greatest results.* No; but something in passion which is special though not conscious; a discernment which is rare and singular and akin to frenzy; a sense of heat in things which for others, are cold; a perception of values for which no estimate has been established; a sacrificing on altars which are dedicated to an unknown God; a courage that claims no homage; *a self-sufficiency which is super-abundant and unites men and things.*"†

This passage will remind us of Nietzsche's conception of the highest art, which is inspired, not by want, by longing, by desire, but by fulness, overflow, and strength; nor would it be fair to estimate his philosophy of egoism without bearing this characteristic in mind. Putting his argument at the best, here is what it would be:

We want strong men; power and strength are the highest qualifications of God or man; life itself is, at core, the will to be mighty and strong. (And, let us observe, in passing, that this theory is, after all, not so very objectionable as a fundamental conception. Nietzsche did not mean by strength that which is merely physical, and, in the choice of ultimates, it would seem to matter little which we select; life may be called a force, as well as it may be called many other things, provided only our term be comprehensive enough to constitute a final unity.)

Starting, then, with this theory, we find some men, these are the altruists, who would take from the strong and give to the weak; they teach that the ego must be sacrificed in the cause of the altar. Thus the healthy are given up to the ser-

* *Menschliches, allzu Menschliches.* Par. 133.

† *Fröhliche Wissenschaft.* Par. 55.

vice of the sick; the enlightened are worn out in the instruction of the ignorant, the great pioneers and initiators of new life are checked by the tottering progress of the blind and halt.

This is to institute in humanity a process directly contrary to that of nature. Slowly but irresistibly she has risen from step to step, from lower to higher type in her unending progress, not by compensating the weak, but by rewarding the strong.

What is the result of the opposite system in the evolution of mankind? Simply that sickness, foolishness, impotence, are raised to the thrones which should be occupied by health, knowledge, and will. Invalidism, hyper-sensitiveness, dilettantism have become, most often, not the shame but the glory of our race. We blush, not for our weakness, but for our strength, we sample our refinement by the number and the triviality of our pains. We measure our influence by the amount of sympathy we can evoke; we estimate our importance by the quantity of help and service which we need. So that the strong are expended, not even in strengthening the weak, but in ministering to and gloryifying their weakness. Behold the fruits of altruism!

And now let us turn to egoism, endeavoring to find the best we can in Nietzsche's theory.

Given a solidarity of mankind, what enriches the one enriches all; the strength of the one is the strength of all. Why then go this very roundabout way of ministering to the progress of mankind? Let the strong man grow stronger, until his strength burst the bounds of his individuality and flow over on to the world at large. Let him not reduce his own personality by continual division and subdivision of his strength amongst those who have none. The vice of this method is that there is then no overflow; nobody is too strong for his own needs, and thus nobody is strong enough to enrich the rest. We want, not just enough, but *super-abundance*. It is the men of powerful, independent, self-sufficing nature who break down the barriers of human limitations and raise mankind to a higher plane of development.

Here we strike on Nietzsche's two categories of ethics: Herrenmoral and Sklavenmoral; the morality of the master and the morality of the slave. The first is independent, self-

sufficing; it is not subject to the rule of established values, but itself creates values. It is far above the morality of usefulness, for it deals directly with ends and not with means. The corruption of this kind of moral or intellectual aristocracy is, not when it claims and extends its rights, but when it begins to lay them down. And this he justifies by the further doctrine that this spiritual élite is the justification of the whole; the best result of the past, the highest pledge of its future.

"The essence of a good and sound aristocracy is that it regards itself not as a *function* of the whole, but as its *meaning* and highest justification." *

A democrat would still have many and grave objections to raise, for, in his desire for the good of all mankind, Nietzsche aims at a survival of the fittest and not at a general elevation of the masses. The aristocracy, mental, moral, or political, does in fact, according to him, exist for *itself* and for the *whole*; not, as the political or philosophical democrat would say, for the *people* and for the *whole*. The cardinal virtue of the Herrenmoral is, according to Nietzsche (and here we feel a blow is aimed at Schopenhauer's ethics of pity), reverence; an appreciation of all that is lofty, noble, distinguished. As pity is the virtue of the ethics of "*verneinung*," "*denial*," so reverence is that of the asserting and affirming attitude. The one looks down, the other looks up. The noble can afford to be reverent because they believe in themselves.

Reverence is a virtue quite opposed to the sentiments of Sklavenmoral; for the serf in mind and feeling is instinctively hostile to what is greater than himself. The lords of the moral world are ready to give reverence where it is due, and expect, in their turn, to receive it. Pity, on the other hand, is detestable, whether to give or to receive; it blesses neither him who gives nor him who takes. For Nietzsche believed in suffering for the great even more than for the small; and to receive pity was, in his eyes, to be robbed of the fruits of our pain, which should issue in increased strength and influence, not in the need of foreign help and sympathy.

All this doctrine is, of course, in close connection with Nietzsche's startling and paradoxical theory in regard to cruelty. In one place he firmly deprecates the notion of cruelty as consisting only in the joy of seeing others suffer—there is

* *Vid: Jenseits von Gut und Böse. Par. 25.*

joy also over one's own pain.* And if we would ask how he reconciled his appreciation for this kind of self-cruelty with his detestation of Christian self-sacrifice, the answer we could draw from his general works would be that, where he, truly or falsely, thought suffering was accepted in the sense of a denial of life, his philosophy rejected it; but when it was a stage of self-development, he embraced it.

Space will not allow of a further consideration of this point; his doctrine is interwoven with more or less of fallacy, and yet it would be quite unjust to take his extreme assertions on the subject of cruelty in a bare and literal sense unqualified by the rest of his teaching.

Thus the egoism of the Herrenmoral was vigorous and self-assertive, in opposition to the egoism of the Sklavenmoral, which is parasitic and dependent. Nietzsche's egoist would be a fully equipped, richly endowed being, full of his own strength and light; shedding it forth on others through sheer super-abundance.

If we may and must make our stand against all in the philosophy of Nietzsche which would spell sheer brutality, a brutality as contrary to his own nature as to ours, we must not, for this, attempt to hide the very real evils which he combated. There are force and logic in his argument for egoism and self-assertion when we take them as opposed to that kind of altruism which is merely transplanted egoism; which is not founded on an ultimate unity, and which expresses itself in the witty formula of Mr. Mallock: "I am so glad that you are glad that I am glad."

Nietzsche objected to the impoverishment of one man in order to the enrichment of another. And surely there is justice in his objection, until we come to recognize that the higher kind of gift does not impoverish the giver.

"Ecco chi crescerà li nostri amori." Behold he who shall intensify our love."

In the goods of the spirit, one more to share is one more to increase the general feast. The strong man grows not weaker, but stronger, when he lends of his strength to the feeble. And one other thing needs to be specially noticed in our own day. It is a fact that works of pity tend sometimes to feeding and not to curing the disease. Nietzsche says:

* *Vid: Jenseits von Gut und Böse*. Par. 229.

"I have no doubt that the suffering night of one civilized hysterical woman comprises more pain than that of all the animals that have been sacrificed to science." * And he means thereby a compliment to the animals and not to the "one hysterical woman."

And when we see certain natures, not feminine only, that steadily devitalize all those around them, and gain themselves nothing thereby but the strength to scream a little louder, we feel that Nietzsche had a real grievance in view. We cannot share his unqualified admiration for Napoleon; but there are forces of disease and parasitism even more deadly than those of the pirate and brigand. He wanted to rouse the creative power of the sufferer, not merely to soothe and tranquilize.

"In man," he says, "creator and created are united; in man is the material, the fragment, the surplus, the clay, the mud, the foolishness, the chaos; but in man also is the creator, the sculptor, the wielder of the hammer, the beholder of divinity, the seventh day. . . . And our pity . . . defends itself against your pity as against all that softens and enervates." †

This is surely to call forth the strength that is hidden within weakness, while too often the result of pity is that the greater grows less, while the lesser does not grow more.

Professor Eucken says of the teaching of Nietzsche on these points: "He would not have treated morality in so unsympathetic a manner had he not regarded it only from one point of view, as mere working for other men, subordination to artificial rules, and a lowering and subjection of self which led to a diminution of vital energy. But such is merely the surface and not the heart of morality, it is not the morality of great souls." ‡

III.

SIN AND FATE.

There are two curiously opposed schemes in the philosophy of Nietzsche, *viz.*, his strong insistence on the rights of the individual and his equally outspoken belief in fate. His theory of masterful morality, of naked egoism, was inspired by the first of these fundamental beliefs; his denial of responsibility,

* *Genealogie der Moral.* II. Par. 7.

† *Jenseits von Gut und Böse.* Par. 225.

‡ *Lebensanschauungen grosser Denker.* P. 509. Prof. Rudolf Eucken.

guilt, and sin, was inspired by the second. But the *Wille zur Macht*, the will to be strong, remained always the predominant note; qualifying even his general doctrine of sinlessness. Although, according to him, we may often think ourselves free, responsible agents, when we are, in fact, mere tools of necessity, yet this very necessity is, in some way, the field of our own action. He feels it though he does not clearly see it, that there is a spring of spiritual initiative independent of natural laws; and, though he denies the Christian doctrine of sin, he by no means eliminates everything in the way of self-determination. The fighting instinct was ever strong.

In *Human, too Human*, in *The Wanderer and His Shadow*, and in all his later works, we have recurring intimations of his disbelief in any positive personal guilt. In the first place, as we have seen, he believed that the highest natures create their own precedents, and are, consequently, incapable of sin. In the second place, he believed that the whole system of objective morality was as illusive as the Ptolemaic system of astronomy; we cannot distinguish when we move ourselves, and when it is other objects that are moving.

Now personal responsibility is a fundamental article of our creed, and objective morality is as essential to a generally imperfect world as the science of medicine or hygiene. It is not the highest in itself, but it is the highest for ordinary purposes, and must only be transcended by nobler and loftier efforts, not transgressed by actions which are simply easier and more instructive.

And yet, is it not blinking reality to deny that Nietzsche represents a type which is to be found within, as well as without Christianity? Many speak as though to lack, naturally, the sense of sinfulness, were a mark of moral depravity, but, if we enter into the inner experiences of some of the purest and loftiest souls, we shall find that nothing is more of grace and less of nature than a feeling of personal guilt, even in regard to those of their actions which appear blameworthy. Furthermore, this difficulty increases rather than it lessens with advancing life. We do not, the worst nor the best of us, by any means find that a growing experience deepens our sense of personal guilt and responsibility to the extent that it deepens our sense of helplessness and misery; it increases our feeling of utter humiliation and feebleness, rather than remorse for wilful wrong-

doing. To sin seems almost beyond us, we barely credit our miserable personality with such a power.

Are some of the psalms, indeed, so far from this point of view? Are they not the cry of abasement still more than a lament for sin? I state this as a problem, not as a philosophy. It is a problem that will, most likely, be solved only by a growing and fuller comprehension of the relations of determinism and free will. Modern psychology is supplying facts and theories which must, eventually, become the spoils of Christian philosophy. Free will must ever remain a fact, as it remained even in the anti-Christian philosophy of Nietzsche. But a better understanding of the mysterious laws of our being will, some-day, make our acts of contrition, not less religious, but more real than they sometimes are now.

For the rest, Nietzsche's doctrine of sinlessness is not so wholly decadent as his followers have made it. A brilliant modern writer has said that the one sure way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it, and this is about the pith of post-Nietzschean anti-moralism. But in view of Nietzsche himself, the "*gutes Gewissen*," "clear conscience," was to be won in a very much harder way than this. We are not, according to him, to escape the effort of walking on a ridge simply by rolling to the bottom. This is decadent sinlessness; one that is obtained by lack of exertion, by throwing down the reins, by letting the impulses master the will. Nietzsche's method was one, not of self-abandonment, but of strong self-possession; a mastering of one's own life and conduct.

He was deeply impressed by the relativity of our knowledge and philosophy. When he paradoxically taught that truth was in no way preferable to falsehood, he meant, not a plain assertion, which would spell utter madness, but the necessity of certain forms of illusion to daily life. Truth was to be tested by its life-spring, which, for him, meant its might-giving capacity—not a wholly unworthy test. He had the same scepticism in regard to a system of morality, as he had in regard to a system of philosophy, once he doubted as to its being in process of living generation—unless spontaneous, it was not, to his mind, living. Laws too high for the moral level of mankind were as injurious as laws too low. Our ethics must be produced by ourselves and not ready made. There is to be here no dilettantism, but sheer hard work. The very sense of

innocence is to be attained, not by practical abandonment to individual impulses, but by an abstraction from personal impressions, a fearlessness which borders on heroism.

CONCLUSION.

We have taken, in all this, the best, and not the worst, of what Nietzsche has to teach us. To some it may seem that a man, who has been the supposed leader of so much that is irreligious and immoral in modern literature, can hardly have furnished anything that was really high and spiritual. But we can only recur to what we have often said—like too many teachers, he has been taken on his worst side. His violent paradoxical utterances against Christian morals have not really any sense at all except when explained by the rest of his teaching; and yet they have been taken as bare, literal assertions. If “immoralists” had attempted to be “immoral” according to the full Nietzschean philosophy, they would have found it an extremely difficult performance, needing about as much effort as morality itself, and issuing in not such a very different result. They would have found that, in place of accepting an objective code of morality, they had to create one of their own, more exacting and difficult, just because adapted to the full capability of their nature. We do not believe that mankind at large is called on to create such codes; but we cannot, nevertheless, deny that some may be endowed with such a mission. In Nietzsche’s eyes every man who is, in his own soul, master and not slave, has this work to perform. In the difficulty of the task was its safety, for the unworthy would never dare to undertake it.

Nietzsche’s greatest mistake of all was not, perhaps, his hatred of a Christianity which he misunderstood. His mistake was in thinking that Christianity did not already contain most of the truths at which he had arrived. He himself was “human, too human” in his limited comprehension of the great religion of mankind, and his followers were “human, too human” in their superficial understanding and facile carrying out of his doctrine.

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD PROMISE.



ANNE had looked to be home by mid-July. It had not occurred to her that she would make new friends, that her friendship would be claimed by charming, well-bred people, quiet and cultivated and refined, the antithesis of the hustling American as we know him.

She was drawn to Boston from Washington. She was entertained delightfully by women's clubs and societies as well as privately. Nothing could exceed the kindness, the warmth, the delicacy of the hospitality she received. She discovered that the best Americans are the quiet, home-keeping ones, and she discovered also that their qualities were widely different; the daughter of the Pilgrim Fathers side by side with the exotic American girl, whose frankness and freedom of speech were so delightfully at variance with the exquisite delicacy of her looks.

She was carried from one circle to another, would have been carried from one city to another if she had consented.

"I will come back one day," she said, "when I have a year or two to give to my American friends. Less than that would not suffice."

Instead of spending August at home, she spent it in the San Gabriel Valley. One exquisite old lady, who was descended from Quakers, and yet wore the Quaker garb, but for all that was one of the exclusive ladies of an exclusive society, would not have her leave America without seeing California. She could refuse the pink-cheeked, violet-eyed old lady nothing—in fact she had an odd sense of being flattered by Mrs. Margaret Peabody Fayle's preference for her—and so August found her in Los Angeles.

She sometimes had a conscience-stricken memory of her promise to take Mary Hyland to the sea or the mountains,

and she was not easier in her mind because she knew that Mary would never have a reproachful thought of her no matter what she did.

"Dunlaverock was to join the party in California, coming by way of the Exhibition. He was to take charge of Anne and Miss 'Stasia on the return journey. That, at least, made something of an excuse to Lady Anne's mind for breaking her promise to Mary. The thing furthest from her thoughts would have been that she should have lost another whole summer from Mount Shandon.

Mrs. Fayle had deplored the fact that they must see California in August and not in Spring. The fields of flowers, the groves of blossom would in August have given place to sun-baked stretches of thirsty land and pale corn-fields, but there would be oranges on the boughs, there would be brilliant flowers, there would be flights of humming birds like flowers come alive, there would be the vintage. It would still be—California.

Lady Anne had had time to become accustomed to the southern warmth and generosity of the Californian women. The dull gray adobe houses in their orange groves had grown familiar to her eyes.

San Gabriel she found a valley of content. The place was so exquisite, the people so gracious and kind, that her energy for the first time was lulled asleep. She forgot to weary for Mount Shandon and what was going on there. She knew that very soon now she must rise up and leave this enchanted valley of angels, but it was not a place to hurry away from. It had laid spells on her heart and her imagination.

It was the end of August when Dunlaverock came. His coming seemed to make Lady Anne feel willing to go home. He had spent several days at the Exhibition and was very full of machinery and such things. He was only sorry his own patent had not been ready.

The spell of the valley was not for him. Looking down from the porch of the adobe house into the valley they saw the padre making his way to his little church; they heard the sleepy, cracked bell begin; they saw here and there a dark figure making its way, without haste, to the benediction service.

"An indolent people," said Dunlaverock; "is it the Spanish blood, or the climate?"

Lady Anne looked at the raw-boned, energetic face for the first time without affection.

"Like the Irish," she said, with sudden sharpness, "it may be that they have laid hold on the kingdom that is not of this world."

"Why, Anne," he said, with mild surprise, "how often I have heard you combat that fallacy, that to be for the Kingdom of God is to be slack for this world. I have heard you eloquent upon it."

"So you have," she said, with humorous acquiescence, "so you have. Don't you know, Alastair, that there is nothing a woman so dislikes as to have her own old opinions quoted to her, especially when they confute new ones."

He shook his head in a puzzled way. There was something puzzling about Anne in these latter days. He had been used to say of her that she was the one woman to whom a man could talk as though she were a man.

With Dunlaverock's coming the spell of the valley was broken. It was as though one should wake one morning to find the valley invaded by a railway, to hear mills at work, and the roar and rattle of machinery.

"I am going home," she said, on the fourth day after his arrival. "I ought to have gone before. Your valley has made me forget my promises. I ought to have been at home a month ago."

"Dear me, and I thought you were so contented," Mrs. Fayle sighed. "I thought we might have stayed during September. The valley is like a sleep. Even Auburn will be intolerably noisy after it."

"Let us wait for Randal," said Dunlaverock. "I have promised myself a little holiday. He will be free to return the first week of October. Let us see the glories of the fall. We can all travel home together."

"You must go back to him," Lady Anne said. "Both of you will be perfectly happy in the Machinery Hall of the Exhibition. We can get home very comfortably by ourselves."

But though she said it she knew that Dunlaverock, having come out with the intention of escorting her home, would not be turned from his purpose although the sky should fall. So she did not argue about it, although she was sorry that he should not have his holiday in his own way. However, he

had said that he could do very well with a few weeks at Kilkee. They could all be at Kilkee together. She would fetch Mary from her Middlesex farmhouse, and they would all be together for a few weeks. September was the best month of the year at Kilkee. They might stay on for the first half of October. Perhaps Hugh Randal might join them there. Lady Anne might come and go between Mount Shandon and Kilkee. That was one of the great advantages of the place.

They made a divergence to the Exhibition, staying a week there after their journey across the Continent.

Lady Anne protested that she did not at all regret the delay, because Dunlaverock had been so generous about sacrificing his holiday to her plans. She spent much of the week in the Exhibition buildings, in the picture galleries and the concert hall. She had not had time for the arts during her other visit. Now she looked at pictures and listened to classical music, while Dunlaverock and Hugh Randal were busy in their masculine fashion. Sometimes she spent an hour or two in the Priest's House of the Irish Village, where the Mount Shandon industries were booming. Hugh Randal spent every evening with them at their hotel. Lady Anne had found her room flower-dressed on her arrival as she had found it at the Waldorf. While she stayed the flowers greeted her deliciously every day. It was a delicate attention Dunlaverock would not have thought of; indeed, while he came and went in Lady Anne's luxurious sitting-room, he never noticed the presence of the flowers.

At last they were on the ocean. In some three weeks' time Hugh Randal would be free to follow them. He was going to establish an American depot for the Mount Shandon industries. The success of the exhibit had warranted that. His sister was willing, even anxious to take charge. She had one little girl with her already; the other two were to come out to her. She had an idea, which she confided to Lady Anne, that her mother would not be left behind.

"'Twill be as well for Hugh," she said, "the mother, for all her soft ways, is terribly obstinate. Perhaps she'd never take to Hugh's wife."

Mary had written pretty constantly during the summer. There were always good reports of herself. She was "doing finely." There was no end to Mrs. Weston's goodness to her.

After that she would break off to talk of the business of the South Audley Street shop. A sentence in one of her last letters had troubled Lady Anne vaguely.

"If I was to be gone to-morrow," she wrote, "your Ladyship could trust Katty and Minnie Lucas. I've done my best to make them like myself towards your Ladyship. Sure it wasn't hard, for they've seen you and spoken to you."

"If I was to be gone to-morrow!"

Lady Anne had never been one for shadowy fears, but now the phrase frightened her. Where would Mary be gone to, unless it was to be married and keep her little house? That must be it of course. She must have been thinking of her marriage when she wrote.

Ah, well, the house was near completion. There would be nothing to delay the marriage. She had had an idea that the possession of that furnished house would make Hugh Randal awake from his apathy about the marriage. He knew nothing as yet of its existence. It was to be a surprise for his homecoming. She had said to him with a little emphasis, which she could not keep out of her voice, that once the Exhibition was over, the way would be open for him to marry. He had answered, not noticing the emphasis apparently—and it had cost Lady Anne something, for a deep color had come into her cheeks—that it was time enough; neither he nor Mary were in a hurry to put an end to their engagement.

On the homeward voyage Lady Anne found, as might have been expected, that her fellow-passengers took her engagement to Dunlaverock for granted. Their supposed relationship towards each other had even found its way into the columns of a New York paper, and was transmitted to the ship by Marconigram half-way over. It annoyed her disproportionately. Nor was her annoyance lessened by Dunlaverock's way of taking it.

"We can't be together any more in the old easy way," she said to him. "That horrid paragraph will have found its way across the ocean."

"Never mind," he said placidly. "It is only ante-dating things. In little more than a year your answer will be due. I have not pressed you for it, have I, dear?"

"No"; she answered somewhat ungraciously, "you have not pressed me."

She walked away from him to the other end of the deck.

They had been leaning over the side undisturbed in a lovers' solitude, although curious glances had been sent their way.

He had not pressed her, it was true. He had been placid, kind, cousinly, brotherly. Was it thus a woman was won? Once he had shown signs of ardor. If the ardor had continued he might have won Anne by this time. In love, she said to herself, as in all vital things, there is no standing still. One goes from height to height, or from depth to depth. Dunlaverock's attachment was a level plain, a contradiction in terms to love as she conceived it to be.

"He is too sure," she said to herself, with an odd bitterness. "He is too sure."

She found many things awaiting her attention at Mount Shandon, beside the wonderful three-months'-old baby which Ida Massey displayed with more than grandmotherly pride.

"This tethers them to me," she said with exultation. "They could never leave me now, unless they gave me him. They are really my children."

Lady Anne found to her annoyance that the paragraph in the New York paper had been cabled across as she had feared. There were congratulations on every side. The relief in Colonel Leonard's heart was revealed in his manner of congratulation.

"I am not so sure about it, Uncle Hugh," Lady Anne said, stung to impatience. When she had denied the report people had so plainly disbelieved the denial. "I may tell you as a secret that I have promised Dunlaverock his answer in a year's time. I promised it to him four years ago. He has not asked me to hasten my decision."

"But it is as good as settled, my dear Anne," the Colonel said with invincible cheerfulness. "A lady does not keep a man dangling for five years and then refuse him."

The speech was something of a shock to Anne. She had been so sure of having kept her freedom. Was it possible that she had really put a noose about herself that day four years ago? That would certainly explain Dunlaverock's calm security about her ultimate decision.

He had gone down to Kilkee immediately after their arrival at Mount Shandon. Lady Anne's rooms and rooms for her party were taken at the same hotel. To be sure this, like everything else she had been doing for the past four years, had been drawing the noose tighter. No wonder people had

taken it for granted that the relationship was more than cousinly.

She had thought to be above the opinions of her world, but she discovered now, like many a woman before her, that she was subject to them.

She was glad when she could at last leave the congratulations and the assumptions behind her. Even Ida had given her no comfort. Ida had taken it for granted with all the rest that for her to marry Dunlaverock was the most sensible and suitable thing she could do. She said to herself that except by some side-wind of chance Mary would not have heard the report. Mary never read newspapers and had no correspondence with home in the absence of her lover and Lady Anne.

"I have not been able to escape the congratulatory eyes of gentle or simple at Mount Shandon," Lady Anne said to herself as she sat in the mail train with her face turned Londonwards. "It has spoiled my home-coming. It is a rest to be going to be with Mary. Perhaps I shall take one of Mrs. Weston's clean, sunny rooms, and be with Mary for a little while. To be with Mary will be to shut out the world."

For the moment Lady Anne was as much disillusioned with her world as any nun who must flee away with the dove and be at rest. Why must they marry her? Why could Dunlaverock not let her be for a little while? She was more unready now than she had been four years ago for love and marriage. But at least with Mary she was going to have a pause, a peace, a little truce of God—a respite from the world—as though she were within convent walls.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SICK GIRL.

It had been another hot summer and the year, which had smoked into September, was still smoking. There were mists of heat on the parched Middlesex fields. The river had sunk into an unclean thread. The birds sang languidly. The plums and apples made burning bushes in the little orchard. Heavy dews at night rotted the late roses and made gray seas of the corn-fields.

Lady Anne had found her way to the farm unannounced.

She had been at South Audley Street, and had not seen Mary. Miss Walsh had a new air of authority, as though she were the principal person in command. Lady Anne noticed it and it struck unpleasantly.

"Miss Hyland has not been in for more than a week, your Ladyship," Miss Walsh informed her. "We went to see her on Saturday afternoon, Minnie and I. She was looking very poorly. She had been in bed and was just up."

She looked as if she could have told more, but Lady Anne was impatient.

"I'll go and see for myself," she said, looking at her watch.

"Your Ladyship will look into things to-day?"

Lady Anne noticed the disappointment in her voice and was sorry.

"Another day," she said. "I shall be in London for a few days. I can see everything's going well. Miss Hyland has a high opinion of you and Miss Lucas."

A little gratification came into the girl's round, rosy face.

"We are always only too glad to please your Ladyship," she said; and there was something of Mary's worshipping air in her uplifted eyes. Mary was not the only one to whom Lady Anne meant an outlet into a glorious world of romance from a narrow life.

"Shall I call a hansom for your Ladyship or shall I send Charles? There is a cab-rack just round the corner."

"Don't call, please; I like to pick one. I always prefer to see my horse's legs for myself," Lady Anne answered abstractedly, turning back, however, to smile at the two rapt faces behind the counter, while Charles, the smart boy in buttons, held open the door for her.

She was alarmed about Mary. For Mary not to have been in for a week was indeed an alarming thing. She fretted over it in the train, while the hansom carried her from the station past the suburban roads, out into the quiet country, jingling its bells between the yellowing hedgerows.

"It will be an early autumn this year," she said to herself, noticing that already the hedgerows grew thin.

She passed a tiny church on the way, one of the smallest and oldest churches in England, the gravestones clustering to its low eaves, "as a hen gathereth her chickens." She had noticed the little church with its churchyard before, and had

thought it a sweet place; now she shivered suddenly in the warm haze, as though the churchyard might yet have some personal significance for her who hitherto had been too much concerned with life and its interests to feel greatly concerned with death.

Mrs. Weston herself opened the door to her and drew her within the clean, arid parlor, with its wax fruits under a glass shade, its white antimacassars, its shavings in the grate, its mirror with the gilt frame swathed in yellow gauze.

"I'm afraid, your Ladyship," she said, and her voice faltered, "that you'll find a great change in poor Miss Hyland. Indeed, I've done my best. There never was a sweeter young lady, nor one more easily pleased. 'Tisn't likely I wouldn't do everything I could rather than let her slip our fingers, not if I was ever so busy."

"Slip our fingers!" The phrase, disentangled from the involved sentence, struck Lady Anne's heart with cold dismay. "Slip our fingers!" Was it possible that something was going to happen now which she would have no power to prevent? Hitherto she had felt her power enormous for the good or ill of others. Happily she had used it for good. But, now, what was it that was coming near, creeping out of the shadows, before which she would be as powerless as the meanest of mankind? Was it possible that her power had found its limitations and its end?

"Has she seen a doctor?" she asked, with a catch of her breath.

"No, your Ladyship; she said that your Ladyship's doctor had told her what was best to be done, and it was no use troubling any one else. But, as I said to Weston this morning, 'this very day I'll call in Dr. Burleigh, whether she likes it or not. A pretty thing it will be if her Ladyship comes home,' I says, 'and finds that her she left in our charge has slipped our fingers?' Weston he quite agreed. I was expecting the doctor when your Ladyship drove up. Weston had business in the village and took a message to him."

"Let me see her."

Lady Anne took a step or two towards the door, then stopped and looked at Mrs. Weston's disturbed and tearful face.

"I am sure you did all you could," she said gently; "but tell me, when did Miss Hyland begin to be ill? Her first let-

ters were full of her happiness here and the good it had done her."

"She picked up wonderful at first. Then we had it very hot in July. We couldn't seem to get a breath of air nohow. She failed then and she never seemed able to make it up again. I'd ha' written to your Ladyship, but she always said she was writing herself. I see the letters go, too."

July! It was the time when Lady Anne had promised to take her to the mountains or the sea, to life-giving air away from the sweltering summer in the low-lying river valley. She had not kept her promise. To be sure, she had not known how far the girl's precious health was involved, yet she could not forgive herself. She had never broken a promise before. Was her first failure to have such cruel results? Her heart cried out against the retribution as too great, too cruel.

She went up the steep, narrow stairs, lifted the old-fashioned latch of the bedroom door and went in. Mary from her pillows turned a gaze on her in which delight and dismay grew. Before the sudden accidental color came she had time to see the lamentable change in the girl. Mary had never had much flesh or much strength to lose. Now what flesh there was had fallen away from the bones. Even under the bed-clothes one could discern the extreme thinness of the body. She breathed painfully and her hands extended outside the coverlet were mere masses of bones and veins covered with the skin.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" Lady Anne asked with a groan. She could not keep her dismay, her grief, her repentance from revealing themselves. "Oh, Mary, why didn't you let me know? Why did you write those letters in which you pretended to be well?"

"Sure, I couldn't be frightening you, nor bringing you home before your time. Many a time I've been hungry for a sight of your face and Hugh's. It would have interfered with his work for your Ladyship if he'd known I wasn't well. Maybe he'd have come home. He was always so kind to me, poor Hugh."

"Child, why do you talk about my work? Don't you know that I'd rather the work went all wrong than that I should find you like this, Mary? I really think we have cause to be very angry with you."

"Ah, don't be angry." The flickering brightness of Mary's face suddenly went out. "I've been feeling so happy now you're come. And Hugh will be here very soon. Don't be angry with me. It isn't worth while."

The door opened and the little bearded, bright-eyed, local doctor came in. He had a reassuring manner and was kind, was evidently greatly impressed too by Lady Anne Chute and the interest she took in his patient.

When he left Lady Anne followed him down the stairs, went before him into the little parlor.

"Well?" she said, hanging on his words. "Well?"

"I'm afraid there is not much hope of her. She is far gone in consumption!"

"How long will it be?"

"Not very long. She must have been always very delicate. It is consumption in its rapid form."

"How long?"

"Perhaps a matter of six weeks."

"Will nothing save her?"

"Nothing short of a miracle."

"Miracles are sometimes wrought," Lady Anne said, but there was little hope in her voice. "I want my own doctor to see her—Dr. Sturgis, of Walpole Street. You will meet him in consultation?"

The little doctor bowed. To meet so distinguished a man as Dr. Sturgis would be an experience. And a nurse; yes, he had one fortunately at this moment disengaged.

"She has all the virtues of her profession and none of its faults," he said with a sudden enthusiasm. "Cool and steady in an emergency, and yet so full of sympathy with her patient that it exhausts herself. I tell her she gives too much, far too much. She is an angel, this little Nurse Gill, as cheerful as a robin and as tender as a mother. If we could always find nurses like her."

Nurse Gill was installed within a few hours. The same evening Dr. Sturgis met Dr. Burleigh in consultation. His verdict was the same, there was nothing to be done for Mary but to make things easier for her while she stayed.

"I want you to do one thing for me," Mary said, as Lady Anne sat by her after the visit of the doctors. "Promise me you won't refuse."

"I shall love to do anything you wish, if I possibly can."

"Don't send for Hugh. He's coming back in a week's time. I shouldn't like him to have the shock of sudden news. When he comes your Ladyship could break it to him. You're the sun in his sky. If you were there to help him he could bear anything."

The question of whether she should or should not cable to Hugh had been in Lady Anne's mind. Oddly enough she had had the same compunction for him that was in Mary's heart. She had shrunk from the thought of the bad news reaching him so far away, of his long journey home with the trouble always beside him. He was due to sail in five days. And Dr. Sturgis had given Mary a longer day than Dr. Burleigh. She might live two or three months, he had said.

"Very well, then, I will not cable. I will meet him at Queenstown. But it is you who are the sun in his sky, Mary."

"He has always been very good to me," Mary said, with the strange, light smile which seemed to put her worlds away from Lady Anne. "He would always have been very good to me. But I couldn't fancy myself as the sun in his sky, and I'm as glad now, since it's falling out of it I'd have been. Sure, you are that to all of us, my Lady."

It was quite plain that Mary knew, and had no great desire to stay. She talked so cheerfully, so brightly, so almost coldly about the little time she had to stay, that Lady Anne, who found this aloofness something intolerable, reproached her one day.

"You don't care about us, Mary," she said.

"Indeed then I do, your Ladyship. The first day I looked up from my desk in the shop at Ardnagowan and saw you there in your dress the color of lilac, I loved you. But it has been brought home to me that I've done all I could for you. I used to think no one could look after the shop for you as well as I could, but I can trust Katty now, and she's stronger than I'd ever have been. Poor Hugh will feel it, kind boy. But lying here alone, before your Ladyship came, I thought a deal, and I thought that perhaps I'd never have made Hugh happy. His mother was right; I wasn't good enough for him."

"He would say you were a thousand times too good for him," Lady Anne said in passionate protest, "and he would be right."

"He mightn't have thought so always, if I'd been his wife," Mary said placidly. "He wanted some one cleverer than me. I never had much brains, and Hugh is very clever. Your Ladyship will be good to him when I am gone?"

"He will never want for a friend."

"Ah, that's right; I know he'll always remember me and be fond of me, even when he's found the wife that is fit for him."

The little brown-faced nurse came and went during these conversations, and never interfered unless it were to do some little thing for Mary's comfort. Mary was very happy with her nurse. It was Nurse Gill who, off duty for an hour while Lady Anne sat by the patient, went over the hill into the avenues of red-brick houses and brought back a delightfully human and gracious Benedictine priest to comfort his spiritual daughter. Afterwards he came almost daily, and day by day the unearthly brightness grew and widened on Mary's face, like a light falling from far away through opening doors, invisible to those yet tethered to earth.

"I can leave her safely to you and Nurse Gill," Lady Anne said to Father Benedict one crisp October morning, "while I go to prepare the poor fellow she was to have married."

"Ah!" The priest's face was full of a wise compassion. "I often think, Lady Anne, how much the best of it we celibates have. That terrible breaking of ties. We escape all that, or most of it, having given up the world. Yet—I had a mother. When I lost her it was as though every possible tie had been snapped at once."

Lady Anne had been at the farm now for a fortnight. She occupied another of Mrs. Weston's bedrooms, and had hardly left the house during those days. She had written an explanatory letter to Lord Dunlaverock at the Kilkee hotel, one to Miss 'Stasia, another to Ida Massey. For the present she must leave everything. Mary was slipping through her hands indeed. There were days when she felt that she was clinging to the skirts of one who was being drawn up into heaven.

October had come in dry and crisp after the heats of the summer. There was a light frost at nights. The briars turned scarlet and yellow. The mornings were cool, with blue autumnal mists in all the distances.

Nurse Gill thanked God for the change of weather which was so much easier for the patient. Mary lay smiling on her pillows when Lady Anne came in to say good-bye.

"We shall get back here some time on Monday," Lady Anne said.

"Don't let him be too unhappy," Mary answered. "Tell him I sha'n't go till I have seen him. Tell him I'm glad to be going, if only he won't miss me too much."

"You are very anxious to be gone," Lady Anne said reproachfully, "and you are not going yet, not for a long time."

She left her smiling her unearthly smile. Nurse Gill accompanied her down the stairs and to the house door.

"She says herself," she told Lady Anne, "that she'll just stay to see Mr. Randal. I see no danger myself; but I've known cases before in which the patients were wiser than all the doctors."

CHAPTER XXIII.

LOVERS' MEETING.

Hugh Randal coming ashore in the tender—there had been a storm in the night, and the great vessel lay out beyond the forts—caught sight of Lady Anne and his face lit up. It did not strike him at first oddly that she should be by herself. He knew that she did unconventional things without thinking on them; and to him it was merely another wonderful condescension and gracious kindness from his Queen to her subject, that she should be there to meet him.

"How wonderful of you to have come, Lady Anne," he said. "I hope everything is all right at Mount Shandon. Are you staying in Queenstown, or have you come down from Cork?"

"I am traveling up to Dublin with you," she said. "I have secured a carriage in the mail train. I want to talk to you about things."

"I was going on to Mount Shandon," he said, "but of course I am at your service."

He had not taken the alarm. He saw her to the carriage, and then went to look after his luggage, with a brightness on his face which suggested to one sympathetic observer that he had come home to be married. That Lady Anne should have

come to meet him, that they were to be together all the way to Dublin; filled him with delight. A man so favored might well rejoice in his happiness, without being too curious as to what lay beyond.

When he came back to the carriage an attentive guard unlocked the door and locked it again behind him. He put a coin into the man's hand which amazed the recipient, and excused his extravagance to himself by remembering that this was a home-coming. Like most Irishmen he was prodigal in the matter of tips; and he was really very glad to be back again in his own land, the only one which really mattered for him.

Having arranged his various small parcels he turned about with a smile to Lady Anne, noticing for the first time that she was very silent. There was so much to be told on both sides. The train was moving out as he sat down opposite to her. Was it only a matter of three or four weeks since he had talked with her? It seemed an eternity to him.

"Well," he began.

Then the joy died out of his eyes and voice. With a sudden sharp foreboding he saw that things were not well, that something was very ill indeed. Mary, his mother—

"What is it?" he asked almost roughly.

She answered him directly, seeing that he knew half the truth.

"I came to meet you," she said, "to tell you that Mary is ill."

His face quivered and he uttered a sudden cry. There was the sound of a hurt animal in it, and Lady Anne heard it with a shudder. In a second he had controlled himself.

"She is dead?" he said.

"No; not dead, but very ill. She is waiting to see you. We are going straight to her."

"Is there any hope?"

"None; it is consumption."

He stood up and went to the other end of the carriage. Through the roar and rattle of the train she heard him sob, a horrible sound. She had never before heard a man weep. The minutes she thought were the worst of her life as she sat there helpless, staring before her at the photographs of scenery with the little mirror between them. He had turned away

from her to the carriage window, and, looking at him irresolutely, she saw his shoulders heave.

With a great instinct of compassion she followed him and laid her hand on his arm.

"She sent me to comfort you," she said. "I would have cabled at once, but she would not let me. She could not bear that you should have the sudden shock."

"I might have been a week earlier," he said, turning his distorted face from her gaze. "I wish I had had that week. I might have been with her this summer. I went away without seeing her. I was a bad lover, a bad lover."

"Mary does not think so."

"Poor Mary! None of us thought of Mary. She did not think of herself. I shall never forgive myself."

After a time he grew calmer, regained his self-control, and sat in his corner of the railway carriage, his face suddenly gray and aged. It was piteous to Lady Anne to see so great a change in him. His face, its bright eyes, its eagerness, its quick glances, and lively intelligence were suddenly, grievously marred.

After a time he roused himself to ask questions. He remembered to thank Lady Anne for what she had done for him and for Mary. Sitting, looking away from her with haggard eyes, he suddenly took up her ungloved hand and kissed it. He had never done such a thing before, and even at that moment the color came to her cheek.

"You were the only one that was good to her," he said. "My mother was not, I was not—"

"You should hear her talk of you," Lady Anne said gently.

They were in time for the mail at Kingstown. The American boat had got in before its time, and they were able to save a day. It was Sunday instead of Monday when they arrived in London, early Sunday morning, with the bells for the earliest services just beginning to clang in the belfries. During the journey, despite his misery, he had been mechanically kind and careful of her. He had made her have a sleeping carriage for herself, but it was wasted on her. The din of the train as she lay on her pillow seemed deafening in her ears. She wished she had not left him. She imagined him sitting upright in his corner of the carriage staring straight before him with eyes suddenly bloodshot and filmed over with suffering.

With the same mechanical kindness he agreed to her suggestion of breakfast at the Euston Hotel. It gave her the opportunity of making a toilet much needed after the long journey and the wakefulness of the night. She had come out of it fresh and bright, as was the way of her perfect health. When she joined him at the breakfast table after the refreshment of a bath she was impatient with herself because in the many mirrors she saw her cheeks like a peach, her eyes dewy as the eyes of a child.

"It is hateful to look like a milkmaid, no matter what happens!" she thought with disgust.

He too had made his toilet, but it was obvious to any one that he was a man in trouble. The few hard tears were shed and the fountains were dry, but he looked as though they ached and burned behind his tired eyes.

They caught an early train to the prosperous suburban town which old-fashioned people were still accustomed to call the village. As they alighted an electric train came up behind theirs. It would take them close to the farm, quicker even than a cab could, and at this moment Lady Anne felt that the truest kindness was to hasten. The minutes were slipping through the glass; every minute was precious that kept the lovers together.

The cracked bell of the little church was ringing as they walked from the primitive station, a mere platform without buildings or officials. There had been the first frost in the night, and the grass was glistening. The country below the high-lying platform was bathed in pale golden sunshine. There was something crisp in the air. The leaves as they went down the country road crackled under their feet. The path that led across the fields to the little church was dotted here and there with a figure hurrying to the service. The river, replenished by recent rains, meandered through the fields in a leisurely silver line, now and again tumbling over a little weir, or gliding under a bridge.

Lady Anne went up first to Mary's room to prepare her for her lover's coming. The windows were open, and there were late roses in all the vases. Already the room had been set straight, and Mary had been lifted a little in bed with the help of an appliance Lady Anne herself had procured for her. Her soft hair was brushed away from her forehead and tied

with a blue ribbon. She was wearing a dainty woollen thing, another gift from her Ladyship, dotted over with little roses, soft with lace and pretty with ribbons.

She was watching the door with a great expectancy as Lady Anne entered. She had heard the little bustle of their arrival, and had recognized Lady Anne's step upon the uncarpeted stairs.

"I was praying that you might come soon," she said, "but I hardly hoped to see you before to-morrow. Has my Hugh come?"

Even in the few days she had changed. The light of her soul was burning more clearly through her body's transparency. Time was when the undiscerning might have called Mary Hyland plain and insignificant. Now she was beautiful with an unearthly beauty. There were brilliant fires in her hollow cheeks. Her eyes were bright and eager.

"Has my Hugh come?" she asked again.

"He is here. He is only waiting for the word to come up to see you. He is not going to leave you any more. Ah, here is nurse with something which you are to drink before you see him. Be a good child now and be quiet."

She took the glass with the egg and milk and a few drops of brandy in it, and drank it obediently.

"She is a good child, a good child," Nurse Gill said. "That is why I have made her so pretty. We had an idea that you and Mr. Randal might come to-day."

Mary's head was turned towards the door; her eyes watched it.

"And how is my poor Hugh?" she asked without relaxing her gaze. "How is he, your Ladyship? And have you told him everything? It won't be a great shock to him to see me?"

"I have told him everything, and he will not be shocked. You are looking so pretty, Mary."

"Really pretty? I never was pretty. I used to want so much to look pretty for Hugh. May I see in the glass if I am really pretty before Hugh sees me?"

Lady Anne handed her the glass without a word. She scrutinized herself anxiously; then her face brightened.

"I do look pretty," she said; "if only I wasn't so thin. I used to feel it very much that I wasn't pretty for Hugh—

like those beautiful ladies in the poems he read to me. I'm so glad I'm pretty at last."

"Such a good child!" sighed the little brown nurse, as she smoothed the white coverlet. "Such a kind patient!"

The quiet sound of the bell floated into the room and mingled subtly with the smell of the late roses, and the scents of autumn which were sweet within it.

The nurse went to the head of the stairs and called softly to some one who was waiting. Hugh Randal came up, pale, with tense lips, and passed within the room. He went straight to Mary. As Lady Anne passed out, leaving them together, she heard Mary's little cry of compassion, she saw her arms extended as a mother's might be to clasp her son.

"Poor souls!" sighed the little nurse beside her. "What a sad, sad meeting!"

But Lady Anne hardly heard her. Since the far-off childish sorrow, when she had mourned for her father, grief had not touched her. Now she felt the world and the glory of it crumbling to pieces under her feet. What a world! where youth must die and lovers be parted. And her remorse because she had broken her tryst with Mary was heavy upon her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

GOLDWIN SMITH AND THE IRISH QUESTION.

BY REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

THE New Year opens with brighter prospects for Ireland. The question of Home Rule again occupies a foremost place in English politics by the accession of the Liberals to power in the United Kingdom. The head of the government, Sir H. Campbell-Bannermann, is a firm believer in the doctrine that the "Irish people should have the management of their own domestic affairs." A few days before he accepted office, and since, he declared that: "The only way of healing the evils of Ireland—removing the difficulties of her administration, of giving contentment and prosperity to her people, and of making her a strength instead of a weakness to the empire—is that the Irish people should have the management of their own domestic affairs. Good government by foreigners can never be a substitute for the government by the people themselves."

No one questions the honesty and sincerity as Home Rulers of such members of the government as Mr. John Morley, Mr. James Bryce, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. John Burns, and the new Lord-Lieutenant for Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen; they are all earnestly in favor of doing justice to Ireland. We may fairly expect then that the Irish question will be dealt with in the new Parliament. Neither can the pressing subject of university education for Catholics be ignored; it, as well as amendments of the Wyndham Land Purchase Act, which shall free that measure from many very objectionable features, is certain to find a prominent place in the parliamentary programme of the new ministry. Whatever may or may not be done, one thing is certain, nothing short of entrusting Ireland with the management of her own affairs will satisfy the aspirations and demands of the Irish people.

At the great National Convention, held recently in Dublin, the following resolution was adopted by acclamation: "We solemnly assert that no new system of government in Ireland will be accepted as satisfactory except a legislative assembly

freely elected and representative of the people, with power to make laws for Ireland, and an executive government responsible to that assembly, and this convention declares that the Irish National Party cannot enter into an alliance with or give permanent support to any English party or government which does not make the question of granting such an assembly and executive to Ireland the cardinal point of its programme." Mr. John Redmond declares that the reliance of Ireland is not upon any British declarations, however plausible or encouraging they may be, but upon her own strength in Parliament and the absolute justice of her demands. The Irish question is, therefore, certain to be kept in the foreground of English politics until a satisfactory answer is given to it. Not since the days of Gladstone has it occupied so prominent a position as it does at the present moment.

And not alone the political position, but the economic question, the emigration question, the Gaelic or language movement, the industrial revival have awakened the deepest interests in the minds of the people. The bishops and priests have united with the leaders of the nation in a desperate attempt to stem the tide of Irish emigration. Dr. Douglas Hyde, a distinguished scholar and the present head of the Gaelic revival, is at present in this country in the interest of the language movement and the revival of Irish industries. Wherever he has gone he has been most warmly received. He is telling the sad story of his country's wrongs to college and university students in their halls, and to the American people in interview and public address. He speaks of a land closely allied to the United States and blessed by Providence with great natural riches and incalculable wealth, whose half-deserted streets resound ever less and less to the roar of traffic, whose mills are silent, whose factories are fallen, whose priceless harbors are deserted, whose fields are studded with ruined gables, memories of the past. The cause of this deplorable national decay he justly ascribes to the "government—the bad government—of foreigners."

And the only remedy that he or anybody else can see is to restore to Ireland her right of self-government, so that she may become, as he puts it, "Irish all out," speaking her own language, thinking her own thoughts, living according to her own ideals, writing her own books, singing her own songs, and

supplying herself with her own manufactures. Such an Ireland he and every fair-minded man knows cannot exist under "a government of foreigners." For the present English government of Ireland, known as "Dublin Castle government," so pronounced a Tory as Lord Dunraven declares to be "an anachronism and the most extravagant government in the world imposed upon the poorest people in Europe." "Before long," he adds, "if Ireland's downward career is not checked, she will become a burden, a pauper in receipt of outdoor relief, for the amount of taxation derived from her will not cover the expenses of administration."

Now that a Liberal Government is in power, surely an end will be put to such a shameful condition of things. No Liberal Ministry can afford to tolerate at this late day the scandals and disgrace, avowed by foe and friend alike, of such glaring English misrule in Ireland. Assuming then that the present Liberal government of the United Kingdom will at an early date introduce an Irish Home Rule measure, it may be well to recall the features of Gladstone's bill. In 1886, Mr. Gladstone introduced his first Home Rule Bill. Its chief points may be summarized as follows:

An Irish Parliament to sit in Dublin, and Irish members to cease to sit at Westminster.

Judges to be appointed by the Irish Government, and to be removable by the Irish Parliament.

Ireland's contribution to the revenue to be reduced from one-twelfth to one-fifteenth.

The Irish Legislature to have the power of taxation, except as to customs and excise, but to be debarred from interference with the army, navy, and foreign affairs, and from the making of any religious endowment.

Measures to be taken for securing the unity of the empire and the protection of Protestants.

This bill failed of passage by reason of the gigantic propaganda which was preached against it in England. Scotland and Wales pronounced in favor of it. So have Canada and, more recently, Australia.

The second Home Rule—which Mr. Gladstone introduced in 1893, and which, after passing the House of Commons, was rejected by the House of Lords—was considerably less a "root and branch" affair than the former measure. Indeed, it was

specifically stated in the preamble that the supreme authority of the British Parliament was not to be impaired. In the meantime Mr. Parnell had died, and the grave scandal in which he was involved had the effect of splitting the Irish party. But to day, and for some years past, the party has been thoroughly reunited and most ably led by Mr. John Redmond who has shown himself to be possessed of the highest qualities of leadership. He has the fullest support and confidence of his countrymen. Such is Ireland's position at the beginning of the New Year and the opening of the first session of the new Parliament.

And now, because the question of Home Rule for Ireland is certain to occupy the foreground in the politics of the United Kingdom, we have turned with much interest to a timely volume just published by Professor Goldwin Smith. The title of the work is *Irish History and the Irish Question*. First a word about the author. Mr. Goldwin Smith is a self-exiled Englishman, a distinguished man of letters, a graduate and ex-professor of Oxford University. In British politics he is a Liberal-Unionist; in religion he is an avowed sceptic. He entertains, as is evident from his writings and his frequent letters to the daily press, an intense bitterness against every form of revealed religion, more especially against the dogmatic teaching and history of the Catholic Church. And as we shall see, this deep-seated anti-Catholic hostility mars what is in many other respects a fairly just and always, because of the splendid style of the writer, an intensely interesting summary of Irish history. He traces the general course of Ireland's history and considers it in its causative relations to the present situation as we have outlined it.

Among his special qualifications to undertake this work—though it may well be doubted if any Englishman, especially one of Mr. Goldwin Smith's strong prejudices and peculiar temperament, could give us an impartial survey of Irish history—he informs us in his preface that some forty years ago he spent a summer in Dublin as the guest of Edward Cardwell, then Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the real head of the Irish Government. Under Cardwell's roof he heard the Irish question fully discussed by able men, including Robert Lowe, and derived a still greater advantage from constant and lasting intercourse with such friends as

Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, Sir Alexander Macdonald, the head of the Education Department, and other leading Irish Liberals of the moderate school, who were ardent patriots and thoroughgoing reformers. Mr. Goldwin Smith says that to the teaching of these men he has always looked back for his best guidance in dealing with the Irish question. At the same time he strove to form an independent judgment by acquainting himself thoroughly with the country and its people. The fruit of his studies was a little book entitled *Irish History and Irish Character*, in which he preached in favor of charity and reconciliation by pointing out that the sources of Ireland's sorrows were to be found in natural circumstances and historical accidents, as much as in the crimes and follies of English misrule in recent times. The essay has been superseded by historical and political works which, in the course of nearly half a century, have been evolved by the Home Rule controversy. Not only has the subject, however, lost none of its interest for the author, but his confidence in the wisdom of his Irish friends and instructors has been strengthened rather than impaired by the course of events.

Now we are quite prepared to give the author credit for an amount of honest sympathy with the distress and sufferings of the Irish people. His sense of justice revolts against the fearful wrongs inflicted upon the nation. In the very first line of his recital the note of sympathy is struck, and in the last line he has written he asks: "What far-off object of aggrandizement can be half so important as a contented and loyal Ireland?" From his study of Irish history he finds that, "of all histories, the history of Ireland is the saddest. For nearly seven centuries it was a course of strife between races, bloodshed, massacre, misgovernment, civil war, oppression, and misery."

Turning to the country's geographical position and natural resources, he reminds us that the theatre of the tragedy is a large island lying beside one nearly three times larger, which cuts it off from the continent of Europe, while on the other side it fronts the wide ocean. "The climate is, for the most part, too wet for wheat. The pasture is very rich. Ireland seems by nature to be a grazing country and a country of large farms. Tillage and small farms have been enforced by the redundancy of the rural population consequent upon the destruction of urban industries. In coal and minerals Ireland is poor, while the sister island abounds in them, and, in its

swarming factories and mines, furnishes a first rate market for the produce of Irish pasturage; so that the two islands are commercial complements of each other." Interests, he holds, of every kind seem to enjoin the union of the islands. But, in the age of conquest, the weaker island was pretty sure to be marked as a prey of the stronger, while the difficulties of access in the days of primitive navigation "portended that the conquest would be difficult and that the agony would be long. Such was the mold of destiny."

To the difference between the islands in respect of physical environment was added a difference of race. While it may be conceded that too much has been made of racial influence, it cannot be denied that the Celt and the Teuton are of widely different temperaments. It is not easy, therefore, for the two nations to sympathize with or to understand each other.

The incongruities of the situation presented after the partial conquest of the island in the twelfth century by the vassals of Henry II. are brought out with desirable distinctness. Two antagonistic political and social systems henceforth confronted each other. "On the one side was the feudal system, with its hierarchy of landowners, from lord paramount down; its individual ownership of land; its hereditary succession and primogeniture; its feudal perquisites, relief, wardship, and marriage; its tribute of military service; the loyalty to the grantor of the fief, which was its pervading and sustaining spirit; its knight-hood and its chivalry; its great council of barons and baronial bishops; its feudal courts of justice and officers of state—all, however, highly rude and imperfect." "On the other side was tribalism, with its tie of original kinship, instead of territorial subordination; its tanistry, by which is meant the system under which a tribal-ruler's successor, or tanist, was elected in the ruler's lifetime; and its Brehon laws, by which is meant the customs or traditions in the keeping of the Brehons or Judges, the members of a hereditary order revered as arbiters; and, finally, its collective ownership of the soil, the land occupied by a tribe being regarded as the common property of the tribe to which it nominally reverted on the demise of the holder, though it may be assumed that the chiefs, at all events, had practically land of their own. It would have been hard under any circumstances so to combine two such systems as to preserve the best features of each."

It proved particularly hard in Ireland, because there the

feudal system lacked the keystone of its arch, the king, who was an absentee, and whose part could not be filled adequately by a royal justiciar. From the outset the bane of Irish principality was delegated rule. The interesting fact is noted that representatives of Ireland were at first called to the Parliament of Edward I. at Westminster, but the inconvenience seems to have been found too great, and a bi-cameral assembly was instituted, with a lower house, formed of representatives of counties and boroughs, whose consent would be formally necessary to taxation.

Nothing worthy, however, of the name of parliamentary government seems ever to have prevailed in Plantagenet and Tudor times. As a rule, the Parliament of Dublin was a tool in the hands of the deputies. From the first the relation between the feudal realm, established by Henry II. in a part of Ireland, and the native tribal organization was border war. The new comers and the original inhabitants were alien to each other in race, language, and social habits, as well as in political institutions. The Normans could not subdue the Celt, nor the Celt wholly oust the Normans. Left to its own feeble resources, however, the Anglo-Norman colony failed to become a dominion, and presently dwindled to a Pale, as the region immediately around Dublin was termed. Between the Pale and the Celt incessant war was waged, with the usual atrocity of struggles between the two races. Fusion there could be none. There was not the bond of human brotherhood, or that of a common tongue. On neither side was the murder of a member of the other race a crime. "Never," he sums up, "was there a more inauspicious baptism of a nation."

What Mr. Smith styles degeneration, that is the absorption of the invader by the Irish, had set in among the Anglo-Norman colonists outside the Pale, and even to a considerable extent within the Pale. Anglo-Normans took to the native custom of fosterage, which consisted of putting out a child to be reared by a tribesman, who became its foster father; and of gossiprede, which was a spiritual kinship formed at the font. They took also to the Irishman's saffron mantle and long moustache, to his weapons, to his mode of riding, even to his language, and substituted Brehon for the feudal law. Mr. Goldwin Smith depicts in a few sentences the strange compound of feudalism with tribalism which ensued in the shape of chieftaincies, henceforth the predominant powers. "English

barons doffed their baronial character, donned that of the tribal chiefs and made themselves independent lords of wide domains peopled by the native Irish. It seems that they retained the Norman instinct of command. Many of them changed their Anglo-Norman for Irish names—Bourke, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Connor. They kept in their pay troops of bravos, gallow-glasses and kernes." Their rule seems to have combined the extortions of the feudal law with those of the native chiefs.

The Celticised Anglo-Norman chiefs deemed themselves independent princes, and, openly or practically, renounced allegiance to the English Crown. It was with these potentates that the Crown had to deal in its struggle with the Irish difficulties. Had they been united they might have prevailed; but they were too often at feud with each other, while policy led some of them to side with the sovereign's deputy. Of the septs acknowledging Celticized Anglo-Norman rulers, the three most powerful were the Geraldines of the north, close to Dublin, the head of which became afterward Earl of Kildare; the Geraldines of the south, in Munster, the head of which became Earl of Desmond, and the Butlers, also in the south, whose head became the Earl of Ormonde. The O'Neills in Ulster were another powerful sept. The Butlers were almost always on the side of the Crown.

When Henry VII. became King of England the Anglo-Norman colony or "Pale" had shrunk to a circle of two and a half counties around Dublin, defended by a ditch. Had the chiefs of the outlying tribes been unanimous, which they were very far from being, the Pale would almost certainly have been destroyed. Henry VII. tried to govern Ireland through the head of the great Geraldine clan, but the experiment came to nothing. To put an end to the aspirations to independent nationality, which even within the Pale had budded during the latter half of the fifteenth century, and to bring Irish legislation completely under the control of the Crown, the Lord Deputy, Poynings, caused to be carried through the Parliament of the Pale a pair of acts which bore his name, subjecting Irish legislation to the control of the English Council.

The first act ordained that in future no Parliament should be held in Ireland, "but at such seasons as the King's Lieutenant-in-Council there first do certify to the King under the great seal of that land the causes and considerations and all such acts as then seemeth should pass in the said Parliament."

The second act provided that all public statutes, "late made within the realm of England," should be in force in Ireland. This act, it was decided, applied to all English acts prior to the tenth year of Henry VII. "Ireland was thus practically turned from a separate principality into a political dependency of England." The work of Poynings was long afterward completed by the act of George I. affirming the right of the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland.

During the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. the non-coercive policy pursued by his father in Ireland was continued. After the King's rupture with the Papacy, however, antagonism of religion was added to estrangement of race. Beyond the English Pale, which, as we have seen, was greatly shrunken, the change of religion never reached the people. Henceforth Protestantism was to be the religion of the conqueror; Catholicism the religion of the conquered. By these antecedent and concurrent circumstances we are prepared for the horrors of the war prosecuted through almost the whole reign of Elizabeth between the English and the Irish, or between the Protestants and the Catholics, in Ireland. Mr. Goldwin Smith testifies that "of all the wars waged by a half-civilized, on a barbarous and despised race these wars waged by the English on the Irish seem to have been about the most hideous. No quarter was given by the invader to man, woman, or child. The butchering of women and children is repeatedly and brutally avowed. Nothing can be more horrible than the cool satisfaction with which English commanders report their massacres."

Then, again, famine would be used deliberately as an instrument of war. What was called law was almost as murderous as warfare. Men were hanged at assizes by scores, and those legalized massacres were reported by the Lord Deputy with satisfaction as gratifying proofs of the increased influence of public justice. A Protestant bishop witnesses them with complacency. Respect for human life must have perished. "Such was the training which, in the formative period of national character, the Celtic Irish received and which must be borne in mind when we come to atrocities committed by themselves at a not very much later period."

After recounting the tribulations of Ireland under the Stuarts, under the Protectorate, the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1688, Mr. Goldwin Smith expresses the belief that had the Catholic won he would certainly have deprived the Protestant

of his land, perhaps of his life. He goes on to point out that the Protestant, having won, proceeded at once to avenge and secure himself by binding down his vanquished foe with chains of iron. Henceforth the law, without actually prohibiting the Catholic religion, provided, as the framers of the penal statutes hoped, for its extirpation. "All priests were required to be registered and were forbidden to perform service out of their own parishes. All Catholic archbishops and bishops were banished and were punishable with death if they returned, so that in future there could be no ordination. Monks and friars also were banished. Catholic chapels might not have bells or steeples. There were to be no pilgrimages or wayside crosses. Rewards were offered to informers against Catholic bishops, priests, and schoolmasters, and their trade was lauded as honorable service to the State. Marriage of a Catholic with a Protestant was prohibited; to perform it was a capital offence; so was conversion of a Protestant to Catholicism. Religious hatred outraged domestic affection by enacting that if the son of a Catholic turned Protestant the inheritance should at once vest in him, his father being reduced to a life interest; that the wife of a Catholic, turning Protestant, should be set free from her husband's control and entitled to a settlement; that a Catholic could not be a guardian, so that, dying, he had to leave his children to the guardianship of an enemy of their faith."

In a word, by the series of enactments called the Penal Code the Irish Catholic was reduced to helotage, political and social, while measures were taken for the extinction of his religion. "To crush him politically he was excluded from Parliament, from the franchise, from municipal office, from the magistracy, from the jury box, as well as from public appointments of all kinds, and even from the police force. To crush him socially he was excluded from all the higher callings but that of medicine, from the bench, from the bar, and from the army. To him was denied the armorial bearings which denoted a gentleman. To divorce him from the land he was forbidden to acquire a freehold, or a lease beneficial beyond a certain rate; he was debarred from bequeathing his estate, and his estate was broken up by making it heritable 'in gavelkind,' that is to say, equally divisible among all sons. Then, again, the gate of knowledge was closed against him. He was shut out of the university, forbidden to open a school, forbidden to send his children

abroad for education. That he might never rise against oppression he was disarmed, and prohibited from keeping a horse of more than £5 value. He might not even be a gamekeeper or a watchman."

Mr. Goldwin Smith says justly that to such a relation between races and religions under the same government history can show no parallel. He quotes with approval Burke's arraignment to the effect that the treatment of Irish Catholics under the Penal Code was "a complete system full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well composed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and was as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Nor for the Irish Catholics was the cup of woe yet full. In England, after the triumph of the principles of the Revolution of 1688, the mercantile party mounted to power, and commerce in those days was everywhere ridden by the policy of protectionism carried to the pitch of prohibition. Ireland the English Protectionist regarded as a foreign country and a particularly dangerous enemy to his interests. Their cattle trade having been killed by an act of Charles II., the Irish had taken to the export trade in wool and to woollen manufactures. "The wool grown on Irish sheepwalks was of the finest and was eagerly purchased by France and Spain." This industry, also, English monopoly killed by prohibiting the exportation of wool to foreign countries and the importation of Irish woollen goods into England. The same jealous rapacity seems successively to have killed or crippled the cotton industry, the glove-making industry, the glass industry, the brewing industry, to each of which Ireland successively turned; England's greed being bent not only on excluding the Irish competitor from its own market, but on keeping the Irish market to itself.

One field for Ireland's manufacturing industry still remained. To her had been promised a free enjoyment of the linen trade, which even Strafford had encouraged by promoting the growing of flax while he discouraged the wool trade; yet even this promise Irish financiers could accuse England of eluding by tricks of the tariff. On the other hand, England needing more bar iron than she could produce, the importation of bar iron from Ireland was allowed; but the consequence was a

consumption of timber for smelting which denuded Ireland of her forests. The truth is that the position of Ireland during the century following the revolution of 1688 was worse even than that of the American Colonies, in which commercial restrictions generally were loosely enforced, and which, when strict enforcement was attempted, rose in arms. The Colonies, moreover, were regarded with pride and affection. Catholic Ireland was regarded with contempt and hatred.

What was the outcome of a system under which the Irishman found the law his inveterate enemy in every field of thought, sentiment, and activity, religious, social, educational, and commercial? An economical result was that, cut off from manufactures and trade, the people were thrown back for subsistence wholly on the land. For the land they competed with the eagerness of despair, undertaking to pay for their little lots rents which seldom left them and their families enough for the bare necessities of life.

The state of things in Ireland, after the enactment of the Penal Code and throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, is thus depicted by Mr. Goldwin Smith: "On such a scene of misery as the abodes of the Irish cotters the sun has rarely looked down. Their homes were the most miserable hovels, chimneyless, filthy. Of decent clothing they were destitute. Their food was the potato; sometimes they bled their horses and mixed the blood with sorrel. When the potato failed, as it often did, came famine, with disease in its train. Want and misery were in every face; the roads were spread with dead and dying; there was sometimes none to bear the dead to graves, and they were buried in the fields and ditches where they perished. Fluxes and malignant fevers followed, laying whole villages waste."

A contemporaneous witness is quoted to the following effect: "I have seen the laborer endeavoring to work at his spade, but fainting for want of food, and forced to omit it. I have seen the helpless orphan exposed on the dunghill, and none to take him in for fear of infection. And I have seen the hungry infant sucking at the breast of the already expired parent."

Such was the condition of the mass of the Irish people under the government of the first of free nations and in the era of Newton, Addison, and Pope. The native landowners, had they remained on their estates, might have had some com-

passion on their serfs and done something to ameliorate their lot. Many of the landlords, however, were absentees, residence in Ireland, especially after agrarian war had begun, being anything but pleasant. Their place was taken by the middleman, through whose ruthless agency they wrung inordinate rents from tenants, and who frequently sub-let, sometimes even three or four deep, so that the cottier groaned under a hierarchy of extortion.

"To the extortion of the middleman was added that, even more hated, of the tithe proctor. Cromwell had at least relieved Ireland from the burden of the Anglican State Church. That incubus had been reimposed after the Restoration, and the peasant was thenceforth compelled, out of the miserable produce of his potato field or patch of oats, besides the exorbitant rent, not only to provide for his own priest, but to pay tithes to a clergy whose mission was to extirpate the peasants' religion." Pluralism was rife among the Irish Anglican clergy. In the episcopate there were a few prelates who sought to do well by the people, like Berkeley; but Swift could say of Irish Anglican bishops generally that "the government no doubt appointed good men, but these were always murdered on Hounslow Heath by highwaymen, who took their credentials, personated them, and were installed in their places."

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who, as a Unionist, can have no wish to accentuate the shadows of the picture, concedes while there may have been worse institutions than the State Church of Ireland, there was never a greater scandal. "What," he asks, "must have been the feelings of the Irish peasant when of his crop of potatoes, all too scanty for him and his children, the tithe proctor came to claim a tenth part in the name of a Christian minister?"

Coming nearer to the present day, Mr. Goldwin Smith regards as of primary importance the economic question, whether Ireland is able to support even her present shrunken population? Now the obvious answer is that Ireland half a century ago was able to support twice the present population. The skies were the same then as now. "Patriotic eloquence," he writes, "will not change her skies or render it otherwise than cruel to induce her people to stay in a land in which they cannot earn their bread. Instances there may be of barren soil made, by the loving industry of the small owner, fruitful

and capable of supporting a large population; but the industry of the small owner, though it can improve the soil, cannot alter the skies."

It is in an evidently pessimistic mood that the author propounds the following questions: Is Ireland generally capable of being turned with advantage into an arable country? Can wheat or grain of any kind be profitably raised there in face of the competition of the great grain growing countries, like the region now opened, and bidding fair to be greatly expanded, in the Canadian northwest? Then, again, is there reason to look in any other direction than farming for a speedy extension of Irish industries, such as would provide bread sufficient for the population? Is the water power of Ireland, now that electricity has been developed, likely to do for her what has been done for England by coal? Is the shipping trade, for which until a comparatively recent period the Irishman has had but little opportunity of showing a turn, likely to increase? Evidently these are questions which, as our author says, it is for economists, not for politicians or patriotic orators, to decide.

It is well known that successive attempts to solve Ireland's agrarian problem have been made in land purchase acts, culminating in the Land Purchase Act of 1903. To the book before us a lucid and interesting account of this legislation has been contributed in a supplementary chapter by Mr. Hugh J. McCann, of the Irish Bar. In Mr. McCann's opinion, the Wyndham Land Purchase Act of 1903 may be described as a treaty between Irish landlords and their tenants, by which, as originally drafted, the latter would have gotten much the worst of it. By the bill introduced in Parliament every advantage or benefit that the landlords sought or claimed was secured to him in terms that could not be gainsaid, while from the tenant's point of view the bill had very grave, if not fatal, defects. In spite of the efforts of the wisest of their leaders, the Irish tenantry are rushing into bargains under the Wyndham Land Purchase Act that, in Mr. McCann's judgment, may eventuate in dire consequences for themselves and for the country.

The conviction is expressed that the importation of Canadian cattle, when it comes, will have a serious effect on the Irish produce market, and that a further decline in produce prices may be expected. Will the Irish tenant be then able

to discharge his liability to the State and have sufficient margin for living? That is a question for the future.

Such is the survey of Irish history as given us in this intensely interesting work by a master of condensation and style. On the whole, it is fair and just and does credit to the author.

For that reason, it is all the more to be regretted that Mr. Smith's intensely anti-Catholic prejudices should have greatly lessened the merit of an otherwise fairly just and valuable summary of Irish history. He is wholly unjust in his every reference to the Catholic Church and its priesthood. He makes history to fit in with his own views. He assumes as indisputable what is controverted by historians of the highest character. To take only a few instances: "The Church of Ireland," he writes, "seems in its origin to have been national and neither child nor vassal of Rome. But Rome gradually cast her spell, in time extended her authority over it. Its heads looked to her as the central support of the interests of their order and as their protectress against the rude encroachments of the native chiefs. Norman archbishops of Canterbury served as transmitters of the influence."

Of the authenticity of the Bull, that Henry II. is said to have obtained from Adrian IV., authorizing him to take possession of Ireland, he has not the slightest doubt, though the weight of impartial historians inclines to the opinion that this document was a forgery. "The Papacy," he claims, "in this and other instances, used the Norman Conquest as the instrument of its own aggrandizement." Writing of the Irish priesthood, and the support it gave to O'Connell in his Repeal movement, he asserts that: "The priests consecrated the meetings and the sentiments by celebrating Mass on the grounds where the monster meetings were held." And he adds: "It is surely idle to contend that a priesthood acting thus, and having its centre in Rome, is only a Christian ministry, not a power of political disturbance." Had O'Connell succeeded, Mr. Goldwin Smith does not hesitate to assure his readers that he would have put Ireland "under the ban of a reactionary priesthood."

Over and over again he raises the false cry, to-day nowhere seriously entertained outside a limited circle of blind bigots and interested place holders, that "Home Rule means Rome Rule." He reiterates that the Roman Catholic religion

is mediæval; that the training of its ministers inevitably shuts out light which would be fatal to mediæval beliefs; that the Maynooth priest comes out proof against the intellectual influences and advancing science of his time; that he is "the mental liegeman and the preacher of the syllabus, which anathematizes freedom of thought and claims for the Church dominion, not only over the soul but over the body, such as was hers in the Middle Ages."

And following Sir Horace Plunkett, despite the crushing disproof of the contention by Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, in his book, *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland*, Mr. Goldwin Smith holds that "in the place of industry and commerce the influence of the Catholic priesthood has generally been the same." In Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinion it is not "the curse of Cromwell," but the curse of a strongly and inherently reactionary priesthood "that lies heavily upon Ireland."

What a pity to find an old man, otherwise sane and highly intelligent, holding such preposterous views. And yet he intimates, in the last page of his book, how this same priest-ridden people may become a saving element in the social character of the United Kingdom. "Ireland," he writes, "is perhaps happy in having been cut off from the prodigious development of luxury and dissipation which, as social writers tell us, has been taking place on the other side of the channel, as well as from the domination of the stock exchange. She may in this way become a saving element in the social character of the United Kingdom."

He does not venture to tell us how this can be done with her religious and moral ideals of life rising no higher than what he is pleased to style "mediæval superstition." Whatever one may think of Mr. Goldwin Smith's peculiar views on the subject of the Catholic Church and the Irish priesthood, one thing at least is certain—that the time has come when Ireland must be governed in accordance with Irish ideas. The enlightened opinion of the world looks to the new Liberal Government to set the machinery in motion which will bring contentment and prosperity to the people of Ireland. Hence we say the outlook is brighter than it has been at any time during the past decade.

THE CHURCH AND HER SAINTS.

II.

BY REV. JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.



SPeaking of the paper which appeared, under the above heading, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for January, a prudent critic and not uncandid friend of the writer remarked to him: "There is a danger that you will create, in some minds, a false and pernicious impression, if you scatter broadcast the results of critical study contained in that book of Father Delahaye. He accumulates hundreds of instances of gross errors to be found in the *Lives of the Saints*; and, generally, they are not individual specimens, but types of a numerous class. Now, when the attention of some unreflecting person is fixed upon the aggregate, he may easily come to the conclusion that error is the rule, not the exception, and that consequently the entire collection of *Lives of the Saints* is untrustworthy." The observation is sufficiently grounded to dictate some precaution against the possible danger. We know how easily we may convey a false impression of a worthy man by recounting only his weaknesses and short-comings. Caricature may be constructed from materials furnished by truth; and there are no more pernicious falsehoods than those that consist of half-truths.

To draw from Father Delahaye's work any universal conclusion derogatory to the whole body of hagiographical literature would be an injustice to him, and an offence against logical reasoning. It would be on a par with the methods of some foreigners who, ignoring all sense of proportion, form their conception of the American people from what they have read of Southern lynchings, the police annals of New York and Chicago, gigantic financial frauds, and divorce court statistics. However unsparingly the critic may apply his winnowing fan, the *Lives of the Saints* whose authenticity is above suspicion will remain a great granary in which souls will find stored, in bountiful abundance, the wheat of the elect. As long as human nature re-

mains what it is, example will prove more efficacious than verbal precept. And while example continues to possess the advantage over preaching, the histories of the men and women, of every condition in life, who in response to the Master's invitation have, in the Master's footsteps, trod the stern, hard path with their cross upon their shoulders, will remain a fruitful source of noblest inspiration, efficacious incentive, and conquering force. When the spurious, the fictitious, the unworthy, are eliminated, by the hands of critics reverent as Father Delahaye, the great body of Christian hagiology will have suffered scarcely any perceptible diminution, and no depreciation of value.

. Another possible error is to be prevented. It would be a great mistake to confound the saint with the story; to conclude that, because the latter will not, in its entirety, or in some of its parts, stand the light of criticism, the credit of the saint is in jeopardy. On this point Father Delahaye, towards the close of his work, issues a word of warning: "All our work tends to demonstrate that the glory of the saints is too often exposed to be compromised by the literature relating to it, because the people, on the one side, or the hagiographers, on the other, have sung their praises, not wisely, but too well. There is no direct proportion between the legitimacy and popularity of the worship paid to a saint and the historical value of the writings upon which the worship rests. Such and such a martyr, who has received scarcely any religious recognition beyond the narrow walls of the basilica consecrated to him, lives for us in authentic records of incomparable beauty; another, whose tomb has attracted armies of pilgrims from all parts of the earth, is known to us only by stories of no better historical character, and much less interesting, than the *Thousand and One Nights*." While he hesitates to go so far as to lay it down, as a general principle, that the authenticity of the documentary testimony concerning the saint's life is in inverse ratio to the popularity of the cult paid to his memory, Father Delahaye does not fear to speak as follows: "It is incontestable that, legend having been most busy with the more popular saints, the task of safeguarding historic tradition has been more difficult in the case of the most frequented sanctuaries than anywhere else. This is just what we observe regarding the great goals of pilgrimage. Except in some very special cases, we possess about their origin and their patron only fanciful data."

Hence, he concludes, it is quite permissible to distrust a legend, and, withal, retain great confidence in the saint; though, he cautiously remarks, we may not go so far as invariably to admit the saint's existence, no matter what may be the character of the legend. In fact, he cites many cases where the hagiographical story, while wearing the semblance of an authentic document, refers to a purely imaginary personage.

Another caution may not be quite superfluous. Do not infer that because a document or a story, historically viewed, is deserving of little or no consideration, it ceases to have any ethical or spiritual value. Historical worth is one thing; religious and moral worth, another. It must be remembered, too, that, as we shall see, many narratives, or compositions that were cast in the form of a narrative, were never meant by their authors to be taken as historical compositions at all. They were intended, merely, to be a vehicle for moral and spiritual lessons. In the original writer's mind this purpose was entirely independent of the question whether the relations had, or had not, a basis in fact. And here the hagiographer could justify himself by the most august of examples. Our Lord himself conveyed much of his teaching in parables and fables. Who asks whether the story of the prodigal son is a real history of a real man of flesh and blood?

Suppose that some German critic should make his bow with a volume of geographical, topographical, archæological, philological, psychological facts, embrodered on a ground of theory and conjecture, to spell out the proposition that no man ever went down from Jerusalem to Jericho to fall among robbers, and experience inhumanity from the orthodox and tender ministration from the heretic—would the supremely beautiful story, which, for two thousand years, has held up the ideal of Christian charity, have lost one iota of its power? Our biblical critics are, now, unanimous in declaring that the greatest lessons in the inspired writings concerning the problem of evil, are entirely independent of the questions whether or not Satan, in all actuality, one day stood among the sons of God, and impudently argued with the Almighty; or, whether there ever existed an Idumean emir, of exceptional probity, whose name was Job.

If our learned professors should, to-morrow, bring convincing evidence that William Tell was a Swede, or a Dutch-

man, and could not hit a haystack, or that there were no English cherry-trees in the Old Dominion during the eighteenth century, the stories of our childhood would, nevertheless, remain effective means for the inculcation of patriotism and truthfulness. To be sure, there are people whose profound idolatry of veracity compels them to reprobate anything that might tend to foster delusion in the child mind. For them, to encourage a boy to hang up his Christmas stocking is downright immorality. They would deliver a lecture on personality to a little girl caught talking to her doll; and issue an emended edition of *Mother Hubbard*, in which the old lady's dog would be represented as, not dead, but sleeping. Such vagaries may be left to the satirists. Are they worthy of more serious consideration, who, when their attention is called to the *Golden Legend*, or the beauties of the *Franciscan Chronicles*, can only ask, with a superior air of disdainful incredulity, Are these things true? They remind us of the Philistine who, before a scene of Van Dyke, or a landscape of Claude, can only inquire: Where did this happen? or, What is this place called?

Any one endowed, however slenderly, with the spiritual sense, and superior to religious prejudice, will agree with Father Delahaye, who, regarding the *Golden Legend*, after observing that while reading it sometimes one cannot repress a smile, says: "But the smile is kindly and sympathetic, and nowise disparages the tableau of the saints' heroic acts and virtues. In this picture the friends of God appear to us as all that is greatest on earth; they are beings elevated above the clay and the miseries of humanity; kings and princes respect them, consult them, vie with the people in kissing their relics and imploring their intercession. They live, even here below, in familiar converse with God; God communicates to them, along with his consolations, something of his power; they employ it only for the benefit of men; and to them men have recourse, in order to be delivered from the ills of body and soul. The saints practice all virtues in a superhuman degree; mercy, forgiveness of injuries, mortification, renunciation. These virtues they render amiable, and commend to the imitation of Christians. Their life, in fact, is a concrete picture of the evangelic spirit; and because it puts that sublime ideal sensibly before us, legend, like poetry, may lay claim to a higher degree of truth than history itself."

II.

Both for those who indiscriminately assail, and for those who as indiscriminately defend, the authenticity of all the *Lives of the Saints*, without distinction, the interest at stake, behind the immediate subject of dispute, is the question of whether the miraculous power has continued to exist in the Catholic Church. But there is nothing gained or lost to either side by such a sifting of testimony as our author has carried on. The division of parties here, as Cardinal Newman has told us, is based on a disagreement concerning first principles; and that disagreement is not to be appreciably affected by the elimination from our hagiology of everything that rests on insufficient evidence.

At the same time, the piety which is satisfied to accept the literature just as it stands, as a record of facts nowise adulterated with imaginative elements, is not to be blamed. If my uncritical neighbor is fully convinced that some miraculous story is true which I believe to be a product of the *pia credulitas* of the Middle Ages, I should only display an ill-regulated zeal if I were to find fault with his simplicity. Nor is there any good ground for the complaints that we sometimes hear, from within as well as from without, that ecclesiastical authority ought to revise and expurgate all our hagiological literature, and thereby do something towards taking away the reproach leveled at us, of being ignorant and superstitiously credulous. This contention, too, Newman has admirably answered. He reminded his English audience that the nation paid civil honor to many historical relics, without being convinced that these relics were genuine; the world pays civil honor to them on the probability; we pay religious honor to relics, if so be, on the probability. As to the *Lives of the Saints*, "we think them true in the same sense in which Protestants think the history of England true. When they say that, they do not mean to say there are no mistakes, but no mistakes of consequence, none which alter the general course of history. Nor do they mean they are equally sure of every part; for evidence is fuller and better for some things than for others. They do not stake their credit on the truth of Froissart or Sully, they do not pledge themselves for the accuracy of Doddington or Walpole, they do not embrace as an evangelist Hume, Sharon Turner, or

Macaulay." Nor, he continues, do they commence a religious war against all historical and other educational books, because not everything in them is absolutely certain. Where, indeed, he concludes, miraculous and other narratives are certainly proved to be false, "there we shall be bound to get rid of them; but till that is clear, we shall be liberal enough to allow others to use their private judgment in their favor, as we use ours in their disparagement."

But, it may be asked, why, then, do Catholic critics busy themselves in the work of demolition and exposure? And why help to scatter abroad the fruits of their singular activity? The answer is easy. Because it does not depend upon Catholic scholars to say whether such information shall, or shall not, be made the property of the many. Critics innumerable, learned, keen, relentless, are exploring every nook and cranny of the past. They are scrutinizing every scrap of paper, every ruin, every fragment of wood or stone or metal bearing an intelligible sign, that has come down from the past, in search of the slightest scintilla of light on the history of Catholicism. The results of their labors are given to the world, and, from the level of the scientific magazine, percolate into every stratum of popular literature. These results, which are frequently incompatible with the contents of our devotional and historical books, are becoming known, sometimes in precise detail, more frequently and more extensively, in a vague, shadowy fashion, to increasing numbers of our people. Often—we have quoted an instance from Mr. White—facts are set forth and, gratuitously, alleged to be in conflict with pronouncements of the highest Church authority by persons unqualified to define the circumscriptions of the infallible prerogative. The Catholic Church, forsooth! is sponsor for every local tradition, for every statement in books of devotion, for all the legends that circle around places of pilgrimage, for every invention of a pious imagination that may once have attained some vogue! Here is reason sufficient to warrant the publication of the work of our own critics, and thereby to answer the calumny that Catholicism cannot face the light of modern research.

This need becomes more imperative from the fact that some who would not, for worlds, willingly co-operate with the opponents of Catholicism in shaking the faith of the laity, unintentionally do play into their hands. They, as far as it is in

their power to do so, rashly pledge the Church's authority for beliefs that are clothed with no such dignity. They declare that this or that claim of a relic or a place, or some belief, or alleged fact, has been confirmed by the Pope, or is taught by all theologians, and, therefore, *de fide*. If the consequences of such rashness were confined to bringing down humiliation on the head of some zealous controversialist, whose simple trust in antiquated books has delivered him into the hands of his foe, the evil would be bad enough. But this injudicious, exaggerated conservatism helps to bring down upon Catholicism itself, as St. Thomas warned his generation, the scoffs of the unbeliever; it sometimes does worse—it shakes the faith of Catholics.

A cursory glance at the history of apologetics for the past century—not to go back to the initial disaster—is enough to remind us eloquently of the unmeasured obloquy that may be involved upon ecclesiastical authority by confiding too implicitly in the infallibility of the inferential faculty of a mere theologian or scripturist. Our scholars have become more cautious; but the old tendency still remains in quarters where there is no suspicion of the progress that has been made by historical criticism. Certainly some, and probably many, Catholics are outside the Church to-day, who took the first step to unbelief when some religious guide, making his own convictions the rule of faith, insisted that some purely optional belief could not be rejected without disobedience to the supreme authority. In his recently published book, a notice of which is found in the review pages of this magazine, Bishop Hedley gives some excellent and timely advice on this subject.

Finally, even if the above motives of expediency did not exist, there is an intrinsic reason in Father Delahaye's work itself that suffices to justify any effort that may be made to obtain the widest circulation for its contents. The learned Bollandist's labors enhance the value of the *Lives of the Saints*, by separating the genuine from the false; by authorizing us to distinguish the inspiring records of the wonders that the Holy Spirit has wrought in frail, sinful humanity, from the mere vaporings of the popular imagination, or the insipid inventions of some tasteless scribe.

III.

The introductory chapter of *Les Légendes Hagiographiques* contains a clear and instructive definition of legend, and some cognate notions that, for the sake of precision, are to be distinguished from it. A piece of hagiography may be history, or it may not. It may assume any literary form, from the official relation adapted to the use of the faithful to the most exuberant and imaginative poetry. The distinctively hagiological character is present when the document has a religious cast and aims at edification. Among the non-historical elements of narrative are romances, stories (contes), myths, and legend. The legend has always some historical or topographical basis. It refers imaginary facts to real persons; and it gives a real background or setting to creations of fancy. Hagiographical literature is produced by two distinct agencies, that co-operate with each other, and are ever to be found when we trace any literary current to its sources. "There is that anonymous creator, called the people, or, putting the effect for the cause, the legend. It operates as a mysterious, collective power, unshackled in its methods, rapid and disorderly as the imagination, incessantly in travail with novelties, which it is incapable of fixing by writing." Besides this productive force there is the writer who, one must judge, is condemned to a painful task. He is obliged to follow a way that is traced out for him, and yet his work must carry the stamp of reflection, and wear an air of durability. These two factors have been in operation in the *Lives of the Saints*; their respective contributions to the whole is to be determined by a study of each.

Setting out to estimate the fecundity of the legend-producing instinct, Father Delahaye first draws attention to the various influences that conspire to modify, distort, exaggerate a story that depends upon oral testimony—the irrepressible tendency to confound inferences with facts, to supply defects in a story that we have heard, to omit essential features, and gratuitously to add to what has been related. These sources of error are multiplied a hundredfold, when successive narrators hand the story from one to the other; and confusion becomes intensified when the story passes into the possession of the public. During the Middle Ages everybody was interested

in the saints, loved to hear of them, invoked them, and uncritically accepted anything that redounded to their glory. Under the above influences any original story went on growing, absorbing extraneous amplifications, and receiving fresh embellishments from the pious imagination. Father Delahaye illustrates copiously the workings of each of the above tendencies. He dwells particularly on the irrepressible impulse, common to all peoples, to assign to some favorite hero, or celebrity, marvelous traits and performances that previously belonged to some other personage whose name they have forgotten, or have never known. In this procedure, the popular mind is not embarrassed by any chronological or geographical ideas. Thus, says Father Delahaye, we may account for many of the wonders ascribed to national saints, like St. Patrick of Ireland and St. Martin of Tours. Similarly the people have created types for the persecutor, the martyr, the missionary, and the miracle-worker. Why is there such a monotonous resemblance between so many biographies of saints? "Because," replies Father Delahaye, "the writer, faithful echo of the popular traditional conceptions, simply enumerates, for each individual, the qualities that the people had come to consider proper to each kind of saint." He quotes as typical, the lengthy descriptions of Sts. Aldegonde and Fursy, which read like systematic catalogues of abstract virtues; and he adds, that a few characteristic facts in which these beautiful virtues were displayed would make a much more profound impression than does this lifeless schema.

The presence of this same influence is betrayed by the frequency with which we find the same occurrence or marvel related of several individuals; and, not unfrequently, the trait has previously had a career in profane history. For instance, not alone that patron of huntsmen, the good St. Hubert, but St. Eustachius, and a goodly number of other saints, saw a miraculous crucifix between the horns of a stag. A long list might be compiled of the saints who share with St. George the distinction of having overcome a dragon. The eagle, called by Solomon to watch over the body of David, has served as the prototype of dozens of birds that have, one way or another, protected servants of God. A romantic episode related in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary had, long before, adorned a profane romance, and, still earlier, figured in the

Thousand and One Nights, and in many an Indian tale. The dramatic adventure of the page of St. Elizabeth of Portugal is, likewise, an adaptation from Indian literature. The history of St. Francis Xavier's crucifix, which, when it had been lost in the sea, was recovered and restored to its owner by a crab, is, says Father Delahaye, borrowed from Japanese mythology.*

There is, he tells us, no more trite theme in hagiology than that of the miraculous image which reaches its destination in a derelict ship or boat; nothing more ordinary than the prodigy of a vessel which stops, or oxen that refuse to advance, to designate the location of some hidden celestial treasure, or to assure to some church the legitimate possession of a saint's relics. It was thus that St. James reached Spain, and St. Lubentius came to Dietkirchen. In the same manner the girdle of the Blessed Virgin arrived at Prato; and the Holy Face at Lucca. Such transportations of crucifixes, madonnas, statues, are particularly numerous in Sicily; though, thinks Father Delahaye, if inquiry were made, other countries might furnish equally abundant results. "We should never finish," he writes, after accumulating a long list of various typical examples, "if we were to draw up a catalogue of the commonplaces of hagiology. It has been already shown, by numerous examples, that some of them go back to a remote antiquity. A large number of the legendary *motifs* scattered through the *Lives of the Saints*, and the histories of various famous sanctuaries and miraculous images, are to be found in the classics." "So, too, is the letter or the picture that comes down from heaven. The swarm of bees that settled on the cradle of St. Ambrose, and visited St. Isidore also, had already deposited its honey in the mouth of Pindar and of Plato"; the prodigy of the rock which opened to save Sts. Thecla and Ariadne from outrage is an echo of the fable of Daphne; and the story of St. Barbe recalls Danaë imprisoned by her father in a tower of brass.

Passing over several other distinct groups of legendary borrowings, we may cite a few of the more interesting cases which Father Delahaye offers to show the predominance of the sense perceptions over intellect in the legend-making mind of the multitude: "in this respect the crowd does not rise above the

* In his *Life of St. Francis Xavier*, however, Father Coleridge gives the story as true, on the authority of the *Relatio*, from the Processes. *The Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier*. By Henry James Coleridge, S.J. London. 1881. Vol. I. P. 393.

intellectual level of the child, who, indifferent to abstractions, turns instinctively to everything that forcibly strikes the senses; all their ideas and souvenirs are indissolubly bound to things material and palpable." Hence it is that great men live less in the minds of the people than in the rocks, the stones, and the buildings which the people are pleased to connect with the illustrious. The names of the saints are often associated with such monuments or remarkable points as strike the imagination of the crowd. At Rome it was quite natural that the Mamertime prison should be designated as the place in which St. Peter was imprisoned; that there should be no difficulty in identifying the precise spot on which Simon Magus fell; *Silex ubi cecidit Simon Magus*. It is not astonishing that so many places lay claim to a close connection, in Ireland with St. Patrick, at Naples with St. Januarius, in Touraine with St. Martin.

Popular imagination has been busy, not alone with natural stones and edifices, but also with all sorts of structures and works of art. Artificial monuments have been utilized, on a large scale, by the legend-creating faculty. Images of the saints, produced in one age, have provided, in the next, marvelous stories, as the widely-spread type of a martyr's picture representing him with a head under his arm, gave rise to the notion that he had walked after he was beheaded. One particular instance must suffice. In the museum of Marseilles there exists an inscription that had been placed over a certain abbess, containing nothing more than the usual tombstone eulogium: She was a servant of God, etc. But her body had been deposited in an ancient sarcophagus, on which the bust of a beardless man had been chiselled. Time mutilated the nose of this sculpture. This was enough to give rise to the local legend that Eusebia, an abbess in a convent at Marseilles, and her forty companions, cut off their noses to escape the fury of the Saracens. "A tradition which," wrote a learned Bollandist, "is confirmed by the effigy, with the nose cut off, together with an inscription on the tomb of the generous heroine."

Names badly understood have given rise to many legends and, in some cases, erected famous churches. The Church of Sts. Nereus and Achilles, on the Appian Way, formerly bore the name of *Titulus de Fasciola*. What did Fasciola mean? Learned men were and are divided and puzzled. Not so the people. Fasciola is another souvenir of St. Peter. A story

arose, which was afterwards fixed in writing, that, on this spot, St. Peter, while he was suffering from having had his leg hurt by his iron fetters, dropped one of his bandages. "Here indeed," reflects Father Delahaye, "is the *naïveté* of the people, that imagines a great man could not drop his kerchief without the exact spot being immediately marked, and retained in memory, in order that the fact might be celebrated by a monument." Sounds, again, have made the fortune of several saints, thanks to the popular propensity of finding some significance in a name. For instance, St. Claire is widely invoked in France to cure maladies of the eyes; for, does not her name (*claire*=clear) signify good eyesight? Likewise Germany and France have their saints, who live up to their names by curing, respectively, sore eyes, deafness, and boils. There is a long list of such plays upon words, not all of which are creations of the populace. "There is one," says Father Delahaye, "of relatively recent date, which has obtained a surprising and regrettable success. St. Expedit, thanks to his name, has become the patron of business that demands to be expedited."

We cannot, for want of space, adduce examples of all the other groups of instances offered by Father Delahaye to illustrate how the predominance of the senses over the intellect in the crowd breeds in it an insatiable thirst for the marvelous. "The thought of the invisible government of the universe by Divine Providence is not enough for it; the inner workings of grace present nothing tangible to it; and to make any impression on its mind the mysterious communications of the soul with God must be translated into palpable results. The supernatural does not count with it, until confounded with the marvelous. In consequence, how does the wonderful overflow in popular legend! Visions, prophecies, miracles are an indispensable part in the life of a saint"—and our author proceeds to fill some pages with interesting examples, showing how the story of the saint must be saturated with the miraculous. "He is announced before his birth, and his cradle is surrounded with visible signs of heaven's protection. Angels watch over his steps; nature obeys him; the most savage animals recognize his power. In danger he can count upon the forces of heaven. Nay, God seems to lend himself to the caprices of his friends, and multiply prodigies without any apparent reason."

The popular imagination, in its thirst for the miraculous,

and anxious to outdo marvelous stories by others still more wonderful, has run to the extravagant and the bizarre. For instance, the miraculous arrival of relics on an abandoned vessel becomes flat, and is replaced by accounts of floating sarcophagi. St. Fursy has spoken before his birth, so St. Isaac speaks three times in the one day; and the prodigy scarcely surpasses that of St. Rumwold, who lived only three days after birth, yet pronounced, in a fashion to be understood of all, his profession of faith, and a long exhortation addressed to his relatives.

It is not astonishing, then, that every saint is ornamented with all the virtues; and that, at a period when merit was greatly enhanced if united with illustrious birth, the multitude did not hesitate to rank its saint among the aristocracy. But even noble birth was less valued than the honor of having some connection with those who belonged to the company of the Lord. Hence arose, says Father Delahaye, in France these legends which have conferred on some dioceses the honor of having been founded, or otherwise favored, by some apostolic personage. "The legends which referred to Christ or to St. Peter, the mission of the first bishops of the great dioceses, were not, we can understand, inspired solely by a disinterested love of the saint. The passion for noble origins which would trace the Romans, and afterwards the Franks, back to the heroes of the *Iliad*, discovered this new way of gratifying itself, and, the movement once started, the churches vied with each other in pretending to the honor of apostolic foundation."

Thus far Father Delahaye has been following the activities of the creative faculty of the crowd, or the people. Usually he has, nevertheless, had recourse to written records, that testify to the existence of the popular traditions. But he reminds us that he has consulted only those that are merely the echo of the popular voice. Afterwards he investigates the methods of the hagiographers, to estimate the extent of their contribution to the sum-total.

HIRED WEDDING GARMENTS.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.



LOVE rules the court, the camp, the grove; or so says a minstrel whose harp notes, less grand perhaps than those of Tara, have yet a pretty, old-fashioned melody of their own. And, possibly, this wide-reaching sovereignty may have helped sweeten the atmosphere of No. 91 Ridge Street for the fastidious Norman Keith—pacing the filthy pavements for as short a space either way as would permit him to turn. Some wariness even then was necessary to avoid stepping on various mud-encrusted children who wandered between the door-steps of M. Schneider, "Ladies' Tailor," and the gutter; or being jostled by fallow women passing with shawls over their heads, or unclean, foreign-looking men in long beards and coats and shabby, tall hats.

He had been waiting now nearly an hour for the re-appearance of his wife—upstairs with M. Schneider; and had been frustrated in an attempt to seclude himself from embarrassing public attention in a lower room, found out to be full to reeking of Polish and Hungarian workmen, the steam from ironing woolen, and the racket of sewing machines. With the pavement his only alternative, the average man can understand the gloomy disgust with which he surveyed the variegated, dingy beddings hung out on fire escapes; the malodorous hand-carts, around which collected noisy, chaffering groups; the piles of refuse; the dirty shop-windows, with signs in unfamiliar Hebrew characters.

"Ah, dere! Mister Dude!" said a grimy urchin, purposely running against him; and strong words rose to his lips. But just then a tall young lady, brown-eyed and rosy-cheeked, came quickly down the steps. She smiled, and he straightway brightened; for they had been married but a few months, and it was an undemonstrative belief of his that the sun, moon, and stars shone in her smiles.

"Here, take my arm. We must force a way through this mob. What a beastly place! Even to hang on to the plat-

form of a Grand Street car will be bliss after this. For heaven's sake, Isabel, is there no dressmaker uptown, that you come to this man in such a quarter? How did you ever hear of him?"

"Oh, it was Mrs. Hatton found him from something she saw in the paper; and lost her way the first time; but has all her dresses made there now. My dear, his price is absurdly low, and such a beautiful fit."

"It would give *me* a beautiful fit, I know, to attend his proceedings again. As it is a tailor, however, you will all find his gowns 'better-fashioned, more quaint, more pleasing, more commendable' than some industrious woman's work. What a crowd in that little den when we went up—and a surly brute he looks."

"He *is* a little rough," Isabel admitted; "twists and twirls you about like a dummy, when he is measuring."

"He does!"—lightning gathering.

"I wish you would not scowl like that. With glasses it makes you resemble Emin Bey; and you know, dearest—like Ben Bolt's sweet Alice—I tremble with fear at your frown."

Her laughing coquetry did not wholly dissipate the cloud.

"Oh, see here," she said, pressing his arm a little closer, "is it not delightfully ridiculous?" In a small shop window, near Grand Street, was an inscription: "Wedding Outfits to Hire." A draggled white satin gown hung side by side with a rusty dress coat; and on a cushion in front lay a pair of soiled white slippers, and a crushed and tawdry orange flower wreath.

"'To Hire'!" Isabel repeated, with her pretty low laugh. "Imagine *hiring* one's wedding suit, and returning it next day."

"It *is* droll," he assented, peering at the things, and forgetting his irritation.

Just then their car came along, and they made a little rush for it and succeeded in getting on. But, by ill-chance, she was squeezed into a corner in a decidedly rough-looking crowd of passengers; and he, near the door, could see but the top of her little toque, and stood next a man whose breath was violently suggestive of the cup which cheers and also inebriates.

So his grievance had a chance to reassert itself; and

when, at the end of a lengthy ride, they were walking the short distance to their apartment, he said, a trifle peremptorily: "Now, Isabel, I hope this is the last trip to that den. I cannot spare another afternoon to go with you, and of course you cannot go without escort. But, as you have been there twice to be measured, he can send you home the gown now, and if he doesn't—you are not quite a Flora McFlimsy."

"How do *you* know that?" saucily. "Supposing that *my* 'wedding outfit was hired,' and I am trying to accumulate a few gowns, gradually."

"Try to accumulate a few ideas, instead," he replied, with impertinence. And having, with latch-key, let themselves inside the friendly shelter of their door, he stooped to kiss her by way of stimulus.

It was high time they should hasten to dress and dine, as it was their evening for receiving a few friends, men who came to them every Thursday, a select detachment from Norman Keith's bachelor club, "The Night-blooming Cereus."

The rules of the club forced him to resign, on marriage. "But I don't mean to give you all up," he declared, "and Adams, you and Clay, and some of the others, must come to my rooms once a week."

"I don't know," demurred Adams, a journalist, who thought women a bore and a check to rational conversation; and whose attraction at the "Cereus," besides its choice spirits in both senses, was that they had no "Ladies' Day."

"How would Mrs. Keith like the noise of all of us talking at once, and spoiling her wedding presents with tobacco smoke?"

"Mrs. Keith," placidly, "does not smoke herself, but can endure it in others; and she likes to talk and to listen, and I want her to hear you, so come."

And the very first Thursday, when the name of their little party was under discussion, Isabel suggested that it was at least the handle of a club. "Why not," said she, "call ourselves 'The Chafing Dish Club'—figuratively—we need not rub each other the wrong way, but I can make it appropriate otherwise, if you will all help me to cook; for our horny-handed slavey retires early; and I have invested in a delightful chafing dish, and a little book with fifty recipes for it."

"It has—I suppose it has—the best one for a Welsh rare-

bit?" asked Adams with interest, drawing nearer. "Do you mix yours with a little ale?"

"Oh, with ale, certainly," said Isabel; and they plunged into a culinary discussion; from which moment his heart clove to her. And now, a gay little supper, with many cooks who did not spoil the broth, was an understood ending to informal talks and occasional music. The journalist having been to a "first night," did not make his appearance on this occasion until the alcohol lamp was already lighted.

"I sniffed the omelette from afar, and said 'Ha, ha!'" he declared, entering; "it is 'aux fines herbes' and has a suspicion of ham in it. But why should we work so conscientiously through the 'Fifty Recipes,' Mrs. Keith? That last kidney stew 'au Madère' was just perfection."

"We must not repeat ourselves," Isabel pronounced, inexorably, "until we have tried each of the 'Fifty' in turn."

She had tied an apron over her gray and silver, and tucked up her sleeves daintily.

"Oh, come, come!" cried Clay, with impatience, "'the play's the thing!' Restrain your greediness for awhile, Adams, and tell us about it."

"Fairly good; some effective situations; Miss Dean does very well; but a trite plot, which always vexes me. Young couple passionately attached; some trifle light as air—coolness—suspicion—estrangement—outsider's meddling—and a general wrongheadedness and careful avoidance of saying or doing the obvious thing, which makes you long to shake them all. True to life, perhaps—I'm a bachelor, myself—but seems impossible—with sanity."

"You count too assuredly," said Clay, "on an invariable *mens sana in corpore sano*; and don't allow for indisposition, mood, circumstances, and the thousand and one gusts which whip humanity about."

"I do," said Adams obstinately; "but I call it all wrongheadedness. If I have the wit—or, what it takes—to acquire a treasure, I might have the sense to keep it. Murchison, you lazy animal, stop sketching Mrs. Keith as 'la belle chocolatière!' and get up and hand the cups around."

The boyish-looking artist laughed and blushed. His admiration of Mrs. Keith's poses was an open secret.

"Speaking of marriage," said her husband—"take care, Isa-

bel, that's hot—Mrs. Keith and I saw something odd to-day." He described the "Wedding Outfit" window. "Suggestive idea, is it not? A humble couple returning the festal garb—donned for a day only—and going back to patched and dingy attire. Speaking broadly, and as in unregenerate bachelor days, I think the analogy might be pursued."

"Just so," said Adams, "a wedding outfit consists surely of other matters than 'ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things.' A man can hardly remodel himself, though it would be a good job sometimes; but he generally has a reserve fund of strength and gentleness and humility, which he would do well to bring out for permanent use then. Among other unconsidered things are faith, hope, and charity; and the greatest of these is charity. What are you smiling at, Mrs. Keith?"

"Was I smiling? You have not mentioned a woman's outfit, Mr. Adams."

"Well, the things which most worthily charmed him should be her lasting property, and *not* hired for the occasion. Beauty may fade; but grace and brightness and sweetness need not; not even such homely gifts as good sense and good temper."

"Did *you* write 'How to be Happy though Married,' Adams?" Clay asked languidly.

"'Good sense and good temper,'" echoed Norman Keith; "yes, those are excellent gifts for both, and, if I should add a qualification, it would be good fellowship. What sage was it said to choose as mate the man or woman who as friend would be an unending pleasure? How can the wedding of a pretty toy or mere housewife compare with the pure delight of harmony in tastes, and bright, responsive good-comradeship?"

His wife, under screen of the chocolate-pot, gave him a swift, lovely smile—which Adams divined.

"Lucky dog!" he thought, but said aloud: "I shall begin fitting myself at once—with unselfishness—for a wedding which might possibly take place in a better world, only there is no marrying there. Which means—good-night, Mrs. Keith, since it is one o'clock."

Isabel would hardly have asked her husband in any case to give up a third whole afternoon from his work, impatiently to tramp Ridge Street at M. Schneider's pleasure. Though all with them had been smooth sailing over a summer sea, she had an instinct that that way breakers lay. For Norman seri-

ously disapproved of her penetrating strange and noisome regions in pursuit of a bargain; or because other women did; and her own dignity told her that he was right.

M. Schneider, unknown as yet to fame, was autocratic as M. Worth, and brusque to rudeness. "They come to *me*," he said, shrugging his shoulders, in allusion to aristocratic fair ones who thronged his close little fitting-room, and cajoled him for an early day.

"You will come to-morrow," he would say curtly, to one. "I cannot fit you until next week; very well, Madame, in half-an-hour the waist will be ready to try; eh, you have been waiting five hours already and no lunch? Well, there is a restaurant on the street." And sometimes the cloth would be mislaid and the customer's call wasted. This happened to Isabel, the afternoon succeeding the "Chafing Dish" night; when she disgustfully picked her way, alone, through the quarter to his house.

"It is somewhere," he said indifferently, after an hour's search by an assistant. "To-morrow is our Sabbath. You will not come Sunday. We may find it before Monday. You can come then in the afternoon"; and while he spoke he fitted a young lady's cloth jacket.

"The collar is too tight," the patient complained.

"Not at all," he said, pushing aside the forewoman, and forcibly bringing the ends of the collar together.

"Oh, oh!" cried the girl. "I am suffocating!"

Isabel flushed, too, noting his slight smile; but on the pavement she forgot her indignation on finding how late it was. She missed a car, and it took the next one all of an hour to carry her uptown; and by that time the stars were twinkling away merrily overhead.

"Norman will be anxious," she thought, and felt a twinge of conscience when she saw his figure waiting at their corner.

"Lovely evening," she remarked with sweet serenity.

"Isn't it a little late?" ignoring her compliment to the weather. "Would it not be better to finish your shopping earlier?"

"It might," then, disliking the misleading implication, "but I was not shopping, I was at M. Schneider's."

"Isabel! alone and so late! When I particularly asked you not to go there again!"

"But, dearest, I do not particularly ask *you* not to go anywhere; I trust your judgment, as you might mine."

This, indeed, had been the basis of their intercourse; and the thought gave him pause. But impulse was too strong, and he answered hotly: "You know perfectly well that the same rule does not apply in all matters to a man and a woman. It is very unsafe for a lady to be wandering at all hours, in those strange streets. As a minor consideration, I will add that I consider it extremely bad form in my wife."

"Will you believe," she said softly, "that even before I married you, I occasionally met people who were good form?" and ran lightly past him through the doorway.

The subject was not again mentioned until next morning, when leaving for the office, he said quietly: "Isabel, let M. Schneider send home the gown or not as he chooses. I will give you another. But do not go to Ridge Street any more."

As late as Monday noon she wavered, and then woman-like made up her mind in an instant. "What! throw away a gown—and that handsome broadcloth—or have it ill-fitting! It would be sheer folly. I will go early and be home before Norman comes."

But in these matters, woman proposes, and M. Schneider disposes. He had found the cloth, but was not ready to try it on immediately; and then there were several slight alterations to be made," for which, with a shrug, "he would not be responsible, unless Madame would wait."

And Madame waited with a visible impatience, which made her a target for the curious eyes of other attendant clients; and the upshot was that she was later than the last time, and found no one expecting her on their corner. "He is vexed," and her heart fluttered a little perhaps.

In the meanwhile Norman Keith had reached home to find, as usual, their pretty rooms cheery with lamp and fire-light; and the trim Mary Ann, in cap and apron, to wait on him. But "the event of the evening," as he sometimes called her, who came with clear eyes and welcoming smile to greet him, was missing, and he presently grew restless.

"Sure," said the observant Mary Ann, "the mistress will be in soon. She said she was going way down below Grand Street, but would be back before you."

He did not answer; but a slight hardness settled about his

mouth. He went down the front steps again, reflecting bitterly: "My wishes, evidently, have small weight."

He walked round the block, and one or two cars passed without her; and then he saw her alighting from another. It was a boyish thought to come to a lawyer of eight years standing, but he had nursed his wrath until it was quite warm; and he suddenly turned up the collar of his coat, pulled the soft hat he had picked up over his eyes, and stationed himself just round the corner, where the Metropolitan gas-light was a mere mockery. "'My lady comes at last,'" he muttered, in ironic quotation, "'timid and stepping fast.'"

She was now abreast of him and, with a feigned swagger, he lurched out, brushed roughly against her, jerked from her hand the pocket-book which, feminine-wise, she carried so, and disappeared.

"Oh!" she cried; but the street was dark, the robber was out of sight, the houses closed to appeal. "If Norman knew." The thought gave her wings. "Let it go, I must never tell him." It was he who let her in, panting like a frightened bird.

"It is a pity to have to hurry so," he said coldly, relenting a little at sight of her pallor. She essayed to laugh, passing on.

Beyond a touch of ceremony in manner he noticed no further her late arrival. "Now that is very nice in him," she reflected, with warm gratitude. "He must never know about the highwayman; but I will let Schneider send home the dress without final trial on Thursday."

So these ripples would now have smoothed themselves; but that the pair were to dine out on Wednesday night, and it was Norman Keith's habit to shave himself. While he wore the lather and the intent look accompanying that operation, his wife, in wrapper, came softly into the dressing-room.

"Did you find that other collar button for me, dear?" he asked indistinctly, "this one won't do." She remembered, with dismay, that the other had been for alteration in the lost pocket-book.

"Oh, I can't find it, that one must do; Norman"—lightly and mistakenly, for he was again absorbed—"it would be a good time for me to stay out late again when you are shaving, for you would never know."

"There is *no* good time for you to stay out late." Then, perhaps, a slight scratch; for he said with almost stern decision: "It must not happen again."

"*Must* not!" flushing. "Is it the Czar, or only a Grand Duke?"

"It is just your husband"—coolly, and it might have been effectively, but for the fact that he turned and presented a face with one cheek clear, the other white with lather.

She burst into a little laugh: "You will be more majestic when you have finished."

It was his turn to flush, but he completed his toilet silently; and only went into their room in time to find her, moss-rose like, in pale green draperies. He held something in his hand and said quietly: "I have been more successful than you in finding the button; and this is yours, I think."

"My pocket-book!" completely bewildered. "How—when—why—I lost it—it was stolen—oh!"—a ray of comprehension coming—"Was it *you*? Can it be possible? to frighten me in such a way! I did not know it was in you to be so ungenerous—so ungentlemanly—so unmanly."

"Stop, stop!" commandingly, "Chi va piano va sano. You have so disregarded my protests, that I thought a lesson might be useful to show you the possibilities."

"They were undreamed-of, certainly, in your case; and I owe you a thousand thanks for the lesson which cost me a racking headache for a day or two." She swept him a little mocking courtesy. Her eyes shone, and a crimson spot burned on either cheek. "But we had better postpone this discussion indefinitely; or our friends may think ill-breeding another of our pleasant little ways." She drew the white fur wrap about her shoulders and went out. The distance was short, and neither spoke in the carriage; nor coming home. But when, in smoking-coat, he was about to light his cigar at home, and met her passing into the dressing-room, he touched her hand on the door-knob. "Shall we not say good-night?"

"I wish it were good-bye," she said with bitterness.

He instantly withdrew his fingers. "Your wishes are always mine. Moreover, I anticipate them."

She was apparently asleep when he rose in the morning; and Mary Ann gave him later a pencilled card: "I shall not be down to breakfast. Pray excuse me." On which he wrote and returned: "With pleasure!" then went about the day's business with an accompanying heaviness and disquiet which asserted themselves whenever he had a moment to think.

On her part, having carefully made all household arrange-

ments, she went out after lunch and left a note for him: "As you might be annoyed," he read in the evening, "at my late return from Schneider's, where I am going, I shall dine at mother's, and my brother will bring me home. You will find all in order for the 'Chafing Dish,' and Mary Ann will wait."

"It is Thursday night, confound it!" grimly; then sent a district messenger with the reply: "Do not hurry yourself. We will no doubt keep up our bachelors' conviviality until late."

It was the first "Chafing Dish" meeting without her, and Adams asked discontentedly: "Why Mrs. Prescott could not have her daughter any other evening but Thursday"; and Murchison was frankly disappointed. Indeed the evening, with this difference, might have been a failure, but for the host unobtrusively exerting all powers of entertainment, conversational and otherwise.

"I have had some exceptional Chateau Yquem sent me," he said, "which you fellows shall try. With our one divinity absent, I must see that the nectar, at least, is of good quality."

And even as he drew the bottles from sideboard recesses, and the others laughed at a story of Clay's, he was thinking: "She is, perhaps, singing now. She looks so sweet when she sings. And then old Torrance will come in and Egbert with their violins; and she will play the accompaniment and turn her head to smile at them when the harmony charms her." Then a surge of anger went through him, remembering the defiant: "I am going to Schneider's."

The men who came in last were full of description of scenes witnessed during an exciting hour or two about dark on Broadway. "Western steers, they were," said one, "and just blind crazy with being pent up in the cars, and then let loose. The drovers could do nothing when they got away from them; and the police little more. To see that crowd flying here and there, and not knowing where was safety; and the animals charging among them, and now and then selecting some special fugitive to pursue; and then hear the cries and bellowing and smashing of doors and windows, or any obstruction in their way, was very like a nightmare. I hear that three or four persons were killed and several hurt. But the most serious misadventure I saw, was a languid lady suddenly come to life running and calling her coachman, who whipped up his horses and fled, leaving her to her fate."

"I'll wager you were behind a door yourself," said Murchison.

"I was," avowed Adams, "I have no skill with the lasso. And when I become cowboy, I will go West. There is something almost immoral in desiring to have the delights of the plains and the city all in one."

"Isabel," thought her husband grimly, "did well to dine with her mother; otherwise she would have had another fright coming home, and not of my contrivance."

His guests left at midnight, but he lingered over a cigar. He had thought he heard her come in quietly an hour ago; and his resentment, still hot, prompted him to delay their meeting.

"She might better have stayed all night," he muttered, as he finally went. But the opened door disclosed an empty room. "Not come yet! Egbert was to bring her."

He lit another cigar, but when one o'clock sounded could no longer smoke. "I certainly will not compromise my attitude by going for her"; and straightway put on greatcoat and hat and started for Mrs. Prescott's.

The house was dark, as though all had retired. On the steps he paused: "She is safe in bed, and will smile coldly to learn that I was disquieted"; then rang the bell.

Egbert, who, more or less unconventionally draped, opened the door after some delay, stared at him: "What's wrong? Is Isabel sick? Shall I call mother?"

"Isn't she here?"

"Certainly not. Was only in for an hour or so this afternoon. Stop, give me a minute and I'll be with you. Now, then,"—as they stood together in the street—"tell me about it." For answer Keith drew her little note from his pocket, and handed it to her brother.

"She would have spent the evening nowhere else," commented the latter briefly, "for mother said she decided to return on account of the 'Chafing Dish,' and left word for me to come and bring my violin; but I was engaged. Let us see it was early then—she may have gone down Broadway first." Their eyes met—the same thought stabbing them: the tormented, angry steers; there had been casualties—some fatal.

"Now," pursued Egbert, with tonic quietness, "there's a stable near here; we can get a cab."

"Drive to Ridge Street first," ordered Keith. When this, after some trouble, had been accomplished, a peevish voice from a window replied that no customer had stayed late. "It is a

feast-day with us to-morrow, we closed long before the first star." "Hospitals next," said Keith; speaking with difficulty. There were patients in several from that afternoon's accidents; but no one answering the description given. The two men drove on through the night in almost silence, sharing a mutual dread.

"Don't look so white," said Egbert, when they came out from the last casualty ward. "We will find her, never fear."

"See here," said Keith, unheeding, "before we go to police headquarters, you get in and drive to the St. Louis' Infirmary. They take women there. Leave me here and call back for me."

Egbert obeyed at once, guessing that Keith had some new thought. Her husband had suddenly remembered that it was Isabel's custom, of an afternoon coming uptown, to stop for a few moments at a church near here always open in the day time. The sexton lived next door.

"She is so tall and fair," he thought, "the man might remember seeing her." He knocked him up; and he proved to be an old fellow garrulous and amiable. He was interested at once.

"A very tall young lady, with light brown hair? Did she have on a little green hat, with a wing? Yes? Why he did notice her, for she brushed against him in the vestibule, and said: 'excuse me.' She came in time for Benediction, but he did not see her again. Locked in! Impossible, sir. Never did such a thing in my life. But to satisfy you—dear, dear, I don't blame you—at such an hour!"

He fumbled about for the keys and a box of matches. A side door swung open, and a gas jet in the vestibule was lighted. Another in the church faintly discovered the light arched ceiling and the pillars; a picture here and there; the dim sanctuary lamp in front of the far altar. Their low voices sounded hollow in this unpeopled vastness.

"There is no one here, you see," said the sexton; and just then a figure stirred in a pew; and Keith saw Isabel, and gave a great sob of relief.

She came to him shivering slightly; but with a brave attempt at a smile. "Do not mind," she said, at the sexton's consternation, "it was a little cold, but I have slept, I think, once or twice. It was my own fault, not noticing when the church was closed. I did not expect to get out before it was opened again for first Mass."

She would not trust herself to meet her husband's eyes; nor could he speak in the few moments before they reached the carriage and Egbert. The latter's amazement was veiled under his usual serene practicality.

"All's well that ends well," said he. "I am glad your abstraction was devotional. But, Isabel, there is a time for prayer, and a time for dinner. Well, good-morning, for it is four o'clock. Try something hot before you go to bed."

She trembled more violently as her husband helped her up the steps; and inside the hall her strength failed utterly. He lifted her in his arms, carried her along the passage to their room, and laid her on a lounge, gently removing her hat and gloves. A glass of wine stilled the chattering of her teeth; and then she broke into heavy sobs, her hands pressed to her face.

"My poor child," he said gently.

"It was early," she whispered brokenly, "when I came from Ridge Street—where I only went to be hateful to you—as I had already been. Then I was so unhappy, I could not stay at mother's—and then the cattle loose in Broadway—I saw one gore a horse, I ran down 19th Street to the church and went in, and was afraid to come out until all was quiet. And praying in a dark corner—to be better—did not notice anything until I found myself locked in the church. But there was the sanctuary lamp; and I wouldn't have minded, but thinking of you—Norman—Norman!" His arms were around her. "Dearest, have you begun to believe my wedding outfit hired?—when such little—little matters could make trouble between us!"

"No more than my own, sweetheart. Where were the loving patience and manly consideration I counted on in myself? Hired, surely, for they had vanished at the first touch. But do not talk any more now. You are worn out with this day and night."

"Yes, one thing more," she whispered with tremulous lips. "I thought—in the church—that I would, after this, acquire some qualities that might endure."

"My sweet soul," he answered, drawing her nearer with a very tender laugh, "while you acquire them—think of me, as one not past praying for, at least."

Current Events.

Russia. While things in Russia are a long way from being settled, and are still in a state bordering on an-

archy, suppressed for the time being by ruthless repression, yet a step in the right direction has been taken, and hopes of improvement may be entertained. The ground for these hopes rests upon the fact that Count Witte has not been supplanted, either by a dictator on the one hand, or by the revolutionists on the other. We do not mean to say that Count Witte is the one man who is able to save Russia, although there are some who think he is, or that all (perhaps not any) of his measures are defensible; but, after all, there must be some kind of a government, and bad as is that of the Tsar it is better than the rule of the mob, especially of a mob of such a kind as years of oppression have formed in Russia. One other thing contributes to make the situation hopeful, and that is that the Tsar still adheres to his grant of a Constitution, and that he, therefore, recognizes his autocracy as a thing of the past. However imperfect and undeveloped this Constitution may be, however untrustworthy it may be in its foundation, yet we must now accustom ourselves to look upon the Russian government as constitutional. Although the methods to maintain order which have been adopted may be abhorrent, yet, in the presence of a revolution, these methods may have been a dire necessity.

The fidelity of the army as a whole, however much wavering there may have been on the part of a few regiments, has enabled the government to suppress the revolt of the Moscow revolutionists. Some 15,000 were killed and wounded and the destruction of property was enormous, even churches not having been spared. The battle raged for a whole week, and when the insurgents surrendered it was with the declared purpose of renewing the struggle in the near future. A remarkable feature was the large number of young men, almost boys, who were found among the slain, while the last of the bands to surrender was commanded by a girl of eighteen. Many women, as a matter of fact, took an active part in the struggle.

It would be tiresome to give a list of the places at which

disturbances of various kinds have been taking place. No part of the Empire has been without them, and it is believed that only a part of the truth has been revealed. A French engineer, who recently traveled from Baku to St. Petersburg, described the whole of the south of Russia as being in open revolt; while the people dwelling in the central provinces were starving. It was with the greatest difficulty that he made his way through the country, the railway service being thoroughly disorganized. In Transcaucasia the inhabitants of a district named Guria decided, nearly a year ago, to have nothing more to do with the government. They ignored the officials, established popular courts, and took the administration of justice into their own hands. A general sent to re-establish the Russian power found that of the people so well established and so well managed that, after reporting to the government, the Gurians have been left, for the time being at all events, to manage their own affairs.

Very different is the state of things in the Baltic provinces. These are too near the capital to be left alone, and in fact the way in which the insurgents have acted has rendered it impossible so to do. For this revolt has gone farther than mere passive resistance. It has taken the active form of the murder of landlords and the desecration of churches. A republic has been declared, contracts between landlords and peasants have been made null and void, and properties and forests have been seized. The number of armed men in revolt is not less than 60,000, and so widespread and strong is the movement that it is expected that the campaign to suppress it will last the whole of the winter. The Letts, who have risen in this way, are the backbone of the population of these provinces, and are a very independent and determined people. They have had to suffer from the efforts at Russification, which have been so widely and so vigorously adopted in recent years. The owners of the soil are Germans, and these they hate even more than they despise the Russian government. The success of the Finns emboldened them to make these efforts on their own behalf. The Finns themselves, of all the many different nationalities of which the Russian Empire consists, have good reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their efforts to recover their traditional rights. These having been restored, the Diet met a few weeks ago. This Diet is, according to mod-

ern ideas, a very old-fashioned assembly, or rather group of assemblies, for it consists of four distinct houses. representing four distinct Estates—the Nobles, the Clergy, the Burghesses, and the Peasants. The Finns are now all in favor of a reform of this system, even the nobles and the clergy are willing to renounce their hereditary and class privileges. The majority of the Finns wish to go farther than has been gone by any—except a very few—of the States who have organized themselves according to modern notions. They propose to have only one legislative Body and to do without a second Chamber. And it is by universal suffrage that it is proposed to elect the members of this reformed Diet. The exiles of recent years have returned, most of the Russian officials have gone home, and if the Tsar is faithful to his word, whatever may be the fate of the rest of the Russian Empire, the future promises for Finland an era of peaceful development.

Poland has not fared so well, nor are its future prospects so bright. In fact, martial law has been again proclaimed. This, however, was rather in view of the strikes than of the political movement, and was accepted without complaint by the conservative element in the population. Not that political movements are non-existent, but the revolutionary party is restrained by the better and the saner members of the community who, under the guidance of the Pope, seek to gain legitimate ends by legitimate means. It is to the coming *Duma* that the Poles look for a more satisfactory settlement of their many just grievances.

The renewed railway, telegraph, and post-office strikes have proved failures, and the government is engaged in repression of a kind characteristic of the pre-constitutional days—in fact, it is hard to find anything constitutional in the present proceedings. But as Count Witte remains Premier, and has declared that he will not be the instrument of reaction, hope may still be entertained that the days of despotism are past. And this hope is strengthened by the fact that the Tsar has ordered that the elections for the *Duma* shall be immediately proceeded with, and has promulgated a new electoral law which, although its character is almost grotesque, when judged by our standard, is not a step backwards but forwards. Notwithstanding its imperfections, the main body of the people seem willing to accept it, having become apprehensive that the

proceedings of the revolutionaries are not only a danger in themselves, but likely to lead to a greater danger. These proceedings have been condemned by Father Gapon, the organizer of the demonstration of January 22, who now confesses that he did not foresee the abyss towards which that demonstration would lead the people. Violence, strikes, and all forms of incitement should now, he says, be abandoned. The people are not yet ripe for all that is now being claimed; the methods recently adopted will only precipitate reaction. Count Witte will have to give place to Count Ignatieff.

Substantial progress has certainly been made. Little more than a year ago the whole idea of representative government was peremptorily thrust aside by the Tsar, the Reformers were branded by him as persons who were anxious to throw public and State life into confusion and who were working for Russia's enemies. Last March, however, the Tsar, while declaring his intention of preserving the immutability of the fundamental laws of the Empire, promised the convocation of a legislative assembly. In August that promise was fulfilled. The powers accorded to it, however, were so limited that it failed altogether to satisfy the demands of the people, and on the 30th of October what may be called a Constitution was granted, by which freedom of speech, of person, of conscience, and of association were made the right of every Russian; the franchise of the *Duma* was extended, and to it was given an absolute veto over all laws and certain powers of supervision over the administration. Although the events of the recent weeks have obscured the prospect, yet it must be remembered that liberty cannot exist without order, and we have reason to hope that Count Witte, in maintaining order, will not forget the defense of the newly-won liberties.

Germany.

There have been no public speeches of the German Emperor to record. At a private gathering, however, he is reported to have said: "People are wrong to say that there is a war party around me. Such a party does not exist. Even if it did exist, it would be of no importance, for I alone am called upon to take a decision. I do not want war, because I consider war as contrary to my duty towards God and towards my people. I was vexed by certain offen-

sive proceedings of M. Delcassé, but I do full justice to the tact and firmness of M. Rouvier. I will do nothing to create difficulties, and I have given Count Tattenbach the most conciliatory instructions." These utterances, if authentic, contain much to relieve the anxiety widely felt with reference to the relations between Germany and France. Yet they indicate—what must always be a never-ceasing cause of unrest—the determination of the Emperor himself to rule—"I alone am called upon to take a decision." When the Tsar has (to some extent, at all events) abdicated his autocratic power, and when that of the Sultan is too weak to be called power, the Emperor William is the one ruler—for we need not mention the Prince of Monaco—who acts on his own sole responsibility. This, as long as it lasts, cannot fail to be a cause of anxiety.

But, although the Emperor has been more silent than usual, his Chancellor and his opponents have at considerable length, and on various occasions, defended and attacked the policy of the past few months. While Prince Bülow declared that Germany's action in the Morocco question was of a defensive and not of an aggressive nature, it being impossible that Germany should consent that her rights should be disposed of by an Anglo-French Convention, Herr Bebel (the spokesman of some three millions of electors) condemned both the manner and the object of that intervention. The Emperor's visit to Tangier he declared to be a provocation to France and to England, and that it had resulted in the bringing of those two countries more closely together than before. As to the relations between Germany and England, the Prince declared that the Empire had to reckon with a profound aversion of public feeling in that country. This is an exaggeration; the proceedings of the Emperor during recent years do not meet, indeed, with unqualified admiration, but there is no Englishman of any weight of character or influence, who is willing to attack Germany, or who wishes for war, and there are many Englishmen entirely opposed to war. The latter have shown this opposition by holding meetings as an expression of good will and of the desire for peace. Certain Germans have responded by holding similar meetings. But when the German Emperor declares that it is for him alone to decide, no great confidence can be felt as to what the outcome may be. Especially as the Emperor numbers among his subjects

persons so inordinately greedy as Count Reventlow, whose claim is that Germany ought to be the master of the whole coast of Morocco, and all the ports on the Atlantic. Austria, the Count desiderates, should become a Confederated State, governed by a German prince. Bohemia is to be taken on the way to Trieste and the Trentino, both of which are to be seized. Luxemburg, Belgium, and Holland must, he declared, revert to Germany. Nor does the Count limit to Europe these aspirations of aggrandisement, which he holds in common with his fellow Pan-Germans. In America—Brazil, in Asiatic Turkey—Mesopotamia are looked upon with longing eyes. A better representative, we hope, of the nation as a whole, Prince d'Arenberg, while ranking the Count and the Pan-Germans in general among the *exaltés* to be found in every nation, indicated that Germany could not get on without coaling stations and *points d'appui*, and that, while she had no intentions of taking anything from any other nation, of what remained to be conquered and organized she asked for her share. The Emperor in taking his decision for peace or for war, however much his own it may be, has of course to consider how he will be supported by the nation; for he cannot hope to succeed unless the war is entered upon heartily by his people, as has been proved by the result of the recent war between Russia and Japan. And while, as is seen from the utterances of Count Reventlow, just referred to, he can find supporters for even the most foolish of enterprises, yet there is reason to believe the great majority of the German people entertain no such ideas, especially as any war which would interfere with the sea-borne trade of Germany would speedily result in the starvation of her people.

The Conference upon the affairs Germany, France, and Morocco. of Morocco has at last commenced its sittings. Upon its outcome depends the peace of Europe; and what that outcome will be depends chiefly upon the German Emperor. That he chafes under the loss of the European hegemony is well known, and that he will take any means likely to regain it no one doubts. The alliance of Russia and France held him in check, but the defeat of Russia in the Far East gave him last summer, as he

thought, an opportunity to vindicate his claim; the *entente cordiale* between England and France, however, proved too strong, and the subsequent peace made between Russia and Japan, contributing as it did to the strengthening of France's ally, seemed to render it expedient not to press his claims too peremptorily. But the anarchy which has ensued in Russia, the change of government in England, perhaps even the meetings which have been held there to manifest a friendly feeling towards Germany, have, it is to be feared, led to a resumption of the attempt to humiliate France. At all events, on the eve of the Conference the subsidized Press of Germany, which, as is well known, writes as it is ordered from above, has renewed its campaign against France, endeavoring to irritate the French and to make the position difficult.

On the other hand, the way in which the controllers of the destiny of France have conducted the negotiations hitherto has won for them the sympathy of the rest of Europe. A mistake, indeed, was made in sacrificing M. Delcassé out of the desire for peace; for this concession only led to further demands. The Yellow Book, just published by the French Government, which contains a complete record of the negotiations, together with despatches and other documents, makes clear the conciliatory spirit in which these negotiations were conducted from the beginning, and also the firmer spirit which now animates the government. It shows that the German contention that the Anglo-French Agreement had not been communicated to the German Government is untrue, and that the German Ambassador in Paris expressed complete satisfaction with the provisions of that Agreement. In fact, The Yellow Book, by documentary evidence, makes it clear that the quarrel with France about Morocco was only an afterthought, and taken up for other reasons. However, it is expected that the German Government will publish a White Book, which will give to the world its version. Until that appears, students of current events will, of course, suspend their judgment.

The interests of France in Morocco are real and genuine. The French possessions, bordering as they do upon the domains of the Sultan, suffer from the lawlessness which has for many years reigned there. Morocco has been for a long time the scene of constant warfare between its semi-independent tribes. The Sultan is unable himself to check the incursions of these tribes

into Algeria. The Yellow Book shows that France has for many years had reasons abundantly sufficient to intervene for the preservation of her own interests, and that, so far from taking advantage of these opportunities, she has scrupulously refrained, even when asked by the Sultan. On the other hand, Germany's interests are of the smallest, so small, indeed, were they in 1880 as to be non-existent. When the Madrid Conference was held, Prince Bismarck specially instructed his delegate to that Conference that, "as Germany had no interests in Morocco," he was to be guided in his attitude by that of his French colleague. Things may have changed a little since, but not to a great extent; for Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador in Paris, declared the Anglo-French Agreement quite natural and perfectly reasonable. The only other Power that has substantial objects to gain is Spain. Parts of the Moorish territory already belong to her, and the close proximity of the whole country makes the question of its possessor a matter of vital importance. Spain, however, has made an agreement with France; and the recent Spanish Cabinet was understood to be on the French side. A change, however, has taken place, and a new Cabinet has come into office. Whether this will involve a change in policy with reference to Morocco, is not known with absolute assurance. England will give a whole-hearted support to France. Italy is placed in a delicate position, being at once a member of the Triple Alliance, and at the same time animated with the most friendly spirit to France. Her own interests in the question are very small. Those of the rest of the Powers are still less. The United States also has its representatives at this Conference, as it had in that at Madrid in 1880. What this means for the United States we must leave the students of its policy to decide. Morocco is one of the darkest of the many dark spots upon the face of the earth. Whatever may be the real purposes of the Powers who are entering upon this Conference, however selfish they may be and doubtless are, it must be the desire and the prayer of all lovers of their fellow-men that the results may, directly or indirectly, lead to the amelioration of the lot of its wretched inhabitants, and put an end to the barbarities which they have hitherto had to endure.

France.

The chief preoccupation of the people of France has been their relations with Germany. As we have said, a much firmer attitude has been taken, inasmuch as the making of concessions only whetted the appetite of the German Emperor. This firmer attitude was shown by the Chamber of Deputies refusing to prolong the debate after the statement made by M. Rouvier on the subject of French policy in Morocco. Such a discussion would have tended to weaken the hands of the government. Last summer fear and pusillanimity dominated both the country and the Chamber. There were then not a few advocates of a *rapprochement* between the two countries. The conduct of the German Emperor has changed all that, and has made the vast majority of the French people realize the danger of the situation. The interval has been used in strengthening the defences and in bringing the army up to the right standard. Sir Charles Dilke, a lifelong student of political and military affairs, after a sojourn in France for the purpose of investigating the question, declares that the French army is equal in strength to that of Germany, perhaps is even a little the stronger of the two. This and the justice of their cause have given greater confidence to the French.

Every good movement suffers from the folly of some of its advocates. What purpose in the economy of nature hawks and serpents and other pests may serve it is hard to say. It is easier, however, to see that fanatics serve the purpose of calling attention to subjects which sensible people—who are often too easy-going—would neglect. A fanatic, however, unfortunately often brings discredit upon a good cause. The putting of an end to war and its manifold horrors is a cause which cannot but commend itself to all, and the progress of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between nations is one of the most remarkable of modern achievements. There has, however, appeared upon the scene in France a group of Anti-Militarists who, not content with advocating arbitration and attempting to bring home to the mind the evils of war, incited soldiers to revolt and even to shoot their officers should they attempt to lead them into battle, even for the defence of their homes. These men were brought before the Courts and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

The determination of M. Loubet to retire into private life could not be shaken, and a new President, M. Fallières, has

been elected. Any distinction possessed by the new President is rather negative than positive—he has kept himself free from scandals, notably that of Panama. Of the former President's action during his term there is much worthy of praise; and if in some points blame must be given, it is well to remember that the position of the President closely resembles that of the King of England, who reigns but does not govern. All initiative is left to the Cabinet and to the Parliament. The President's duty is to ratify their resolutions. When those resolutions are wrong, of course he ought not to ratify them; but who expects so much virtue in public men in our times?

Church and State have been separated since the 1st of January; this does not mean that the Church has been freed from the control of the State. On the contrary, this control is being exercised in the most insulting and even sacrilegious manner. For the sake of making the inventory of church property prescribed by the law, officials have claimed the right to open the doors of the tabernacles. Whether the law shall be resisted or accepted and made the best of is a question still undecided. Great differences upon this point exist among the Bishops. A plenary meeting is to be held in Paris to discuss the question. What form resistance would take—whether it would go to the length of giving up all the churches and starting afresh—seems hard to decide; the latter course seems a very difficult one; and whether it would be successful seems doubtful.

In vindication of his own and Leo XIII.'s conduct of the negotiations with the French governments, the Pope has caused a White Book to be published entitled: *The Separation of the Church and State in France*. This book gives a complete history, verified by documentary evidence, of the conflict. It clearly shows that the responsibility for the separation rests with the latest French Cabinets, that they deliberately acted with the object of bringing about this separation. The people of France have never been directly and expressly consulted. It has been accomplished by politicians for their own ends and on their own initiative. Still less is the Holy See responsible. By conciliation and concession the Popes did all that was in their power in order to avert the separation. From the documents published in this book it is also made clear that the aim of the men who have effected this separation was not merely to weaken the Church, but to remove from France every vestige of Christianity.

Austria.

In Hungary the long protracted struggle is still continued, and there is little reason to hope for a speedy break of the deadlock. The King will make no concession on the point at issue—the words of command; and the Coalition will not take office unless this concession is made. A further prorogation of Parliament has taken place, in the hopes that some means for a return to the ordinary and illegitimate *régime* may be found. Meanwhile the taxes are being withheld and the officers appointed by the present holders of power resisted. The spirit in which the Hungarian resistance is being made is shown by an incident which took place lately at Debreczin, the most Magyar of Hungarian cities. The King, on the advice of his present ministry, appointed a high sheriff for the county of which Debreczin is the chief town. The leading citizens—not the roughs or hooligans—armed themselves with sticks and stones and rotten eggs, and went to the railway station to meet him. On his arrival he was dragged from the train, stoned and beaten, placed in a hearse, conveyed through the streets of the town, the crowd singing the Kossuth Hymn. After suffering many other indignities, and having been seriously injured, he was forced to sign his resignation and then despatched under cavalry escort to the railway station to be taken back by the night train to Budapest. This is an extreme instance of what is taking place throughout Hungary, and seems to indicate a determination to secure a complete separation from Austria.

Italy.

The reconstruction of the Ministry of Signor Fortis involved the resignation of Signor Tittoni. This was regretted on many grounds, for, as Foreign Minister, he had proved himself capable of steering the ship of state safely in the midst of somewhat dangerous waters. The new Foreign Minister is a Sicilian—the Marquis di San Giuliano. He has not held office before, but is reputed to be a man with distinct views of his own on foreign policy, formed both by study and travel, and his appointment is looked upon with some anxiety at Vienna. Austrian attempts to Germanize Trent, to Slavonize Trieste, and to expand along the coast of Dalmatia may not, it is feared, meet with his approval.

New Books.

**MRS. FITZHERBERT AND
GEORGE IV.
By Wilkins.**

At length the good name of Maria Fitzherbert is completely vindicated;* and the world is the richer for possessing the full story of her loyalty to conscience, her devotion to an unworthy husband through a long series of trials, in which the strongest pressure was put upon her, alternately, to sacrifice the one or the other, and she could escape only at the price of her own peace. Shortly before her death, Mrs. Fitzherbert caused to be deposited in a London bank a package of documents, in the care of trustees, with no very specific conditions as to when they should be opened. It was known that these papers contained everything necessary to clear up whatever obscurity remained concerning her relations with George IV. As she was connected with almost all the aristocratic Catholic families of England, they were always desirous that the documents should be made public. But every request for permission to open the package was refused. The documents were lately transferred to Windsor Castle. Mr. Wilkins, who had already obtained from members of Mrs. Fitzherbert's family a number of papers, for the purpose of writing her biography, received permission from King Edward to inspect the package and publish such of its contents as should place the marriage beyond dispute. These proved to be the marriage certificate, signed by a Protestant clergyman and two of her relatives; and a will of George, drawn by himself in 1787, when he thought himself at the point of death.

Few productions of the imagination can vie, in romantic interest, with this real history, circling round a secret marriage, whose existence was a political problem of first importance at a period of intense political conflict, complicated by religious animosity.

Mary Anne Smythe, belonging to the "great cousinhood of Roman Catholic families in England"—Arundells, Stourtons, Staffords, Stonors, Jerninghams, Cliffords, Welds, Blounts, Fitzherberts, etc.—was a young and surpassingly lovely woman, a widow for the second time, the reigning beauty of Lon-

* *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.* By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. With Illustrations. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

don society, when, in 1785, destiny threw her across the path of George, Prince of Wales, who had just come of age. He was brilliant, handsome, generous, warm-hearted, endowed with every quality to charm a woman's heart. He was, too, untruthful, given to gambling and drink; and his reputation was already tarnished with more than one affair of gallantry. He fell in love with Mrs. Fitzherbert at first sight, and pursued her with impetuous assiduity.

Though her heart was touched, she endeavored to avoid him. Of high principles and irreproachable character, she told him it was marriage or nothing, and that marriage was out of the question. The Act of Settlement decreed that for any member of the reigning family to marry a Catholic was to forfeit his claim to the succession; and the Royal Marriages Act made illegal any marriage of the royal family that should be contracted without the Sovereign's permission. The formidable penalties of *præmunire* were incurred by the parties contracting such a marriage, as well as by the witnesses and officiating clergymen.

George was reckless of consequences. To overcome Mrs. Fitzherbert's reluctance he employed a ruse, that he had found efficacious to enlist female sympathy. He fell dangerously ill—or pretended to do so. Four noblemen waited on Mrs. Fitzherbert; to tell her that the Prince of Wales was in a desperate condition, and nothing could save him but her presence at Carlton House. At last she consented to go, but only in company with a lady of exalted rank—the famous Duchess of Devonshire. They went through a sort of mock marriage, when George declared that if she would not marry him he would take his life. She left immediately; and perceiving that the whole scheme was a conspiracy against her honor, on the part of the four “gentlemen,” she fled from danger by quitting England. On her return the Prince renewed his addresses, till, at length, with the approval of her guardian and relatives, she consented to marry him. The certificate, written by the Prince himself and duly authenticated, is published by Mr. Wilkins.

The Parliamentary conflict between Whig and Tory, the King's party and the Prince's party, was then raging. Rumors that the Prince had married a papist were damaging the latter, and Fox denied the report in the House; and, it was

believed, did so with George's approval. This whole question is treated at length by Mr. Wilkins, who rather excuses Fox's share in the transaction. He relates with a graphic pen the events of the next few years, during which Mrs. Fitzherbert was surrounded everywhere by the Prince with the deference due to a wife, and, though bitterly antagonized by the King and Queen, was treated as George's wife by her friends, and with great distinction by all the Prince's party and by his royal brothers.

In 1787 came the King's insanity and the debate on the Regency, when the question of the marriage was again raised and canvassed with great bitterness; then, for the second time, "was Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage publicly denied in Parliament, and on this occasion by men like Grey and Sheridan, who, if they did not know the full facts of the case, knew for certain that a ceremony of marriage had taken place." Between 1789 and 1791 discord reigned in the royal family; the King and Queen persecuted their eldest son and had quarrels with the others. Mrs. Fitzherbert exercised no small influence for peace, and at the same time did much to restrain her husband from his wild courses, and his profligate associates. She received some reluctant recognition from the Court. Things passed in much the same way up till 1795, when the Prince fell under the influence of Lady Jersey, and at the same time found himself deeply in debt and losing his popularity.

We must refer the reader to Mr. Wilkins' captivating pages for an account of how these three factors brought about, in 1794, the first separation between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Prince, who, to satisfy his father, and thereby get his debts paid, in 1795, married Caroline of Brunswick, whom he afterwards treated more basely, if possible, than he did Mrs. Fitzherbert. He separated from her in 1796, and immediately sent overtures to Mrs. Fitzherbert to renew her marital relations with him. She turned a deaf ear. But again the Prince's long persistence, and her own heart, brought her back to him; not, however, before she had consulted the Pope, who, in a special Brief, directed her to return to her husband.

In 1800 Mrs. Fitzherbert was formally and openly reconciled to the Prince, and the union lasted for several years, that were, on the whole, years of happiness and honor for her. She did not reside under the same roof with her husband—

nor had she ever done so. But they were constantly together, especially at the Prince's favorite residence—Brighton. She was the centre of fashion there, and, in a less degree, in London. Society paid her full respect. Her husband's brothers were devoted to her, and, ever kind, gentle, and unselfish, she became known as the peace-maker of the royal family. Kindly, honest, foolish Caroline respected her. "The Princess of Wales," wrote Lady Bury, "speaks highly of Mrs. Fitzherbert. She always says: 'That's the Prince's true wife. She is an excellent woman; it's a great pity he ever broke with her.'"

The events which gradually led to the final separation, that took place about the time that George obtained the Regency—the Seymour Case, the appearance on the scene of the ultra-Protestant, the Marchioness of Hertford, the growing selfishness, dissoluteness, and vanity of George—throw Mrs. Fitzherbert's character into strong relief.

The separation came in 1811, when George, deprived forever of her influence, started with increased speed, under the guidance of Lady Hertford, down the path of sensuality. The Marchioness of Conyngham succeeded Hertford, the Sovereignty followed the Regency; and, without ever again meeting the wife of his heart, George at last went down, despised, unloved, to his unhonored grave. Says Mr. Wilkins: "Even when their relations were most strained, he had silently rendered her the homage which vice, often unwillingly, pays to virtue. Though passion was long dead, he still retained for her feelings of respect. He knew her to be a good woman, and in his heart of hearts he regarded her as his wife."

In the will that he made in 1787 he left all his property to her—"to Maria Fitzherbert, my wife, the wife of my heart and soul—still such she is in the eyes of heaven, was, is, and ever will be such in mine." "I desire," the document runs, "that I may be buried with as little pomp as possible, and that the picture of my beloved wife, my Maria Fitzherbert, may be interred with me, suspended round my neck by a ribbon, as I used to wear it when I lived, and placed right upon my heart."

The picture here referred to was given to him by her. She had had two tiny miniatures painted, one of herself and one of him, and placed in two lockets. She kept the Prince's picture, and both vowed that they would wear them always in memory of their love.

When she knew that George was near death, in 1830, she wrote to him asking for some last message. But the letter came too late; he was dying, and, though moved by the letter, he could not answer. The next king, William IV., a warm friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert, ordered that many of the jewels and other trinkets that she had given to the late King should be returned to her. She sought in vain among them for the miniature. Then she caused inquiries to be made. She learned that those about the King when he died knew that he had worn the miniature to the last, and that they believed it was buried with him. Later she had positive assurance from the Duke of Wellington. "When he was on his deathbed George IV. gave the Duke strict injunctions to see that nothing should be removed from his body after death, and that he should be buried in the nightclothes in which he lay. The Duke promised that his Majesty's wishes should be obeyed, and the King seemed much happier for this assurance. Left alone with the body, which was then lying in an open coffin, the Duke noticed that something was suspended from his neck by a much-worn black ribbon. He was seized with an uncontrollable desire to see what it was; so, coming nearer, he drew aside the collar of the shirt; and, lo! upon the dead man's breast was the tiny locket containing the miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Duke reverently drew aside the nightshirt over the jewel again, so that none might see it. The King was buried with the miniature next his heart."

Did Mrs. Fitzherbert find in the knowledge of her husband's fidelity to the poor memento of a love long dead any compensation for the years of cold neglect? Only a woman may answer this. After learning of this incident, however, we can never again read with quite the old zest and hearty concurrence, the pages which express Byron's fierce scorn, or Thackeray's contempt of George IV. We are, rather, prompted to strive, if possible, to enter into the charitable spirit evinced towards him by the present biographer of the woman "whom he wedded in his youth, wronged in his mature years, and neglected in his old age": "His conduct," says Mr. Wilkins, "to her may be palliated, but it can never be justified; yet even here much of it was due to inherent defects in his character, which was unstable as water. It is easy for those who live far removed by time and circumstances from his difficulties and temptations to condemn him. We at least will not add

to that condemnation, but remember only that there must have been good in him, or a good woman would not have loved him."

Concerning the heroine herself we have the estimate of Greville, who was wont to deal out eulogy with a sparing hand: "She was not a clever woman, but of a very noble spirit, disinterested, generous, honest, and affectionate, greatly beloved by her friends and relations, popular in the world, and treated with uniform distinction and respect by the royal family."

Was there any issue from the marriage of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert? "Neither by her first or second marriage, nor by her third marriage with George, Prince of Wales, had Mrs. Fitzherbert any children," is the answer of Mr. Wilkins. No document of the famous packet either supports or denies this conclusion. The arguments advanced in favor of the claims of the American Ord family are ably set forth in an article in the *Month*, for January, 1905, from the pen of Father Thurston, S.J., who supports the opposite opinion.

THE DOGMA OF THE RE-DEMPTION.

By Abbe Riviere.

The triumph, within Catholicism, of Newman's principle of development, and the present form of the rationalistic attack upon Christian faith, have combined to en-

force the truth that dogma must henceforth be carefully studied and vigorously defended from the historic point of view. Our opponents, in the words of one of them, no longer attack us; they explain us; and they claim that they explain us away. It is useless to attempt to meet Harnack and Sabatier and Ritschl with metaphysical reasoning and deductive syllogism. They have shifted the conflict to the field of history; and on the field of history they must be encountered and overthrown. The history of each dogma from its origin must be traced through the centuries; and while growth, development, and unessential modifications are acknowledged, they will be shown, not merely to be nowise incompatible with identity, but even to be the characteristics by which the divine truth manifests its vigor and vitality. The fine work of the Abbé Rivière* is a valuable contribution to the library of historic theology which

* *Le Dogme de la Rédemption. Essai d'Etude Historique.* Par l'Abbé I. Rivière, Docteur en Théologie. Paris: Lecoffre.

Ehrhard, Battifol, and others have begun. It is a profound and extensive study, from the historical standpoint, of the dogma of Redemption, from its origin in the New Testament down to its formulation in Scholastic times. After an explicit statement of the Catholic doctrine, and an outline of the various rationalistic systems which are trained against it, M. Rivière analyses the New Testament data to show the conception of the dogma as it existed in the mind of the primitive Church. He then proceeds to trace its development, first among the Greek Fathers, and, next, among the Latins. Thence he follows it up through the intermediary channels of the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, till we reach the mediæval crisis and the orthodox reaction of the days of Abelard, St. Bernard, and Hugo of St. Victor, followed by the theological elaboration that took place chiefly through the labors of Peter the Lombard, Alexander Hales, and St. Thomas. The various juridical theories, and metaphorical formulations of the Fathers are analyzed and criticised in order to separate the essential from the ephemeral dress in which men, laboring under the limitations of thought and language which their age imposed on them, have clothed it. The entire study is a victorious demonstration that, from the beginning, the central idea which constitutes the mystery of the Redemption has endured as a fundamental article of Catholic faith. The book is a monument of patristic and theological erudition; it is characterized by that perfection of logical method and clearness of language which we are accustomed to look for in works emanating from a French pen, and which we seldom find, in an equally high degree elsewhere. Doubtless a complete solution of the great problem which M. Rivière has undertaken is not to be arrived at in a single essay, nor by one individual, but will be the outcome of many efforts of scholars whose works will, respectively, supplement one another. Meanwhile M. Rivière deserves our gratitude for having provided an effective answer to the thesis of Harnack, Ritschl, and Sabatier on the great dogma of the Redemption.

The Psalmist's exclamation, God

LIVES OF TWO SAINTS. is wonderful in his saints, receives
fresh emphasis from the fact that,
side by side with the great founder of the Redemptorist Order, St. Alphonsus, illustrious for his eighty years of heroic vir-

tue, and for learning that has ranked him among the doctors, the Church has raised to equal honor a simple lay brother of the same order, whose career was consummated within the brief span of twenty-nine years. St. Gerard Majella was among those canonized in 1904. This short popular life of the saint* is written with the very practical purpose of impressing on the reader's mind that, during his life, St. Gerard was the instrument of bringing to many souls who had been living in sacrilege, owing to bad confessions, the grace of repentance, and that, since his death, the same grace has been vouchsafed to many sinners who have invoked his aid. The preacher who has to speak of the necessity of a good confession will find this little volume a powerful ally.

Like all the other numbers of M. Joly's excellent series of *Les Saints*, M. Suau's *St. Francis Borgia* is an example of hagiology written with due regard to the demands of critical history. He gives us the man as well as the saint. The secular life of the Duke of Gandia, and the influence which he wielded in the social and political world, are finely related; and helps to the understanding of the immense benefit that accrued from his reception to the struggling society of St. Ignatius, then beset by powerful adverse influences. In a short chapter, or section, M. Suau very happily analyzes the spirit of the saint, characterized by cheerfulness, and a human tenderness which, without committing any rapine on the sacrifice that he had laid on the altar, prompted him to take a lively practical interest in the welfare of his numerous descendants. What a field for the imagination is opened by M. Suau's observation that, had Francis remained in the world, he might have been appointed governor of the Low Countries instead of the Duke of Alva! But, born to better things, he became a tower of strength to the Church and the Society of St. Ignatius: "Après Saint Ignace, il n'est personne à qui elle soit plus redevable qu'à lui. Et dans l'Église Catholique, Borgia fut un des exemples les plus remarquants de renouvellement des âmes après la Renaissance, exemple d'autant plus saisissant, que son nom rappelait les plus grandes hontes de l'âge précédent."

* *Life, Virtues, and Miracles of St. Gerard Majella, Redemptorist Lay Brother.* By the Very Rev. J. Magnier, C.S.S.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. *Les Saints: St. Francois de Borgia.* Par Pierre Suau. Paris: V. Lecoffre.

HUMILITY OF HEART. One who knew intimately the late Cardinal Vaughan has said of him: Translated by Card. Vaughan. "A more truly humble man I have seldom, if ever, come across. It was the humility of a child, it was so sweet and simple, so strong and saint-like; may I not even venture to say Christ-like." To appreciate the full significance of this statement—which is but representative of the universal verdict recorded by those who had opportunity to judge what kind of man the late Archbishop of Westminster was—we must remember how many endowments, native and acquired, he possessed that, naturally considered, would have spoiled the humility of a weaker man—illustrious lineage, personal charm, the prestige of practical success, an ecclesiastical rank which usually condemns its holder to breathe a somewhat close atmosphere saturated with unmeasured reverent adulation. It is interesting and useful to know what masters of the spiritual life the Cardinal depended on for help to cultivate his most conspicuous virtue. His *vade mecum* was the treatise on humility written by Padre Gaetano Maria da Bergamo, a great Italian missionary of the eighteenth century. The *Humility of Heart** was his favorite book of meditation for thirty years. Towards the close of his life, during a period of leisure imposed by breaking health, he translated it into English; and earnestly commended it to the use of laity, clergy, and sisterhoods. Of its character it will be enough to repeat the judgment of Benedict XIV. on Padre Gaetano's works: "They have this quality, rare in our day, that they satisfy the intellect and the heart; their solid doctrine in no way dries up their tender devotion, and their devotional sweetness in no way detracts from the perfect solidity of their doctrine."

**ADDRESSES TO CARDINAL
NEWMAN.**

Before his death, Father Neville, Newman's literary executor, prepared the contents of this volume for the press. Its main contents are a collection of sixty odd addresses to the Cardinal, with his replies,† on the occasion of his elevation to the purple. There is also a prefatory narrative of the events relating to the con-

* *Humility of Heart*. From the Italian of Father Cajetan Mary de Bergamo (Capuchin). By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Addresses to Cardinal Newman with His Replies, etc.* Edited by the Rev. W. P. Neville, (Cong. Orat.) New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

ferring of the dignity. The letter of Cardinal Nina offering the hat, and Newman's reply, as well as his letter to the Pope, are given in English, while the Italian and Latin forms are found in an appendix. There, too, is another letter which caused so much heat and heart-burnings—that of Newman to Bishop Ullathorne, “the terms of which gave rise to the impression that the Cardinalate had been declined.” It might well have taxed even Newman's powers to reply to so many addresses of the same character without repeating himself. Yet, although the sentiments expressed in all the replies are, necessarily, very much alike, the form of expression and the tone of the sentiments are adapted to each occasion with inexhaustible versatility. Many passages, too, are of the texture which Newman alone could weave out of English words.

STUDIES IN THE PROPHETIC ELEMENT IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

By Dr. Harper.

Dr. Harper's manual* on the prophetic element in the Old Testament is a most valuable book. It is not a narrative history of prophecy, nor a properly so-called analysis of prophetic teaching. But

it aims at guiding fairly advanced students of the Bible to a thorough and scientific understanding of the prophetic spirit and teaching as they existed among the Hebrew people. It consists of searching questions, for the answer to which the student must consult the Scriptures themselves; it consists, secondly, of illuminating paragraphs on the historical background of prophecy; and finally of bibliographical notices which put the reader in touch with the fullest modern researches in biblical criticism. Dr. Harper bases his book upon the documentary analysis of the Hexateuch, the late origin of the full Levitical system, and the composite character of even the later prophets. Doubtless many will condemn the work at once because of these points of view; but few, probably, who have a first-hand knowledge of Scripture will take issue with it on these matters. In fact, in reading this volume itself, brief as it is, one will find very cogent reasons for thinking respectfully of the quadruple document theory now admitted by nearly all specialists of every school and creed. For Dr. Harper enters very considerably into

* *Constructive Studies in the Prophetic Element in the Old Testament.* By William Rainey Harper. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

hexateuchal criticism, although that is not his field of investigation. Still prophecy begins with the earliest books of Hebrew literature. J., E., and D. are prophetic documents through and through. And perhaps the most valuable pages in this book are those which describe the aim, spirit, and historical setting of those ancient strata in the Hexateuch. So much of the work indeed is given to this side of the subject, that only two of the writing prophets are discussed, Amos and Osee. A later volume will deal with the other prophets. For one interested in the analysis of modern biblical criticism, this manual will be in a high degree valuable; and if one is in an early stage of scriptural study, it will be almost indispensable.

JOAN OF ARC.

By Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.

The paper on "Joan of Arc," which appeared a twelvemonth ago in the *Nineteenth Century and Afterwards*, from Mrs. Maxwell-

Scott, deserves the more enduring form which it has now received.* It is a complete, though not very detailed, life of the Maid; and is written in a simple strain which well consorts with the character of the heroine. The author has taken her materials almost exclusively from Mr. Douglas Murray's English edition of the most authentic records that exist—the reports of the trial at Rouen, and of the Rehabilitation processes which, twenty years afterwards, cleared Joan's name from the unmerited ignominy which her enemies sought to fasten upon it. It is needless to say that Mrs. Maxwell-Scott is in fullest sympathy with her subject. Her love for the "Leal Northern Land" displays itself in giving prominence to the loyalty shown to Joan by the Scotch officers and men in the French service, and especially by the Bishop, John Kirchmichael, whose devotion to Joan is some sort of a set-off to the conduct of Fierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who earned for himself pre-eminence of infamy in one of the most infamous affairs of history.

STUDIES IN ANTS.

By Fr. Wassman.

The name of Father Wassman stands high in Germany among biologists, and is not without hon-

or in America; witness the testimony of Professor Wheeler, of the University of Texas, who has declared in the *American*

* *Joan of Arc.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford. St. Louis: B. Herder.

Naturalist that "Wassman, in his numerous writings, has undoubtedly done much, at least in Germany, towards the exposure of this psuedo-psychology (of Brehm, Buechner, and others) and a more rational conception of ant behavior." This volume* is a translation of the second German edition of Father Wassman's study of ants which, for general interest and scientific observation, may rank with the classic work of Sir John Lubbock—we beg pardon, Lord Avebury. Besides its value as a contribution to natural history, it has another as a piece of apologetics. For the author marshals his facts to encounter a main tenet of evolutionism, that man is a development from the brute. To combat this, Father Wassman has gone to the ant, and studied its ways, which afford a double argument against the accuracy of our evolutionist pedigree; first, the ant instinct approaches nearer to reason than does that of mammals which are assigned to us as nearer relatives; second, between the wonderful instinct of these little creatures and reason, even as manifested in the lowest savage, there is a difference, not of degree, but of kind.

LEX LEVITARUM.

By Bishop Hedley.

Every publication from an Episcopal pen receives, very properly, from the reviewer a measure of superlative commendation, dictated

by reverence for authority irrespective of objective values. This good custom has one drawback. Like the exaggerated use of italics, it weakens one's resources when one wants to be emphatic. The worth of Bishop Hedley's volume† is such that the praise to which it, in strict justice, is entitled is exposed to be accepted by the reader as subject to some discount, because of the rank of the author. Had it appeared anonymously, however, we should not have hesitated to say that between the two parts which compose it there is no disparity of excellence—yet one part is that classic of Christian Theology, St. Gregory's *Regula Pastoralis*; the other, some practical applications of its teachings to the needs of to-day by Bishop Hedley. Spiritual insight, a knowledge of human nature, learning, zeal,

* *Comparative Studies in the Psychology of Ants and of Higher Animals*. By Eric Wassman, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *Lex Levitarum; or, Preparation for the Cure of Souls*. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B. With the *Regula Pastoralis* of St. Gregory the Great. New York: Benziger Brothers.

and, it might be added, a good dose of independence, are qualifications necessary for a man who would insist upon the ideal of spiritual and intellectual training required to fit the priest for his work at present. Bishop Hedley evinces these qualities, associated with a command of forcible and elegant expression. His treatise is a valuable gift to the students and professors of our seminaries. Priests engaged in the ministry, too, will be amply repaid for a study of it. It contains weighty chapters on Vocation; Virtue and Ordination; Purity of Soul; Sympathy with Souls; Seminary Life; The Principles of Study; The Study of Philosophy; The Study of Literature; On Learning; The Study of the Holy Scripture; Science; and the Priestly Office.

Concerning the study of literature and science, to which he attaches great importance, Bishop Hedley offers many practical counsels, some of which have been given by others, but not so forcibly, and some will seem almost novelties to many a seminary graduate. For instance, he recommends that some weaknesses of ecclesiastical intellectual methods be rectified by borrowing from the scientists: "Among the great names of physical science, there is not one who has not been distinguished by exactness or *accuracy*. Physical research, whether chemical, biological, or astronomical, is carried on in regions almost beyond the ken of the senses, and depends on the verification of facts the most minute and difficult to grasp. Guess work will not do here; general ideas are useless and misleading; measurements, proportions, and quantities must be observed with the keenest eyesight, and noted with the most scrupulous nicety. Ecclesiastics, on the other hand, have to deal with laws, theories, and reasonings. Their accuracy of observation and exactness of description are not in constant training. But this may easily become a great misfortune. In dealing with men there are few mental defects which damage a priest with cultivated men so much as looseness of statement, a childish weakness of grasp in relating facts, the confusing of one name with another, and that general vagueness, too often met with, as to dates, circumstances, and localities." Again, after observing that magnetism, hypnotism, etc., are common topics, and that, while no priest is expected to know all about such things, every priest ought, at least, to know clearly something about the facts, and be able to lay down the Church's teaching on these subjects, the bishop continues:

"But if he can only simper, utter crude negatives, or launch juvenile exaggerations or commonplace abuse, he is dishonoring the profession in which he is bound to be an expert."

It is a novelty to find a bishop recommending our ecclesiastics to go to the scientists to take a lesson in caution and sobriety in statement and argument, as well as in respect for the opinions of others: "We can learn two important lessons on this subject from the so-called scientific spirit. One is, not to force our own pious opinions upon others; and the second is, to cultivate greater caution than our forefathers, considering the age in which we live. As to the second, it may be said, without fear of failing in spiritual learning, that in these days piety is intended to be more hard-headed than it formerly was. In the ages of faith, and in many European countries much later than the ages of faith, there was a prevailing child-like credulity. This credulity, like that of children and uneducated persons, was not, in itself, religion or piety, although, for the most part, it came from piety. At best it was only the material cause of piety, just as an undeserving beggar may be the material recipient of the charity of a virtuous man. To be cautious is not to be less pious; it is only to be on the side of not allowing your piety to spread itself over too much ground." Elsewhere he earnestly exhorts the ecclesiastic, and especially the controversialist, to absolute honesty; never to advance as part of Catholic belief what is uncertain; and, above all, "never to propound views that tend to swell what we may call Catholic vanity, without having verified his facts and assured himself of their relevancy." The book would be well worth its price to some of our controversialists, did it contain nothing else than Bishop Hedley's advice to them to go only to first-hand sources.

One opinion of the bishop will be challenged, in America at least, by many members of the hierarchy as well as by a large number of experienced priests. He writes: "Premature excursions into the field of active operations are a mistake, even if they were possible, in a seminary course. The novices of the Society of Jesus practise catechising the poor. With seminarists there would be inconvenience in this." As to the question of the possibility of such exercises being combined with the seminary course—*solvitur ambulando*. The experiment has been made with satisfactory results. And the conviction is growing that the seminary course should provide some prac-

tical training for the priest, if it is to send him forth fit to cope with the work he has to do. How often is some young priest, immediately after his ordination, utterly inexperienced in the difficult work of catechising and teaching, thrust into the management of a Sunday-school? And with what far-reaching consequences? Physicians and nurses receive careful training regarding the tact and care necessary in a sick room. The young priest often enters upon this sacred sphere of his functions with no knowledge of what he is to do, except that which relates to the validity of the sacraments. Results teach eloquently that the delivery, once a year, of a discourse in the refectory, amid a clatter of knives and forks in active employment, is ridiculously inadequate as preparatory practice in preaching. To pursue this line of considerations would lead to a comment on the fact that in the seminary course, either as it is sketched by Bishop Hedley, or as it actually exists, one looks in vain for any provision for instructing the future confessor in the difficult duty of the spiritual director. "Oh! but you know, our Lord says, '*Dabitur vobis.*'" To be sure. But by pressing the text, one might argue from it that we do not need seminaries at all. Our seminaries have to thank Bishop Hedley for a volume worthy to be placed alongside Father Hogan's *Clerical Studies*, of which it may be considered a complement.

WILD WHEAT.
By Mrs. Blundell.

In *Wild Wheat** Mrs. Blundell treats us to another glimpse of rural England, with its household ways, its social prejudices, and its general outlook on life. A young yeoman of the "comfortable" class raises his eyes to an aristocratic young lady who is unhappy. To prove his love, he descends to accept a menial situation in the lady's family, and thereby cuts himself off from his own relatives, whose proper pride is deeply offended by this conduct. His lady love tries to give him her affection, but, at the last moment, she finds the task is impossible—for her heart is elsewhere. His disappointment is eventually solved by finding that another heart has been lavished upon him. A correct, pretty, unpretentious tale that will please those who love the primroses of literature.

* *Wild Wheat: A Dorset Romance.* By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (23 Dec.): A Leader says, the place of France in the councils of the world is menaced by the falling birth-rate. Statistics are given to show that the French are a decadent people. Furthermore, the evil is limited to no isolated case, but is casting its shadow over the whole civilized world. The causes are not physiological but moral. The Royal Statistical Society records its conviction that there is no hope that any nation, in the absence of strong and overwhelming moral influences to the contrary, will not be a competitor in the struggle to decimate the race. "All over the civilized world what is known to Frenchmen as the *esprit de prévoyance* is at war with the teaching of the Catholic Church."—Miss May Quinlan introduces a short series of articles entitled "In the Land of the Celt."

(30 Dec.): A fitting appreciation of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the new editor of *The Dublin Review*, is given in this number. Mr. Ward, in the words of Abbé Dimnet, has the distinction of being at once a layman and a theologian, and as a theologian he is broad without being rash. He is an excellent type of the intelligent Catholic, and should receive the confidence of the most timid Christians, with the encouragement and support of the most advanced believers.

Dublin Review (Jan.): The first number issued under the editorship of Mr. Wilfrid Ward contains, among the unsigned articles, three which are probably from the hand of the Editor. One on "St. Thomas Aquinas" sketches the struggles of scholasticism during its development, and the work done by the Angelic Doctor. Another on the "Functions of Prejudice" uses Newman to illustrate the thesis that purely critical work can never give us all the truth. In a third, the advanced sheets of a portion of Father Kent's new *Life of Manning* are noticed, and quotations are made from letters which Mr. Purcell represented as destroyed by the Cardinal out of respect for his own reputation, but which are now seen to be not damaging at all.—Mr. Lilly takes Bishop Bull as a type of the Old Anglicanism and Father Dolling as a type of the New, and makes an interesting paper

out of the double sketch.—Abbot Gasquet gives his impressions of America, and says that he “came back to this old country feeling that the future greatness of the Church in America is assured.” “It is patent to every one that in the vast new world of gigantic undertakings, the Catholic Church is destined to grow to dimensions compared with which the present is but the first manifestation of the undying and vigorous life within.”—Father Thurston, writing on “The Prætorium of Pilate and the Place of the Scourging,” speaks of the disputes between the critics and the champions of the traditional sites of the various sacred places, and says the truth probably lies between the extreme positions taken by the two sides. The whole area of the Holy City has become overgrown with legend. With regard to Calvary and the Cenacle on Mount Sion, the evidence for their authenticity is fairly conclusive. The Prætorium is identified with distinct probability. In general the disputes have produced too much warmth on both sides. One may understand a feeling of soreness on the part of those whose monopoly has been invaded, but it is hard to sympathize with their attempt to identify the vindication of a particular topographical theory with the cause of the Church at large. A man is not necessarily a Liberal Catholic because he regards the indulgence granted at the supposed site of the house of Veronica as having no bearing on the question of the authenticity of the site.—Mrs. Meynell’s verses “To the Body” make a beautiful and spiritual poem well worthy of a place in the “revival number” of the *Review*.

The Crucible (Dec.): Sr. M. Gregory, O.S.B., makes an able plea for more memory work of the right kind; for a better training and storing of the memory, carefully distinguishing this latter process from that of cramming so generally decried.—At the request of the Editor, a dialogue on “Ethics and Religion” is contributed by Father Rickaby, S.J., in which is shown the truths and incompleteness of Positivist morality.—Under the title “A Phase of Woman’s Work” Frances Zanetti offers suggestions as to the part Catholic women might take in social work, and laments that so few are at present engaged in it, the work for the most part being left to the

Religious Orders.—Lucy Wyatt Papworth, M.A., contributes an article on the "Technical Education and Apprenticeship of Girls," recommending the establishment of trade classes in those clubs to which the young women readily come.—"Concentration in Religious Instruction," by Dom Lambert Nolle, O.S.B., treats of this subject with reference to the work of the teachers, the mind of the pupil, and the arrangement of the syllabus of religious instruction. One point well insisted upon is that this concentration should be directed towards the practical issues of a Christian life.

Hibbert Journal (Jan.): Ameer Ali gives the impressions made on Islamites by Christianity. The orthodox Moslems accept Jesus as the Messiah of the Jews, but deny that there is any warrant in his teachings for the doctrine of the Divine Sonship. It is an article of faith among Moslems of all shades of opinion that the Christian Gospels in their present shape give an imperfect and erroneous view of the life and preachings of Jesus. To the Moslem Jesus is the unbegotten son of Mary (the author refers to this as "the Immaculate Conception"). Although the Moslem does not accept the doctrine of "Sonship," his veneration for the mother of Jesus is profound. The Moslems, in common with the Docetic Christians, do not believe that Jesus died on the cross.—In an article on the "Century of Changes," Heber Newton affirms that through the age which is seeming to strip us of our cherished beliefs, we are moving to a reoccupation of those beliefs on higher grounds, in clearer air, with strengthening conviction.—Henry Jones asserts that the children of degraded parents can be made much of, if taken in hand young enough. Biological science has investigated, with great thoroughness, the problem of the transmission of acquired characteristics; and the verdict is "not proven."—Sir Oliver Lodge discusses the relation of the spiritual and material worlds, and thinks that as mind is dependent on matter for its activity in this present life, so hereafter it will probably be manifested through something akin to matter.—F. Storrs Turner, also writing on the Resurrection, concludes his article with these words: "There is mystery, impenetrable mystery, in the manner and nature of the

fact; but this does not affect its reality, nor our belief of its reality. Why, then, should those who do not altogether agree about what no one can perfectly understand feel bitter against each other?"

International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): The greatest danger for Democracy, writes Professor J. S. Mackenzie, is that the people may forget what it means: Democracy does not mean a government by majorities, but rather a government by those best qualified to rule in the interests of the whole people.—In an article on "Suicide," Miss C. F. Yonge states that the principal causes, or at least accompaniments, of self-inflicted death are grief, drink, insanity, and chiefly a weakened sense of the individual's duty to society; among the preventives she enumerates: dogmatic moral teaching, the confessional, and a highly developed sense of individual responsibility. Deliberate suicide, the writer says, nearly ceased for a time at the establishment of Christianity, and very generally remained in abeyance till the eighteenth century, the age of philosophic doubt.—Professor C. H. Toy discusses the various influences in university life that make for a higher ethical standard.—Mr. Waldo L. Cook recommends that at the next international conference, Article 8 of the Hague Treaty be so amended as to place a solemn obligation on every signatory.

Le Correspondant (10 Dec.): Everybody desires peace, though all do not seek it in the same way. The rich man, to maintain his home and fortune, guards them well. He does not play the good Samaritan with every outcast he meets. If he did, his peace would soon be lost. France is rich—rich in the fertility of her soil, in her industries. But instead of trying to preserve her peace, by guarding her riches, she has opened her treasures to all. She has adopted humanitarian doctrines which are gradually dragging her down. Something must be done. Such is the trend of General Kessler's thoughts in this number.—In 1899 the long list of French magazines was lengthened by the appearance of *L'Action Française*. The writers of this review, radicals at heart, form a separate school. J. E. Fidaio attempts an exposition of the incoherent and incomplete doctrines of this school. He also aims at examining their fundamental tenets, at following out the

direction in which they are turning, and at ascertaining, as far as possible, the contribution of Catholic social doctrine to these tenets.

(25 Dec.): Cardinal Perraud deems a new book entitled *Héros trop oubliés de notre Épopée coloniale* so important that he devotes a review of several pages to it. The work is an account of the labors of the French priests and nuns among the heathens.—For the benefit of those who live under a *régime* where the legislative power is unified, E. Wetterle describes in detail the parliamentary institutions of the German Empire.—A. de Lapparent discusses at length the various archæological opinions regarding the eolithic legend. Sufficient knowledge has been obtained to prove that this legend has no foundation in reality, but is merely a fable.

La Quinzaine (16 Dec.): Some startling statements are made by M. Touchard in an article entitled "The German Peril and the New Naval Programme." The present state of French naval forces is said to be sufficient matter for alarm.—"Moral and Social Justice," by George Fonsegrive. The greater part of this instalment by M. Fonsegrive is given over to the subject of conscience. The voice of God speaking to the individual was recognized by the Jews of old, also by many of the pagans, but in Jesus has received its fullest sanction. The public conscience has created the order of justice. Justice in the commonwealth demands social honesty, and especially honesty in the administration of government. The writer's comments on accepted theories of legal punishment of criminals show his dislike for these theories. He seems to believe that religion—the inner kingdom of God—alone can correct the evils of society.

Revue de l'Histoire et de la Littérature Religieuse (Nov.-Dec.): The Abbé Loisy, in his usual manner of searching criticism, both textual and exegetical, examines our Lord's discourse against the Pharisees as reported in Matthew and Luke. He finds that this discourse in its present state has undergone considerable modifications; but at the same time it is one of the most important that we have as an indication of the style of preaching that our Lord adopted at Jerusalem.—Claude Cochin takes up a series of original researches into the life of Cardinal

Stefano Colonna.—Paul Lejay continues his dogmatic studies in Cæsarius of Arles, considering his teaching on the sacraments.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): In a paper on "Pragmatism," Father Tyrrell concedes the value of this system for the apologist. Metaphysical truth can be best deduced from life and action, not from conceptions. We live to know and we know to live. None of the factors of life should be given the priority; all contribute to a sound philosophy. We must reject moralism and sentimentalism as well as intellectualism. It is our own inner experience, our own life and activity, with which consciousness comes into contact. To say that truth is the equation of the thing and the intellect would seem to imply that the mind reproduces something which exists outside itself; but this of course is not the case. More accurately we should say that truth is the harmony of our affirmations with our experiences. These experiences are then the basis from which we must start in deducing sure conclusions.—Father Bremond, in his article on Newman, calls him a type of the well-balanced soul. When religious psychology recognizes that the simple believer is at least as interesting as the ecstatic, then will Newman become the classical master of this science, for he speaks the secret of all the world.—Having given his approval to the volume of *Essays* by Father Laberthonnière, which Mgr. Turinaz, criticized as against the faith, Père Nouvelle, Superior-General of the Oratory, writes to "respectfully expose the reasons which cause me to appeal from the judgment of condemnation pronounced by your Lordship."

Études: The first article is the third instalment of a series entitled "The French Catholics and the Common Law." The author answers a number of objections raised against a plan of action that he wishes the Catholics of France to adopt to win back their rights. In comparing France with England and the United States, the two latter countries are highly praised for their Christian spirit, to which he attributes the prosperity of those two nations.—"A Bulletin of Social Economy," a contribution of M. Charles Antoine, amongst other topics treats of the reduction of the working-day to ten hours

in twenty-four, in its relation to production.—“The Reconciliation of Dogma and Modern Thought” criticizes rather severely both M. l'Abbé Dimnet and his work, *Catholic Thought in Contemporary England*, in which Fr. Tyrrell, Wilfrid Ward, and other apologists of the modern school are defended. The writer condemns the Liberal School of Theology and urges its champions to cultivate the spirit of Vincent of Lerins, the originator of the theory of the Evolution of Dogma.

Civiltà Cattolica (16 Dec.): Continuing the remarks on St. Expedit, says that history tells us nothing whatever about the saint except what is contained in the Martyrology of St. Jerome, namely, that he was put to death in a city of Armenia, on the 19th of April. This dearth of information is to be insisted upon, because the more fervent a popular devotion becomes, the greater is the danger of creating legends absolutely without foundation, and thus injuring the cause of true piety and giving an opportunity to enemies for an attack upon the Church. The first trace of the cult of this saint is found in the eighteenth century. In answer to the criticisms passed by a cleric upon the previous article concerning St. Expedit, the *Civiltà* denies that there is any superstition in the mere fact of invoking this saint “to expedite matters,” so long as the ordinary conditions of devotion are observed. There may, indeed, be something defective in the origin of a devotion to a particular saint—it may come by an equivocation, or from a misinterpreted legend, or by chance, as St. Lucy, by a mere play on words, became the patroness of good eyesight, and St. Cecilia was made the patroness of music, because Van Eyck painted her in the act of playing the organ. But that does not prove the presence of superstition.

Studi Religiosi (Nov.–Dec.): M. Frederici, reviewing Chantepie de la Saussaye's manual of religions, pleads for the recognition of the wonderful new science of comparative religion in the curriculum of seminaries.—In an article entitled “Sacrifice among the Babylonians,” F. Mari takes as the first types of primitive sacrifice, the offering of food to the ghosts of the dead.—Two brief articles deal with the superstitions that have clustered about the cultus of St. Expedit, and praise the Pope's recent order

removing the statues of Expedit from the churches. —Of interest, also, are the notices given to Italian translations of Delahaye's *Legendes Hagiographiques* and of Myers' *Human Personality*; and to a new edition of Bartolo's *Criteri Teologici*, this time with the approval of the Master of the Sacred Palace.—De Feis, who here writes on St. Expedit, has republished as a brochure his recent paper in *La Rassegna Nazionale* on the Holy House of Loretto. Dr. Künstle, of Friburg University, has published, with ecclesiastical approval, a monograph on the Three Witnesses passage, stating (as Cardinal Vaughan did in 1898) that the decision of the Inquisition did not settle the question of the authenticity of the passage, and that the passage was unknown to the Eastern Greek Church, is missing in the more ancient Latin MSS., and originated in Spain among the Priscillianist heretics.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Jan.): Fr. Christian Pesch, S.J., begins a discussion of certain conceptions of biblical inerrancy and inspiration, which are at present engaging the attention of all serious students of Sacred Scripture. The view to which he calls attention particularly is that which distinguishes between the religious truths contained in the Bible and the materials adopted by the inspired writers to convey these truths to the minds of their readers. According to this conception, what the sacred authors intended to teach is always and everywhere true, but the mode of speech and the scientific conceptions which they made use of, in order to make their meaning intelligible to the minds of those for whom they wrote, were in some instances at variance with fact or materially false. Fr. Pesch sees in such discussions and debates, animated and at times even acrimonious, as are provoked by these views, the inevitable accompaniments of scientific progress. Almost every epoch-making achievement in the field of science has caused a storm of debate. "What conflicts ensued before the Copernican conception of the world finally prevailed over the Ptolemaic." One who would render a service to science may not stand in defence of a view or theory and say: "Thus far and no farther." Biblical science, like all others, is not static but progressive, and in consequence

of this constant advance, scholars sometimes have the painful experience of beholding positions, which they had come to look upon as true beyond all question, proven erroneous and untenable. Nor is it to their discredit. No one admires Plato and Aristotle, St. Augustine and St. Thomas, Newton and Leibnitz the less because they supported scientific views which are to-day discarded.

The National Review: Opens with a judicious selection and useful comments on some episodes of the month. "The Liberal Cabinet—An Intercepted Letter," is a supposed letter, signed C. B. to the effect that England chooses Liberalism because the Conservatives had to be put out, and that the Liberals have practically no united platform on which to stand.—"Devolution" is the name adopted by the Irish Reform Association to cover that part of their programme which proposes the creation of an Irish Representative Assembly. The writer on the subject "Devolution" seeks to expose what is really being recommended under this catch-word, and his article is an attempt to refute a pamphlet, *The Crisis in Ireland*, lately issued by Lord Dunraven.—"'The Pattern Englishman' and His Record" is an attack on Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman; "with him," says the writer, "the fortunes of the Empire pass into the hands of a man whose intellect is not remarkable, whose political achievements will not bear examination, and who has associated with himself in office, apart from a handful of Liberal Imperialists, the most extraordinary collection of enemies of their country ever assembled in a Cabinet."—"The Labor Question in the Transvaal" contains a defense for the introduction there of Chinese labor.—"Sparks from the Anvil; or, Thoughts of a Queen" contains one hundred and forty-eight aphorisms written by Carmen Sylva.—A. Maurice Low writes on "American Affairs."—In "The Uses of History," J. St. Loe Strachey pleads for absolute truthfulness in the writing of history, in order that history may be of practical value.—Sir Charles Follett writes on "'The Gigantie Error' of Free Trade."—And Sir Edward Fitzgerald Law replies to the article in the December number of the *National*: "Playing with Fire."

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

BUFFALO, N. Y., has been chosen as the place for the next national convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The Right Rev. C. H. Colton, D.D., in a letter to Bishop McFaul, extends a hearty welcome to the convention in these words:

I am much pleased that the convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies is to be held in Buffalo. I will co-operate all I can with our local Federation in making the visit of the clerical and lay delegates pleasant and agreeable.

I take this occasion to say I favor this movement of federating all our Catholic men's societies into one grand body. In union there is strength. It enables them to accomplish all the more good for religion and society, and at the same time inspires higher thought and nobler action in their own individual purposes and aims. I wish every success to the coming convention.

Several bigoted publications have recently been brought to the attention of the Federation. A committee is quietly at work requesting publishers to withdraw these objectionable works from the market.

Rev. M. C. Malone, of Australia, has addressed a letter to the National Secretary, which, among other interesting matters, states: Many of our Catholic clergymen and laymen think that it is high time to form an Australian Catholic Federation to defend and protect our rights as citizens and Catholics. Religious bigotry and fanaticism has been quite active here during the past few years. I have been commissioned to write to you and ask for a copy of the constitution of the American Federation of Catholic Societies and any other literature on the subject of federation.

The report of the Ohio State Federation discloses that, through the efforts of the Federation, a virulent text-book has been removed from the public schools of a large city. The Scioto County Federation has succeeded in having the Library Commissioners of the new Portsmouth Library to install a number of Catholic books which the Federation has recommended.

The Lucas County Federation reports that through its efforts permission has been granted to have holy Mass celebrated in the Workhouse and other public corrective and charitable institutions of Toledo and Lucas County. This Federation has also opened a crusade against immoral posters and theatricals.

Right Rev. F. S. Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Indianapolis, writing to Mr. Peter Wallrath and congratulating him on the splendid showing made by the Indiana State Federation of Catholic Societies, has this to say about the Federation: Unions of this kind, holding as they do to the manly profession of the Catholic faith, are most useful, encouraging the members in the profession of their faith and the practice of mutual charity and good works. We must do what we can to encourage one another in holding to the public manifestation of our Catholic belief and to the mutual public observance of those Christian observances which will unite us all as brethren of Jesus Christ, our Sovereign Lord.

Through the efforts of the Butler County Federation, the Hamilton (O.) City County has made a tax levy for the support of the Mercy Hospital, which

is conducted by the Sisters, and the hospital is now being, in part, maintained by public funds.

Leading members of the Federation have welcomed the pamphlet on *The Parish Schools of New York* as an aid to the practical discussion of the educational question with non-Catholics. What is most urgently needed is a wide circulation of this pamphlet throughout New York State. Even among office-holders, elected largely by Catholic voters, there are few who have taken the trouble to get correct information as to the claims of the Parish Schools in the work of providing free education for about one hundred and fifty thousand children.

Many practical books for those seeking self-improvement, or a study of the classics in English translations, may be found in the catalogue of Messrs. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, 31 West Fifteenth Street, New York City. Dictionaries of different languages are marked at very reduced prices. Some of the other helpful books for general readers are here indicated:

How to Study Literature, by B. A. Heydrick, 75 cents. *The Worth of Words*, by Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell, \$1.25. *Fifty English Classics Briefly Outlined*, by Melvin Hix, \$1.25. *Composition and Rhetoric*, by Maude L. Radford, \$1. *Punctuation and the Use of Capital Letters*, by John S. Hart, L.L.D., 50 cents. *A Text-book on Letter Writing*, 75 cents. *Common Errors in Writing and Speaking*, by Edward S. Ellis, M.A., 50 cents. *Bad English Corrected*, by B. A. Hathaway, 30 cents. *What Shall I Do?* (50 Profitable Occupations), \$1. *How to Use the Voice*, by Ed. Amherst Ott, \$1.25. *How to Attract and Hold an Audience*, by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, \$1. *Book-keeping and Science of Accounts*, by P. W. Robertson, \$1.20. *Bookkeeper's Compendium*, by P. W. Robertson, 45 cents. *The Crittenden Commercial Arithmetic*, \$1. *Craig's New Common School Question Book with Answers*, \$1.50. *Sherrill's New Normal Question Book with Answers*, \$1.50. *Henry's New High School Question Book with Answers*, \$1.50. *1,001 Questions and Answers* (11 Vols.) each, 50 cents. *Quizzism and Its Key*, by A. P. Southwick, \$1. *Oxford Handy Helps* (20 Vols.) each, 15 cents. *How to Prepare for a Civil Service Examination*, \$2. *The Science of Study*, by James G. Moore, \$1. *A B C of Electricity*, by William H. Meadowcroft, 50 cents. *1,000 Classical Characters Briefly Described*, by Franklin Frisbee, Ph.D., 75 cents. *1,000 Mythological Characters Briefly Described*, by Edward S. Ellis, M.A., 75 cents. *The Government of the People of the United States*, by Francis N. Thorpe, Ph.D., \$1. *Handbook of Parliamentary Usage*, by Frank William Howe, 50 cents.

These books were written expressly to enable the ambitious student to take up, without the aid of a teacher, a large number of the studies pursued in high school and college. That they can altogether take the place of the intelligent teacher is not asserted.

Whenever possible, the services of a teacher should be enlisted; an obvious saving of time, among other things, being effected by so doing. But when such course is out of the question, the possession of at least a part of the literary tool-chest above outlined will do much toward filling the void.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:**
The Menace of Privilege: A Study of the Dangers to the Republic from the existence of a Favored Class. By Henry George, Jr. Pp. xlv.-421.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:**
The Dissociation of a Personality. A Biographical Study in Abnormal Psychology. By Morton Prince, M.A. Pp. viii.-569.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:**
Queen Mary of Modena; Her Life and Letters. By Martin Haile. With Photogravure Illustrations. Pp. xi.-523. Price \$4 net. *Raphael.* By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Pp. xi.-223. Price 75 cents net.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:**
The Life and Writings of St. Patrick; with appendices, etc. By the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam. Pp. 754. Price \$4.50. *St. John Baptist de Rossi.* Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. With Introduction by Cardinal Vaughan. Pp. lxii.-202. Price \$1.60.
- FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:**
The Trial of Jesus Christ Before Pilate. A Study in Juridical Arrogance and Pharisaical Justice. By Rev. Andrew Klarmann, A.M. Price 10 cents retail. *Familiar Instructions on the Commandments of God and the Church.* By a Catholic Priest. Price 10 cents retail. *Short Instructions in the Art of Singing Plain-Chant.* Designed for the use of Catholic Choirs and Schools. By J. Singenberger. Fifth edition. Price 25 cents. *The Roman Hymnal. A Complete Manual of English Hymns and Latin Chants for the use of Congregations, Schools, Colleges, and Choirs.* Compiled and Arranged by Rev. J. B. Young, S.J. Twenty-second edition. Price \$1. *Kyrieale Romanum.* Pp. 87. Price 25 cents net.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:**
God and Human Suffering. By Rev. Joseph Egger, S.J. Pp. 110. Price 30 cents. *The Seal of Confession.* A Drama. By Rev. G. Holurck. Price 25 cents. *The Office of Holy Week.* Price 20 cents. Per hundred, \$13.50.
- CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION COMPANY, New York:**
Short Talks to Young Toilers. By the Rev. Fred. C. O'Neill. Price 75 cents net. Postage 8 cents.
- JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:**
Sketches for Sermons; for the Sundays and Holydays of the Year. By the Rev. R. K. Wakeham, St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York. Pp. 250. Price \$1.25.
- THE DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia:**
The Writings of St. Francis of Assisi. Newly translated into English. With an Introduction and Notes by Father Paschal Robinson, of the Order of Friars Minor. Pp. xxxii.-208. Price, net, \$1, leather; 50 cents, cloth.
- THE RIVERSIDE PRESS, Cambridge:**
The Cistercian Order: Its Object, Its Rule. By a Secular Priest. Pp. xviii.-90. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.
- THE CATHOLIC MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston:**
Cecilia Edition of Hymns; Suitable for Children. Composed and Selected by the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, R. I. Price 3 cents for four-page numbers, and four cents for eight-page numbers.
- SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, Boston:**
A Modern Martyr—Théophane Vénard. Translated from the French by Lady Herbert. Revised and Annotated by Rev. James A. Walsh. Pp. 235.
- GINN & Co., New York:**
A Home Geography of New York City. By Gustave Staubenmüller. Pp. xv.-229. Illustrated. Price 60 cents plus 10 cents postage.
- LA SALLE BUREAU OF SUPPLIES, New York:**
Elements of Practical Pedagogy. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Pp. xx.-304.
- THE LAKESIDE PRESS, Chicago:**
Musings and Memories. By Timothy Edward Howard. Pp. 65. Price, prepaid, 75 cents. 10 copies, \$6.
- LIBRAIRIE E. NOURRY, Paris:**
Les Conflits de la Science et de la Bible. Par l'Abbé E. Lefrance.
- VVE CH. POUSSIELGUE, Paris:**
Les Opuscules de Saint François d'Assise. By P. Ublad d'Alençon. Pp. vii.-286.
- LIBRAIRIE FISCHBACHER, Paris, France:**
Apropos de la Separation des Eglises et de l'Etat. By Paul Sabatier. Pp. 108.

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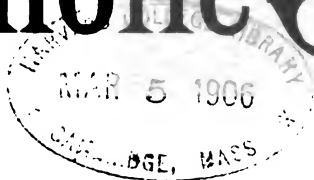
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MR. MALLOCK AND THE SCIENCE-PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOHN T. DRISCOLL, S.T.L.



HE announcement of another volume from the pen of Mr. Mallock on the subject of theism has aroused new interest in the author and in his recent discussions. The readers and critics of his philosophical writings recognize in him a man groping in a medley of intellectual difficulties, striving to unravel the tangled skeins of thought with a view of presenting perhaps a constructive basis for the philosophical justification of the grounds of faith. In *The Reconstruction of Religious Belief** we have a solution, although our hopes as to its strength and cogency are sadly disappointed.

The Reconstruction of Religious Belief is a sequel to the volumes *Religion as a Credible Doctrine* and *The Veil of the Temple*. These prepare the mind for the train of thought advanced in the present publication. The two former are more argumentative and critical; the latter more positive and constructive. The reader, however, perceives a continuity between all. The ground and view-point of his reasoning are the same. The development in the last volume, far from answering the purpose of the writer, or meeting the expectations of the intelligent reader, takes a direction that sets things all awry. *Reconstruction of Religious Belief* is a misnomer; a more fitting title would be "The Bankruptcy of the Science-Philosophy."

* *The Reconstruction of Religious Belief*. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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Mr. Mallock prefaces the discussion by asserting that every one must have some background of belief with regard to the nature of man and the meaning of man's existence in order to live a healthy, civilized, and enjoyable life. This belief must not be a goal of intellectual inquiry, but a starting point of practical judgment and action. But at the present day the old dominant belief in Christianity is no longer accepted. Hence we must justify the old belief by supplying it with new foundations, or build up some new belief which may possibly take its place. This work is going on with but little success. The failure is mainly due to wrong methods. The present volume is written to suggest a better method.

The book, therefore, is naturally divided into two parts. The former is a criticism of the false methods of apologetics, which he calls the clerical and the philosophical. The latter, which takes up three-fourths of the work, is a lengthened exposition and attempted justification of the new method, which Mr. Mallock makes his own and calls the method of science.

1.

The present article is confined to an examination of Mr. Mallock's theory of reconstruction. We therefore pass over his criticisms of other methods with the remark that he absolutely rejects what is designated as the clerical method and, on the contrary, contends that what is good in the philosophical method is absorbed and presented more completely in the method of science.

Science-Philosophy explains existence as a single necessary process, man being a momentary product of it, God being the process as a whole, and no personal relation between these two being possible. "Man and the universe," writes Mr. Mallock, "when studied as science studies them, neither can have, nor require to have, any other explanation than that which science actually or potentially offers us, this explanation being summed up in the principle with which science starts as its postulate, and which it verifies as its last conclusion, that all phenomena, from the stars to the thoughts of man, result from a single system of interconnected causes, and are so many modes of a single undivided substance, which are all alike transient, and all equally necessary" (pp. 13, 14).

Science, therefore, as a reasoned system of thought, claims to explain everything. The various existences are modes of a single substance, which in itself is unknown to us, is by our own experience apprehended under the guise of matter "just as the movements of a hand, itself invisible, might be known and studied by us if it wore a visible glove." Yet the scientific presentation of things does not result in Materialism. For by destroying the old notion of matter a way is found by which science can absorb and consolidate the teaching of Idealism. The distinctive doctrine of science is that all individual things, the mind of man included, result from a process of which matter is, for us, the inseparable concomitant, and which develops them in accordance with a single system of causes, the working of which science studies by means of its material equivalents. Thus, science is presented as a system of pure determinism. A necessary outcome of the whole scientific scheme is to reduce us to puppets of some sort or other, by linking our whole lives to the general process of the universe. And Mr. Mallock bids us "accept the fact that, so long as it is tried by ordinary scientific tests, the scientific doctrine is invulnerable" (p. 21).

The specific doctrines, without which Science-Philosophy as a system would have no existence, and would be unable to present us with the conception of the universe "as one continuous whole," are certain peculiar teachings concerning the nature of matter and the origin and nature of man.

"The old and crude conception of matter," writes Mr. Mallock, "was that of a substance essentially inert." Now, however, science and philosophy unite in presenting matter as something altogether different. To science matter is never inert in any form or condition, "even a brick being the theatre of a greater internal activity than any that a philosopher is conscious of in his own head" (p. 24). And philosophy has shown that all those familiar qualities, by which matter is revealed to us and which were once attributed to itself, do not reside in itself and cannot possibly do so, but are merely so many effects produced by it in our own consciousness. Of their cause we do know and can know nothing, "except that it cannot be what we commonly call material." Hence we can no longer hold that matter is inert and dead, or that it is less active than mind. As a result, the defenders of religion can-

not attack science on the ground that it deduces life from non-living matter, and one of the great gaps or rifts in the scientific process is smoothed over and disappears.

Having done away with the division between organic and inorganic, the Science-Philosophy attempts to bridge the chasm between mental and organic life. "This is done," says Mr. Mallock, "by showing man's mind to be a highly composite product, having in itself the workmanship of a hundred million years, rooted in the universe which it confronts, and drawing therefrom its daily nutriment. The doctrine that organic life, human and animal equally, had its origin in the simple organic cell, in a particular way plays a part in the gradual process of evolution." The same result on a larger scale is accomplished by the doctrine of conation. Science-Philosophy admits that the nature of mind is one of action, effort, or conation, but asserts that in this it is not peculiar. There is activity or conation in every part of the universe, in the breaking sea, in gunpowder, as in thought. But the conation is in no case isolated. It is a part of and depends upon the universal conation of nature. The same is true of the brain, which is the physical side of the mind. Its millions of cells are in a state of constant movement; but all these movements are part of a wider process and are all determined by extra-cerebral causes, just as a flower is determined by causes outside itself—by soil, by air, by sun, and by its parent plant or tree. Man and the universe are both of the same unknown substance, and the activities which are outside man are constantly being absorbed into him, in the form of what we call food, and by the process which we call digestion. Hence, instead of exhibiting the activity or conation of the mind as a proof that the mind is independent of the external universe, science exhibits it as illustrating, in the most vivid possible way, the fact that the former is entirely governed by the latter, and is, indeed, merely a part of the general cosmic process.

The only point which presents any inherent difficulty is the break between the brain-stuff and the conscious mind. But science is ready with its solution. It asserts that the "self of each of us—the thinking and feeling—is a mental and material existence at one and the same time, that the conception of thought, as existing apart from the brain, is like the conception of breathing as existing apart from lungs." Moreover, the

study of hypnotism, of the brain, and of mental pathology, which has grown up during the last twenty-five years, shows that individual consciousness and mind are by no means coextensive and identical, but that, though without mind there can certainly be no such consciousness, such consciousness is by no means essential to the existence and operations of mind—that the larger part, indeed, of the mental life of each of us, lies as much outside the sphere of the conscious ego as the process of digestion does, or the growth of our nails and hair.

In this way the chasm which seemed to yawn between brain-matter, which is known to us in the form of conscious thought, and matter which is “not yoked to this mysterious companion, consciousness,” has been filled up by matter in a third and intermediate condition—namely, matter which is not “egotistically” conscious, but which nevertheless thinks. Thus “science presents us with a descriptive record, already practically complete in all its salient features, of a process which, beginning as the movements of some cosmic nebula, results at last automatically in the mind and the personality of man.”

The existence of necessary truths and the interaction of mind and body present only apparent difficulties. Mr. Mallock contends that science gives a complete answer. The former is solved by Spencer's theory that what is necessary to truth in the individual is the result of accumulated experiences in the race. The individual mind of the slowly evolved man has ideas which are prior to its own individual experience; but it has none which were not derived in the first instance from the experiences of its human and sub-human progenitors.

The latter difficulty disappears before an analysis of the nature of consciousness. Mr. Mallock rejects the doctrine that “consciousness in all its forms is nothing but a cerebral by-product, or an epiphenomenon, which registers what the brain does, but has no share in directing it.” He also rejects the doctrine of parallelism, *viz.*, that the changes in consciousness, are not caused by the changes in the brain, but are parallel to them. He proposes a new explanation. States of consciousness, he holds, cannot, as independent things, react on the brain, any more than the brain can act on them as things independent of itself; but “tracts of the brain, when they come to be in such a condition that consciousness emerges from

them like the glow that emerges from hot iron, or the flame that breaks from hay when it has become heated in the stack, are different in respect of their own internal behavior, and the effects which they produce on the other brain-tracts surrounding them, from what they are when in such conditions that the phenomenon of consciousness is absent; and there is thus specific interaction between conscious and non-conscious brain-tracts, though there is none between brain and mind."

Science-Philosophy, as Mr. Mallock contends, explains everything. Having prepared the mind of the reader by a positive exposition of its main doctrines, he goes on to apply them to the fundamental truths of religion, *viz.*, God, free will, and immortality.

II.

No argument is needed to convince the intelligent reader that this system can lay no claim to be called Physical Science. It is "science becoming rationalized," and must be viewed as a system of philosophy. In the volume under criticism Mr. Mallock has presented a more detailed development of this system and commends it as the final and most complete answer of human reason to the problems of existence. Before passing to a consideration of its value as an answer to life's problems, it is necessary to examine the system as a whole and submit it to the test of reason.

The distinctive feature of this latest development of the Science-Philosophy is its power of absorbing the criticisms of its opponents. Science, writes Mr. Mallock, far from rejecting the conclusions of Idealistic philosophy, actually absorbs the whole of them, and, by harmonizing their contradictions and turning their paradoxes into platitudes, gives them a cogency which they never possessed before. But a careful reading of the present volume shows that the contrary is true. Science does not absorb Idealism; but Idealism absorbs science; or, to state the case more exactly, Idealism is the ferment which science appropriates, only to find the whole mass leavened throughout.

Science, says Mr. Mallock, breaks down the barriers between the inorganic, the organic, and the mental, to make "one continuous whole." All forms of existence are the flow-

erings of the one universal process. Hence an axiom of science is that "all that is, is implicit in all that was." Now mind exists in individuals, and Haeckel admits that the universe has specific mental character in its parts, and he appeals to chemical affinities which bear analogy to thought and feeling in man. An easy inference leads to the existence of mind and the prevalence of purpose throughout the universe which Mr. Mallock strives to show. But if existing things are merely the modes of one unknown substance, and if there is no marked line of division between matter and mind, how does the Science-Philosophy differ from objective Idealism which Mr. Mallock tells us is absorbed by science? A suggestive parallel to this development of the Science-Philosophy is had in John Stuart Mill, who, starting from the sense-philosophy of experience, ends in Phenomenal Idealism.

A criticism of the attempt to do away with the distinction between the inorganic and the organic reverts ultimately to an analysis of the new conception of matter. With regard to this conception, Mr. Mallock says, both science and philosophy agree. The argument of philosophy is drawn from the theory of knowledge. "Our perceptions," writes Mr. Mallock, "it is admitted on both sides, are all that we know directly." This is the doctrine of mediate perception, and on this point it is necessary to inform Mr. Mallock that philosophers do not agree. The doctrine of mediate perception was popularized by Locke and is considered a radical error of his psychology. It has vitiated the whole course of modern English philosophy. Taken by Berkeley as the basis of his work, it developed into extreme Idealism. If we know only our perceptions directly, the immediate object of the mind is the ideal. In the hands of Hume this position was developed into scepticism, for if we know directly only our perceptions, what test have we that external objects correspond to our perceptions of them? Mr. Mallock, however, is content with a phenomenal Idealism of sensism, and holds that from this principle we know that the so-called qualities of matter are effects produced in consciousness; as for the cause producing the effects, "we do know and can know nothing except that it cannot be what we commonly call material."

The scientific argument rests on a fallacy: from the fact that the mind is active, it is not thereby distinguished from

matter; for matter is active also, and the principle of conation prevails throughout the universe. The fallacy is in concluding that, because mind is active and matter is active, therefore they are the same. A closer analysis of these activities shows that they differ in nature one from the other. Mr. Mallock is facetious in speaking of clerical jugglery in apologetics. What jugglery could surpass this?

The theories proposed by Science-Philosophy to explain the phenomena of mental life in accordance with its fundamental principle that the various grades of existing things merge into "one continuous whole," are no less erroneous and misleading. By devising a new definition of consciousness, Mr. Mallock hopes to remove the difficulty experienced in the interaction of mind and body. The "specific interaction between conscious and non-conscious brain-tracts" is not an answer. It is only the restatement of the difficulty in different words, with an apparent show of learning that obscures rather than clears the point at issue. If by phosphorescence or heat we understand mind or thought, how can the light or heat be communicated to the non-conscious tracts, thereby making them conscious, if we do not assume, at least inadvertently, that thought or mind acts upon the brain? Again the distinction drawn between brain-matter which is known to us in the form of conscious thought and matter which is not "egotistically conscious," but which nevertheless thinks, is based upon an erroneous conception of personality. To Mr. Mallock personality is constituted by consciousness. But this is not true. Consciousness reveals personality, but is not its constitutive element. Personality is correctly defined as the possession, on the part of a rational nature, of a principle *sui juris*. A man asleep or in a delirium is a person although he is not "egotistically conscious" of his own acts. The discovery that individual consciousness and mind are by no means co-extensive and identical was not made during the last twenty-five years, contrary to Mr. Mallock's opinion, although the study of hypnotism and mental pathology may have emphasized this truth and made it more widespread. A little excursion in scholastic philosophy would have shown Mr. Mallock that these problems were in substance discussed and answered centuries ago.

III.

The reader would naturally think that enough has been said in criticism of a philosophy which appears masquerading in the form and garb of Physical Science. To pause here, however, is to miss the real service of the volume under consideration. Notwithstanding these glaring inconsistencies, Mr. Mallock confidently informs us that, "so long as it is tried by ordinary scientific tests, the scientific doctrine is invulnerable." The aim and purpose of his work is to apply the Science-Philosophy to the fundamental beliefs of religion, *vis.*, God, free will, and immortality, with a view to show how it can serve as the philosophical foundation of our faith. Here we have an illuminative contribution to contemporary apologetics and one which proves how utterly worthless the new system is for the purpose proposed.

1st. The bankruptcy of the Science-Philosophy is clearly shown by an examination of the solution proposed to explain the problems of man's nature and existence. In point of fact, we never regard man as he is presented by science. Civilized races, says Mr. Mallock, are superior to savages; yet an essential relation exists between civilization and theism. "Without the beliefs in God, free will, and immortality," he continues, "life, in those forms which civilized men value, would be utterly unable to flourish or persist." By this is meant "not the religious life only, but all the forms of irreligious life also." Now civilization (we still quote from Mallock) implies a belief in personality, in a self-origination of action which supposes initiative, perfectibility, self-control, and a striving to form life after high ideals. These qualities are revealed especially in the highest forms of human love, in heroism, in forgiveness of injuries. Literature and history are replete with illustrations. Unless we admit that man is endowed with free will, an explanation is impossible. The very facts eloquently proclaim that man is not a mere puppet of heredity and circumstance, but can form his own character, can plan his work, and achieve something great. "A man's significance for men," Mr. Mallock confesses, "resides primarily in what he makes of himself." Even Spencer, who reduces men "to mere intermediate links in one vast system of causation," was at the

greatest pains to show "that he—his own private self and not the self of Darwin—was first in conceiving and formulating the general theory of evolution, a matter which on his own principles was wholly void of significance." Nay more, he occupied his later years in compiling two enormous volumes devoted entirely to a microscopic biography of himself—to the difficulties and discouragements he encountered and his own strength of will in overcoming them. But "the admiration which the world feels for him, and the claims made by him for himself, are intelligible only on the supposition that he possessed a free will of his own."

Professor Haeckel tells us that the life of civilized and cultured men would cease to be civilized, would cease to have any value, if it were not constantly lifting itself towards the three ideal ends of the true, the good, and the beautiful. Now "truth, apart from its social utilities, possesses a value for its own sake which, if indeterminate, is profound." By truth is understood not particular truths, but "the general facts or principles on which man's whole existence depends." This reverence and desire for truth has always existed; but in the modern devotion to science we find "the best example of that appreciation of truth which we are now going to examine as related to the belief in God." A careful analysis of the passion for scientific truth shows that "the personal interest in reality, as it exists in the scientific universe, the longing to be brought, through knowledge, into close personal contact with it, will be found to contain in solution a belief that there is in the universe some principle or other responsive to the interest which man, its minute product, feels in it." The failure of scientific men to recognize "a belief in the existence of a responsive cosmic principle as the true *rationale* of the scientific passion for truth, consists in the fact that science, as at present interpreted, has no language in which such a truth can be expressed." Yet this belief, which men of science repudiate, is really "the source of the passion by which all their efforts are inspired." Thus, in so far as the modern devotion to truth is concerned, "the very science by which God is denied, is itself a search for God." Without a belief that "the universe is identified with a Power who is consciously responsive to our own personal consciousness, science, with truth for truth's sake as its object, would cease to exist, having lost all possible meaning."

An analysis of the notion of goodness shows that "it has always been looked on as something which is, in its essence, absolute—which is above and independent of the vagaries of individual taste." The absoluteness of goodness, its independence, "in short the whole of the special value attached to it, fail to be nonsense, and are capable of being intelligently stated, on one supposition only—the supposition that there exists a supreme and universal consciousness, such as the theist means by God, to whom certain things are good, and certain things are bad, which man in his own degree is able to aim at or reject."

The belief in immortality, "by extending our lives in the future, vindicates their importance in the present." Moreover, it has an intimate and vital connection with our belief in God. For "just as belief in God is the only logical form under which truth and goodness can be thought of as possessed of any absolute meaning, so is the belief in immortality the only logical form under which their meaning can be thought of as being for ourselves important." The great argument for immortality, which appeals to all who have had experience of life, rests on the conviction that a future existence is necessary to repair the inequalities of the present. This translates into intelligible language the fundamental desire to live. Thus beliefs in God, free will, and immortality, are indissolubly connected and are necessary, in spite of the fact that science rejects them.

2d. Just as the Science-Philosophy is bankrupt when brought face to face with the problems of human life, so its condition is no less deplorable when we examine its explanation of the universe.

Science rests on the uniformity of nature as its basal principle, existence is presented as "one continuous whole," individual things assuming form and shape through a slow process of evolution. "All that is, is implicit in all that was." But mind and purpose exist in nature, as science proves to Mr. Mallock's satisfaction; and furthermore the present disposition of things must in some way have preexisted in the primordial nebula. The important problem to be solved, is to what was the nebular prearrangement due. Spencer and Haeckel give the answers which are in reality one and the same. Spencer finds the solution in the doctrine which is the foundation of

his whole philosophy—the doctrine that the power, of which the universe is a manifestation, is unknowable. An analysis of this doctrine and of the phraseology employed shows that the cause of the primary arrangement of matter and of its development was chance. Matter arranged itself somehow. A blind shuffling of forces and molecular aggregates after a time brought about the requisite condition. Haeckel is more candid and explicit. He boldly declares that chance is the only answer possible. Now chance is no answer. It is only a word to cover our own ignorance; “it is simply human ignorance of a certain peculiar kind.” “It does not depend on any absence of causal relationships. It comes into being only with an absence of human knowledge,” and “is nothing else than a formal, though veiled, confession that, on their own principles, no answer is possible.”

3d. Another striking illustration of the bankruptcy of the Science-Philosophy is revealed by the fact that in attempting to do away with religion, it is compelled to invent a religion of its own. This is called “the new ethical monism.” The basis of this religion comprises the conceptions formed by us of the relations existing between each man and the universe. By the universe is meant “the universal cause of which all nature is the manifestation.” Thus Spencer and Haeckel, in proposing a new religion, are compelled to base its other term on “ideal conceptions of the universe.” But the conception of the universe or nature, which science proposes, and which is the only true and religious conception of it, is, says Spencer, “the conception of it as the manifestation of a cause about which we can affirm nothing.” Professor Haeckel holds that the ascription to nature of any qualities interesting and morally intelligible to ourselves is “an anthropistic illusion.” How then can we think of any religion existing between man and nature—of any communion or service between them?

4th. The most telling argument against the Science-Philosophy is presented in the admissions of Mr. Mallock when he attempts to find a way out of these difficulties. He confesses candidly that he is unable to balance his books. Let us admit that this is so, he says, and disregard it, for “it is only one of a system of similar situations, in one or other of which thought ultimately finds itself, let it only travel far enough towards any point of the compass.” “There is no speculative

conclusion in the whole region of speculation with regard to which all philosophers are more unanimous than this, that all our conceptions of everything end in some contradiction. This he attempts to show by a criticism of Spencer and Dean Mansel, very easy subjects for such a thesis as any tyro in philosophy well knows. Thus we are informed that "nothing exists from whose existence this obstinate contradiction is absent." In the problems of theism "the intellect is incompetent to solve the contradiction, but is nevertheless competent, with its eyes open, to disregard it." In disregarding it, "the intellect, though it has no solution to offer, is merely doing what it must do and what it habitually does, as the necessary condition of assenting to the reality of anything at all." The difficulty involved in our belief in freedom "is merely another example of that insoluble contradiction which underlies our conceptions of everything." In like manner the difficulty of believing in God's goodness is "neither more nor less than the difficulty which one part of man—namely, his pure reason—encounters, when man as a whole is compelled to believe anything." Nay more, the contradictions involved in theism, on which the critical spirit fixes, "are merely those which, taken in their lower connections, the human animal accepts without question, in order to think at all." But though we cannot solve or even lessen the difficulties "by any exercise of the pure reason, we have the highest warrant in pure reason itself for disregarding them, if the practical reason gives us grounds for doing so; and the practical reason, as we have seen, is in this matter imperative."


Such is the Science-Philosophy as set forth by its latest exponent. Mr. Mallock, in the present volume, has sounded its death-knell as a system. For his candid and detailed exposition he deserves our gratitude. Whether he writes as its sincere advocate, or merely adopts this method of testing the validity of its principles, but one conclusion can be drawn, *vis.*, he has shown in strong and vivid language the inherent weakness of the Science-Philosophy as a system of reasoned thought, and its utter inability to answer the problems of man and the universe. As a philosophical justification of the foundations of belief it breaks down completely and confesses its own defeat.

HER LADYSHIP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DECLARATION.

MARY did not keep them long waiting. She died before any one anticipated, sighing her last breath away like a tired child. As she had wished they left her in the little sunny churchyard by the river amid the fields. She had been so happy there, she said, at the place where death was to cut her young life short, happiest of all in those last weeks, when Hugh hardly left her side, and Lady Anne was within call night and day.

When it was all over they went back to Ireland together. It was a most silent journey. This man with the frozen face, and the eyes which were deep pits of shadow, was further away from her, Lady Anne felt, than the girl they had buried yesterday. Again she felt the limitations of her power. For a time, at least, no comfort was possible.

"There is nothing for it but time and work, time and work," she said to herself, glancing unobserved at his rigid face as the flying train bore them further and further from Mary.

No one could say that he did not throw himself into his work, but it was with a difference. The bright eagerness of old was replaced by a restlessness that gave him no peace. He worked like a hundred men. As the weeks passed the restless energy suffered no diminution. He had always been thin, with a graceful slenderness which became his youth; now he was haggard. A glimpse of his profile, seen against an evening sky, moved Lady Anne almost to tears.

He was to be found no more in the drawing-room of Mount Shandon, nor in other drawing-rooms that had begun to open to him of late. He seemed to seek relief in physical exhaustion. Once or twice Lady Anne came upon him in the winter gloaming, working with the men who were keeping the

channel clear where the bog-waters were carried away to the sea. It was a wet winter, and the new banks were sapped with the rain and fell into the channel in places. He was doing spade-work with furious energy, in the water to his knees, bare-headed despite the rain.

Every one was sorry for him, even his old enemy, Colonel Leonard.

"Poor lad! poor lad!" the Colonel said one day, when he had come upon Hugh in a narrow boreen. He leant down from his horse to lay a kindly hand on the shoulder of the young man, who was walking. "Poor lad! poor lad! I wish you'd come and talk to my wife. She'd comfort you if any woman could."

"I shall perhaps some day," Hugh responded with mechanical gratefulness. "It is very kind of you, sir."

The Colonel had an idea that Hugh's burning eyes needed the slaking of tears, and went on muttering to himself: "Poor lad! poor lad!"

To the surprise of many, Hugh had entered into possession of the house which had been intended for him and Mary. To be sure the wooden hut which he had once occupied had been turned to other uses in his absence. His mother still occupied a portion of the Châlet, and Lady Anne had suggested that there was room for him there if he would. But he had declined to be with his mother, which some of those who were not in the secret thought unnatural. Lady Anne knew better.

"You would really like to occupy the—the new house?" she said. She had called it The Nest in the days when she was preparing it, and the foolish, tender name had been on her lips, had almost escaped them. "Won't you be lonely?"

"I shan't find it so. I shall only sleep in it. All day I shall be busy with my work."

"Ah!" she said, looking at him kindly. "And work must be the way out for so many of us. When Pandora let all the evils fly out into the world it was not Hope remained at the bottom of the box, it was Work."

He was not responsive as he used to be, and she felt suddenly dull and didactic.

"Then I shall have the house prepared for you," she said, and was turning away, but came back to ask him if he would have his mother to keep him company.

"Not yet," he answered, almost roughly. To be sure his mother had never loved Mary, had told him that she hoped the marriage would never be, little knowing, poor woman, from what quarter the intervention was to come. He could not forget, not just yet.

His mother was almost as miserable as Hugh himself, and her sadness was matter for concern to those kind neighbors, Mrs. Montmorency De Renzy and the Misses Burke Vandaleur, who were the happiest elderly ladies in the world in the shelter of the Châlet, and being so happy were fain to radiate kindness. Besides, Mrs. Randal did not resent patronage, and never forgot that it was an accident of the world's storms which had placed her in the same ark as those highly-born ladies.

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. De Renzy to Lady Anne, "this trouble about her son is really weighing on her. We were playing a game of Twenty-Five last night and there was a shilling in the pool. She was twenty, and she had the ace of hearts in her hand, yet she let me win with the queen of trumps. So keen a player, too. It is very sad."

Hugh had been to London for a few days on business, and during his absence a great house-cleaning was made. He had gone into the house without allowing much preparation to be made for him. Only by a manœuvre had his bed-linen been aired. Fortunately it had been a fine summer, and the new walls had dried better than might have been expected. The mother had prophesied rheumatic fever as the least of the ills, but Hugh had not contracted even a cold.

Now he had been in residence for four months, and the house had grown dim and dusty under the slack rule of Biddy Murphy, who had taken things easy, finding her master an un-exacting person.

On the day of his departure Lady Anne had gone through the house with his mother. Outside the rain descended in torrents and a wet wind rattled the windows and cried in the chimneys. The air smelt damp and cold. The grates were rusty. There were patches of damp on the outer walls. The rooms were unswept, untidy. Plainly Biddy Murphy had been no better than Mrs. Randal's opinion of her.

Lady Anne had planned the house in a spirit of—was it love, or was it remorse? It was charming in every detail, an

ideal house for a young honeymooning couple, all gay rose-bud chintzes and pretty carpets and old-fashioned furniture. The rooms were comfortably low-ceiled, and the diamond-paned casement windows had each its window-seat whence one might look over an earthly paradise of mountain and wood and sea.

But to-day all the prettiness was blotted out. It was dreary; as dreary as it was in Lady Anne's heart. In the bedroom which should have been the dead girl's, there was a book lying on the table on which the dust lay thickly. Lady Anne was familiar with its cream and gold cover that bore an allegorical design. It was the "Poems" which Mary had failed to understand. Plainly the book had not given its owner delight for many a day.

The bed, heaped uncomfortably, looked as though some one had slept outside it. As they gazed about them Mrs. Randal noticed it.

"He flung himself there in his clothes last night," she said. "I expect the despair was on him, the poor boy. Isn't it a wonder he wouldn't be getting better? It's four months now since she died."

They went on upstairs, pursuing their dreary pilgrimage. The room which Lady Anne had designed for the nursery was dreariest of all. The door had swollen with the damp, and would hardly open. When it had yielded to her strength the room smelt dankly. It was unfurnished. There was dust on the floor and the flying loves of the wall paper were discolored with damp. The rain came down through the chimney and plashed dully on the flowery tiles of the hearth. Lady Anne shivered. The twilight was in the room now, and she felt in it the presence of a little ghost, the child that had never been born.

"A few fires will make a wonderful improvement," Mrs Randal said hopefully, as they went down the stairs. The poor woman was happy in being permitted, in her son's absence, to see to things for him. She had felt the estrangement bitterly.

"The ocean between us couldn't be much worse," she had confided to Lady Anne. "If it was forgiving me he was I'd be going out of it to Honor. She's wearying for me and the children. I couldn't think he'd be so unforgiving. He was such a soft little baby, such a loving boy. Leastways, it isn't

exactly unforgiving; 'tis something he can't help himself. He feels that I thought little of her when she was here, and it comes between us. Sure, 'tis the weary world! If we only knew, we'd be different often."

"Ah, yes; we'd be different often," Lady Anne sighed in response. She had no comfort to offer the mother.

The fires did, indeed, make a difference. When Lady Anne came a few days later she found prodigal fires burning in every room. Although it still rained the windows were open, and a sweet air came in. Everything had been swept and garnished. In the little drawing-room there was a bowl of laurustinus, monthly roses, and jessamine. There were snow-drops in little vases, and sweet-smelling wall-flowers in a lustre jug.

"He is coming home to-night," said the mother. "I am cooking his dinner myself, for I can't trust that Biddy. Maybe he'll ask me to sit down and eat it with him. I don't know when he has looked at me even."

"I think he will come back to himself presently," Lady Anne said. "He has not been the same to any of us. But the greatest grief passes; it is only natural."

"I am running across to the Châlet for some things I want. Won't your Ladyship sit down by the fire? I'll send Biddy up with a cup of tea for you and make it myself. Dear me, will the rain never leave off?"

Lady Anne sat by the fire and sipped her tea after Mrs. Randal had left her. Once more the house looked sweet and homelike as she had planned it; if only it were not to be empty forever of those she had meant to place there!

A thrush was singing outside the window on a drenched bough. There was a new poignancy in the song to her mind. If Mary had not died, she said to herself, the song would have been less beautiful, more tolerable. Certainly she, Lady Anne, was changing with the times. In the old days she had not found such meanings in the song of the thrush.

The door opened and Hugh Randal walked in. He stared at Lady Anne, and for a second his sad face lightened. It was plain that he had expected to find an empty room.

He put down the bag which he was carrying, and came towards the fire.

"Ah," he said, looking down at her. "So I am entertaining angels unawares."

His clothes steamed in the warm glow of the fire.

"What have you been doing to the house," he asked, "besides being in it? It is habitable for the first time."

"It is only the fires," she said deprecatingly; "the fires and the broom and duster. Biddy Murphy has been neglecting you. We must find you a better person."

"We! Have you been seeing to my house-cleaning, Lady Anne?"

"Your mother has. I have been here once or twice. Hadn't you better change your clothes? You are very wet."

"It is only my overcoat. I am quite dry underneath."

He took it off and put it on a distant chair. Then came back to her. The winter twilight was in the room, but the glow of the firelight fell on his face, and she fancied it had lost something of the hard despair which had been its expression since Mary died. Her heart leaped up with sudden hope, a hope his first words seemed to justify.

"I have been finding my way out," he said. "I am going to face life again and take up its burdens. I have been helped to it—standing by Mary's grave."

"I am so glad," she said, and there was a thrill of gladness in her voice. "I am so glad. The last thing that she would have wished would be such suffering for her as you have endured. She was so—so—harmless. Suffering like yours is not her due."

"Lady Anne," he said, with startling suddenness, "I have made up my mind to go away. You must release me. I am sorry to go, because I was useful to you; but it can't be helped. I shall do what I can for you in America. If you wish me to work for you there—there is a wide field. I have another offer, but I shall put it on one side if I can still be of service to you."

Her heart had fallen suddenly. She felt it fall heavy as lead. He was going away! Was it possible? Was it that that had brought the softening to his voice; had restored the sanity to his eyes? And if he wished to go, could she keep him? Suddenly the salt and savor seemed to have gone out of her life. He had interested her profoundly, she said to herself, interested her profoundly. Life would be flat and dull without him.

"I am going to take my mother and the children to America," he said. "We will all settle there. It will be best. You must

not think me ungrateful, forgetful—I can never forget. But it's best for me to go; it may be best for me, Lady Anne, to give up your work even; I have another opening. Yet if you ask me to do it, I must do it—I owe you more than that."

Her face was in shadow. She had turned it away from him and was resting her cheek in her hand. There was nothing in her attitude to tell him what she felt.

"I never ought to have come," he broke out with sudden passion. "Only—I could never have thought that I would forget the difference that lay between me and Lady Anne Chute. In time I forgot everything—everything but you. I didn't know, indeed I didn't, that you were filling my heart as a woman, not as an inaccessible goddess, and that must make my excuse. Only when that poor child was dead, whom I had robbed of the happiness that ought to have been hers, did I realize what had happened to me. Why, from the first hour I saw you nothing mattered to me except you. I found fine, harmless names for it, hero-worship and beauty-worship, loyalty and devotion. But all the time it was love. The tailor of Ardnagowan was in love with Lady Anne Chute. Was ever anything so ridiculous?"

She did not move or look at him.

"Are you offended?" he asked. "But remember I never asked anything back from you. I was content to serve you and be in your presence. How could I help loving you? Any man would have loved you. And now I am going away. I owe that at least to Mary, to go away and learn to do without the delight of your eyes and your step and your voice. You see that I must go. Are you very angry with me?"

"When do you go?" she asked in a low voice.

"As soon as I can finish up things here. Let me go altogether, Lady Anne; don't ask me to keep on your American work."

"Very well," she said, "I won't ask you."

The words were like the knell of all his hopes. Yet he was glad he had spoken. He felt relieved. It was all over between them. In time she would remember only his intolerable, his ridiculous presumption.

He stooped suddenly and kissed her down-bent head. Then he was gone, and she was sitting alone in the firelight.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RINGING OF THE BELL.

Lady Anne went home by herself in the rain and the darkness. It was the first time his consideration had failed. He too was somewhere out in the night and the rain, for when he left her she had heard the house-door close behind him. She was not afraid of the darkness. The people were so harmless; and in the tumult of her thoughts she would have forgotten to be afraid if there had been danger.

When she left the house she could see over against her the lights of Mount Shandon. But it was necessary to make a *détour* since the channel from the bog lay between. She held her cloak about her tightly as she hurried along. It was raining less now, but the high wind in the wet branches drenched her as she passed beneath them. A wild moon scurried through masses of gray and pearly cloud, now showing her face, again hiding it. The night was full of noises. Behind Mount Shandon the mountain thrust up its dark cone into the sky. One light was visible half-way up, steady as a star. She had a fancy amid the hurly-burly of noises that the mountain rumbled and roared as though in the grip of an earthquake. But to be sure it was only fancy.

The new young footman gazed at her in dismay as she came into the hall, taking off her wet cloak. The rain streamed from her hat. She was aware that a little pool was forming about her where she stood.

"Never mind, James," she said, as he took the cloak from her. "We are used to rain and it doesn't hurt us."

"Your Ladyship must be wet through," the man said with concern; "and, if you please, my Lady, Lord Dunlaverock has come."

"Ah, he is in the library?"

"Yes, my Lady. He has been here some time. Miss Chevenix is with him."

She went upstairs and changed, putting on her dinner-dress without ringing for her maid. Her black curls took the least amount of hair-dressing possible. When she had put on the dress which had been laid out for her—it happened to be a pink silk which was very becoming to her—she looked at her-

self in the glass. Her color was more than usually brilliant, her lips soft and red, her eyes bright.

For the time the dismay with which she had heard of Hugh's going was in abeyance. That passionate declaration of his held her mind to the exclusion of all else. She did not know how she felt about it yet, whether it shocked or delighted her. She did not know what she was going to do about it. There was Dunlaverock—and—there were all sorts of things to think of. He had been quite right to make up his mind to go away. Since he loved her, and she knew it, it would not be possible to return to the old happy and simple relations.

There was a change in Lady Anne. Her eyes had been used to look outwards like the eyes of a child. Now they looked inward, were introspective. It was as well that Sutcliffe, brushing her mistress' obstinate curls, had not had the opportunity given to ladies' maids to study their mistress' expressions in the glass. This evening Lady Anne's face would have been tell-tale.

As she finished clasping her rubies about her neck Sutcliffe came in.

"I did not know your Ladyship had returned till James told me," she began.

"Never mind, Sutcliffe," Lady Anne said, turning from the glass. "I found that you had put out my dress, and as I had to change I thought I might as well dress for dinner. There are all my wet things to be dried," indicating a heap of garments.

"I wish your Ladyship had rung for me," the long-suffering Sutcliffe said in an injured voice. She was always being scandalized by Lady Anne's ways, so different from what she had been accustomed to in the English families where she had lived.

"If it wasn't for drying her things, and mending them when she gets them tattered on the briars and thorns, she wouldn't need a maid at all," she complained. "It is always: 'There, Sutcliffe, that will do'; and 'Please don't bother about it any more, Sutcliffe.' She's no credit to me, her Ladyship isn't, for she won't give the time to let me do what I'd like for her."

Lord Dunlaverock saw nothing amiss with his cousin when she came in looking like a dewy dark rose, and beaming a

welcome on him. As she came in Miss "Stasia" got up and went out of the room, leaving them together.

"It is a sight for sore eyes to see you," she said, in a bright, excited way, which struck him as something new in Anne. Anne had always been placid, although energetic.

"Yes; we haven't met since the summer—not since you left me at Kilkee and cheated me of your company. To be sure you couldn't help it; that poor thing! I hope Randal is bearing his grief better?"

"He is bearing it better," she said. "He has been away for the last few days. You've forgiven me about Kilkee? I was glad to hear that Amy Mellor was there and some of the other cousins. The cousins were delighted with the haphazard ways of the hotel. They said they liked waiting on themselves. And what has brought you so suddenly, Dunlaverock?"

"I thought I had better come. I wanted to talk to you."

"It is always better to talk; writing is so poor a substitute. I am so glad you came to talk instead."

She glanced at him with her beautiful frank kindness, and something in the way he was looking at her surprised her. He was feeling that she was not a woman to be lightly relinquished. He was going to relinquish her for something far dearer, yet he was surprised to find that it cost him a pang after all, although he would not have had it otherwise.

"I wanted to tell you about Kilkee, Anne," he said, averting his gaze from her and staring into the heart of the fire. Where they were sitting was dimly lit by the branches of wax candles on the high mantel-shelf above their heads. His face in the firelight was less lean and careworn than of old, yet at the moment his expression was an anxious one. "At Kilkee, before the others came, I was necessarily much with Mrs. Mellor. We were in the same hotel, and cousins. We held apart for a time, but it could not continue."

Anne had shifted her position, had taken up her fan and was holding it as a screen between her face and the fire. From the shadow of the fan her eyes watched him.

"And," she put in, seeing that he paused. "And—you found out that what I had said about Amy was true, that she was not the sinner but the victim; you learned to forgive her, or rather you found that there was nothing to forgive."

"How did you know?" he asked with a naïve wonder, which even at this moment she found amusing. "Did Amy tell you?"

"I have heard nothing from Amy. I guessed it."

"How clever of you, Anne!" he said with simple admiration. "Yes, I found out that the poor child had been forced into breaking her word with me and marrying James Mellor by her mother's artifices. Lady Sylvia had borrowed money in large sums from James Mellor. She made her daughter believe that he was a merciless creditor, that he demanded his money with interest, that only the sacrifice of herself could avert disgrace from her mother. She was very young, a mere baby in an unscrupulous woman's hands. She discovered afterwards that the money was owing indeed, but that James Mellor had never asked for it. That would have been obvious to any one who knew him. He was incapable of using the mother's debt to force the daughter's inclination. You and I, Anne, are not likely to talk of these doings of Lady Sylvia Hilton. Poor Amy, poor child, to have had such a mother."

"Amy has come out of it pure gold. There are many whom such an experience would have destroyed. Not Amy. If her mother broke her heart it was only for God to remake it."

"Amy told me at Kilkee," he said. "You can't imagine what a burden it lifted off my heart. It had been so unnatural to hate Amy for all those years."

"And—" Lady Anne's eyes, bright with expectation, waited for the next thing he should have to tell.

"I went home and thought about it, Anne. I have been thinking about it for four months." He did not catch her smile. "I have been thinking of it for four months. Anne, do you care at all? If you care, there is only one course open to me."

"Why didn't you come before, Dunlaverock?" she asked. "Why didn't you come before? Why did you go in suspense and leave Amy in suspense all those months? Wasn't it lucky, Dunlaverock, that I gave you so long a probation, for I think you would never have loved any one but Amy?"

"You don't care, Anne?"

"I care a great deal that you and Amy should be happy."

"Ah! And you give us your blessing?"

"I give you my blessing."

There was a sudden beating of rain against the window, and the wind cried and clapped about the house.

"Then I shall go to Amy to-morrow," he said. "You forgive me, Anne?"

"Dear Alastair, there is nothing to forgive."

She need not after all have been so anxious to put out of her thoughts that anniversary in September on which her answer would have been due. Now the significance of the day that was never to dawn was lost, swept away as though it had never been. She would be able to dance at Alastair's wedding with a lighter heart than if she had been the bride. She was going to live for her people. For a moment she thought of reigning alone with a kind of lonely exaltation. Then she remembered that it would be her duty to marry, so that the name should not die out. But at least she had a breathing space. She could put the consideration of marriage away from her for a year, two years, three years. September no longer held a menace for her.

While they dined lightning flashed through the unshuttered windows, and was followed by a peal of thunder.

"Uncanny weather," Lady Anne said. "I am glad none of us are on the sea to-night."

"They say there have been rumblings heard in the mountain, Anne," Miss 'Stasia said. "You have been offending the spirit of the mountain by draining his bogs—so some of the old people say."

"Ah, they are full of superstitions."

"Even if there were a landslip," Dunlaverock said contentedly, "Mount Shandon would be out of its path."

"And there has never been a landslip that people remember," Lady Anne said. "They fancy the rumblings. It is the incessantly high winds. I could have believed the same this evening, only that it was not possible."

They had a quiet and happy evening together by the warmth of the fire, though the wind increased in fury, and the rain hammered the panes. Miss 'Stasia sat at the piano, playing old "pieces," singing now and again, in a sweet cracked voice, old songs—"My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," and "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and many another, while Miss Graham sat beside her, sewing by the light from the piano candles. Now and again they glanced towards the couple at the fire, sitting near together, talking in low, interested

voices, as though they had been the lovers the onlookers believed them to be.

A sudden blast of wind caught the house, increased in force, roared like some terrible, elementary living creature, forcing them all to listen. Miss 'Stasia's hand fell from the piano.

"It sounds like another Big Wind," she said, turning a white face to the two at the fireside, taking an unaccountable comfort from the fact of Dunlaverock's presence; that there was, as she would have put it herself, "a gentleman in the house."

"In the last Big Wind," Lady Anne said reassuringly, "Mount Shandon did not even tremble."

"I was in Wharton Street then," Miss 'Stasia said. "My window was blown in, clean on to the floor. Mrs. Cronin thought I was killed. I couldn't get the door open for a long time to get out, and my room was full of twigs and slates and sea-sand, and all manner of things the wind had carried with it. I shall never forget that night."

When they went to bed it was impossible to sleep for the tumult of the storm. Lady Anne had no wish to sleep. More than the excitement of the storm was tingling in her veins. She sent Sutcliffe away after she had taken off her dinner-dress. She wanted to be alone. When she was alone she walked restlessly up and down the long room. She had been listening to Dunlaverock's lover's raptures. It amused and touched her that he should pour them into her ear. It was fortunate that she had no vanity to be hurt. All that compact between them was for Dunlaverock as though it had never been. He had forgotten even to remember it.

His one regret was that Amy should be rich. He wished she had been poor, humble, so that he might have shown the greatness of his love. He was romantic, sentimental. "And to think," Anne smiled to herself, "that he should have been willing to wait for my word for five years!"

"Supposing, supposing"—she let her thoughts go—"that she were to do what Dunlaverock wished he could have done, and lift a lowly lover to her side." Why, she could do it. She had never thought about the opinions of her world, holding herself above it and them. What the world thought mattered to her less at this moment than the thought of Mary in her grave. While Mary lived she had pushed that quiet image

out of her lover's heart and set up her own there. Was she to yield to her heart's insistent cry for happiness so soon, while the grief of Mary's death was still upon them? And he had not come to her as a suppliant lover, he would not come. She felt that his pride was greater than her own. If there was supplication to be done, she felt that it was she who would have to be the suppliant.

The wind dropped and rose, rose with a greater fury than before. She heard a cry from her cousin's room. For a second she listened. Then she opened the door and went out into the corridor. Miss 'Stasia's room adjoined her own.

"Are you frightened, dear?" she said, coming in. "What a hurly-burly it is! I am going to sit with you. You won't be afraid with me, will you?"

"Do you suppose the house will stand?" Miss 'Stasia said, quaking.

"Mount Shandon? It is as solid as the rock. What a wind it is. See, it is driving in straws and sand through the interstices of the windows. I wonder what is the force of it. We know now what a tornado is like."

The wind lulled and died away. In the sudden calm, one of those calms which preluded a more furious outburst of the storm, they heard the bell of the hall-door peal through the house, peal again and again.

"Something has happened?" Lady Anne said, snatching up a lit candle from the dressing-table.

She was fully dressed, except that she had replaced her dinner-dress by a dressing-gown of white woollen stuff. The bell had awakened others besides herself. As she passed along the corridor her cousin opened the door of his room and came out, taking the candle from her hand.

"Fortunately I had not gone to bed," he said. "Who could sleep in that wind? I was reading by the fire when I heard the bell."

It was still jangling through the house, and the dogs within and without the house had started to barking furiously. They had reached the door now.

"Stand back, Anne," Dunlaverock said, "while I get down this bar. You had better go into the doorway, else the candle will be blown out when the door opens."

She obeyed him, and stood shading the candle with her hand in the deep doorway of the library. She watched Dun-

laverock get down the heavy bars. The door flew open with a tremendous impetus. Some one staggered into the hall. Then the wind caught her candle and it went out.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE QUEEN COPHETUA.

For a few seconds there was nothing but confusion. Dunlaverock was trying to close the heavy doors, a task quite beyond his strength, even though Anne and that other came to his help. They could not hear each other speak. Anne was conscious that it was Hugh Randal who had come in, and thought he was speaking, but she could not hear a word. Then in a lull of the storm they got the door shut.

Dunlaverock had matches; he found the candle and lit it. As the flame stood up steadily they turned and looked at Hugh Randal. He was dripping from head to foot and blood was oozing from a cut in his forehead. He was panting so hard that for a second or two the words would not come.

"The bog is moving," he got out at last. "The whole mountain has begun to move. Mount Shandon is not safe. It is built on reclaimed bogland. The bog is going to take back its own. Perhaps the whole valley will not be too much channel for it."

"Ah, and you are hurt," Lady Anne said with sudden, tender concern. "And you are wet through."

"I swam across the channel to save time," he said, still panting hard. "The water nearly carried me away. Fortunately I remembered how a dog swims in a flood, and went with it till I was able to get out of the current. A branch of a tree struck me—my forehead is bleeding. I hardly remembered it. There are trees down everywhere."

"Mount Shandon is safe," Lady Anne said. "Papa always said the foundations were on rock. Anyhow, we must wait till morning. We are no worse in the path of the bog than to be out in this storm."

"Yes; we had better stand by Mount Shandon, for to-night at all events," Dunlaverock said. "We might face the storm for ourselves, as you have faced it, Randal, but not with a houseful of women."

By this time the whole household was awake, and little inclined to sleep again.

"Not a word of the bog," Lady Anne said, as they heard footsteps on the stairs, the noise of the opening and shutting of doors, the excited whispering of women. "Not a word of the bog. We do not want a panic."

"I can give you a change of clothes, Randal," Lord Dunlaverock said. "Come with me. We can do nothing till daylight. At daylight the wind will probably drop. Better get them to light up, Anne. It is not a night for darkness and silence."

The servants were coming downstairs by this time, the women in little frightened groups, wondering what had happened.

"We heard a bell, my Lady," one of them said. "Has anything happened? It's an awful night. None of us have been able to sleep."

"Light the drawing-room lamps, please, and send up some tea. Nothing has happened. Only Mr. Randal has come. The storm will die down at daybreak. I would suggest that you should have tea yourselves and amuse yourselves till the storm is over."

The sound of the piano proceeding from the drawing-room cheered up the servants amazingly. When they had attended to their mistress' orders they sat down to tea themselves, and prepared to pass the night away with conversation and stories, the latter usually of the most lugubrious order.

Miss 'Stasia and Miss Graham came stealing into the drawing-room presently. Then Lord Dunlaverock and Hugh Randal joined them, the latter deadly pale, but in dry garments and with the wound in his forehead staunch and held in place by court-plaster.

It was a strange vigil. After they had drunk the tea, Lady Anne proposed a game of whist. Hugh Randal, who pleaded fatigue, fell asleep in his chair. The whist-players sat down at a table near the fire. The two elder women loved a game, and were soon engrossed in it to the exclusion even of the storm. They did not notice the silence of the other two players, nor the quiet telegraphy which passed from one eye to another.

"You are a wonderfully brave woman, Anne," Dunlaverock's eyes said; and "Courage, dear, it will soon be over." And Anne's brave eyes gave him back reassurance.

Now and again he got up and replenished the fire. Again and again when the two elder players clutched their cards

tight, examining them eagerly, Anne sent furtive, terrified glances towards the sleeper in the armchair. His face was white against the background of the velvet chair. His head lay back with an abandonment of fatigue. Once or twice Lady Anne thought to herself with a great throb of anguish that he looked as though he were dead. Was it possible that she was sitting there talking of tricks and honors and leads, the mere, outward, bodily part of her, while her soul was in trouble and tumult within her? She even laughed. She could hear herself laugh as though she listened to some one else at a distance. Her eyes ached with fatigue. Sometimes, as the night turned round to morning, the marks on the cards danced before her eyes, but she made no mistakes. And at last, at last, the gray light was in the room; the wind lessened in force. At last she stood up from the card-table, opened a window and looked out.

With the opening of the window a new sound came into the room, a roaring and rushing as of a great torrent. Hugh Randal and Dunlaverock came to her side. Randal spoke quietly.

"The channel has overflowed its banks," he said, "and the waters are running away to the sea."

"The wind has died down," Lady Anne said. "And now one can sleep. To bed, dears, you are both nodding."

"It is quite safe so far," Hugh Randal whispered, "the channel is taking the waters. If the bog takes the same course as the channel, Mount Shandon will be safe."

The servants were sent to bed, and the house was quiet. At daybreak, as though that were the signal to put it to sleep, the wind had dropped with a surprising suddenness. In the wet, gray morning Lady Anne, Dunlaverock, and Hugh Randal, went out to see what happened.

All about the house the trees were down by scores and hundreds. There were sad gaps in the park. But Lady Anne's eyes went past the destruction. From the high hall-door steps they could see the bog. On either side of the channel it stretched for half a mile, a black mass hardly revealing itself as moving in the half-light, but making an incredible noise, a roaring and hurrying and tearing noise, as though the solid earth was being wrenched from its foundations.

It was yet a long way from Mount Shandon walls, and it was evident that instead of dividing itself and enclosing Mount

Shandon, as it might have done, the channel had diverted it. To be sure it was spreading and spreading. It might yet reach Mount Shandon itself. But at least the way of escape would be open on the north side of the house, and the bog, instead of filling in the whole valley, was traveling away over the path of the channel by thousands of tons to the sea.

They stood and looked into each other's tired faces.

"The bog has revenged itself," Hugh Randal said.

"Presently it will cease moving," Lady Anne said.

"Not till it has discharged itself from the mountain side."

"Then we shall begin to reclaim again, without the menace of it perpetually overhanging us."

"Ah, bravo, bravo, Anne," Dunlaverock said. "I always knew you were a great woman, but I never admired you so much as now."

"The factory is all right," she said, turning to Hugh Randal.

"It is quite all right, being on rising ground."

"It will be safe for us to sleep?"

"Some one had better keep watch in case there should be a diversion in the course of the bog. If you decide to stay in the house, a watch must be kept night and day till the bog ceases to move. I will take the first watch."

"Not you," said Dunlaverock. "I will take it. Go and sleep, man. You look as if you wanted it terribly."

"Then I will sleep awhile and take the second watch."

But when the time came to relieve Lord Dunlaverock, Hugh Randal was tossing about in a fevered sleep, his eyes wide open, patches of fever on his burning cheeks.

Lady Anne sent for the nearest doctor. As soon as the servants were about she had called them together and told them that the bog was in motion.

"If any one is afraid," she said, "he or she can go and return when the danger is over. I stay by the house, not rashly, because I am sure there is no danger. But any one who is afraid can go. The station bus will be ready at twelve."

No one would go. "Time enough to talk about going," they said, "when they knew the bog was coming their way." Meanwhile scouts were posted on the high ground towards the mountain to give warning of danger. And life went on in Mount Shandon pretty much as though the bog had not moved.

With a difference. The doctor pronounced Hugh Randal's case a bad case of pleurisy. He feared complications. Evi-

dently the young man's strength had been fearfully reduced before that passage of the river had given the disease its opportunity.

The doctor suggested a nurse. Lady Anne had a wistful thought of Nurse Gill, but dismissed it. The little brown-faced, angel-nurse was too closely connected with his grief. She accepted the doctor's selection, and had cause to congratulate herself. Sister Bridget, the leggy, angular young thing, lean in her long nurse's cloak, proved a treasure. She took the night-nursing. Lady Anne and Hugh's mother were with him by day. It never occurred to Lady Anne to think that people might talk. The illness had been the one thing needed to make her sure of herself.

The bog rose slowly till it almost touched the white walls of Mount Shandon. Its black slime washed over the Dutch garden which had been dear to Lady Anne's mother. A ship in full sail, a swan, a peacock, showed in yew above the flood. When it had come so far it began to fall. In a day or two it was safe for Dunlaverock to leave.

"My dear cousin," he said, "when all this is cleared away you will have no further trouble with the reclamation of the bog. It will have reclaimed itself and left fat land behind it. I congratulate you on your work."

"It will take years to get rid of its traces," she said, looking ruefully at the black mass that covered the Dutch garden.

"Fortunately you have years to give to it. And you will be free of the bog forevermore. You will let me know about the patient? If I knew he had taken a favorable turn, I should go happier."

"I will send you word every day, until the need has passed by."

After he had gone Lady Anne realized that his calm presence had been a tower of strength to her. Dear Dunlaverock, she was so glad that he was going to be happy in his own way. He was as unworldly as herself, had as fine a disregard of the world and its ways. She was glad too that he was going to marry great wealth. He would be able to push forward his thousand and one projects. He had always been hampered for want of money, and after the first he had refused to use hers. A great panic had come upon him in the night, he said, when he insisted on repaying her, lest he should die and the money be lost. That had been a moment when Lady Anne had come

near marrying him out of hand, so that he should have money for his projects.

The complications the doctor had feared in Hugh Randal's case followed. Pleurisy was succeeded by pneumonia. The patient, having little strength to draw upon, went to death's door, was saved at last by the doctors Lady Anne had summoned, with reckless disregard of money. Everybody said he could not live. For days together he was kept alive by oxygen. Dr. Sturgis, who had come over from London to consult with the Dublin doctor, warned Lady Anne that if he lived it would be long, long before he would be anything but an invalid.

"I understand that Mr. Randal was your manager, Lady Anne," he said, with a passing thought that for no other dependant he had ever known would all the appliances of science, all the skill of all the doctors, have been procured as they had been in this case. "I ought to warn you, that it may be years before he is again the man he has been. We shall pull him through, I think now, but such a terrible illness leaves traces. Perhaps he will never be of the same use to you again. It is quite a doctors' triumph. If Mr. Randal had been in an ordinary person's circumstances, he would have died."

"Yes, I know," she said. "The great thing is that you have pulled him through. For the future—"

"It will be a long, long convalescence."

"He will have that," she said. "He must go abroad, to lands of perpetual sun. He is going. He will recover in time."

It was April before Hugh was so far advanced on the road to health that he might leave his bedroom for a downstairs sitting-room. The day-nurse who had come when things were at their worst, had gone back to her hospital. Sister Bridget yet remained, and made constant complaints that her duties were a sinecure, to which Lady Anne would respond that they could not yet bring themselves to the point of losing her. Mrs. Randal had gone back to the Châlet, where she was busy preparing for her journey to America, which could not now be postponed much longer, since Honor clamored for her two little girls. The estrangement between herself and her son was a thing of the past, seemed indeed as though it had never been.

He was lying on a sofa in a little room, the window of which looked down the valley. The air of the room was sweet with hyacinths. The window was open, and the air came

sweetly blown over beds of wall-flowers and violets. Out in the grass the last of the daffodils were in bloom.

Lady Anne had been reading to him, but had laid down her book with a sudden consciousness that he was not listening. She detected him with a furrow of thought between his eyebrows, a careworn and anxious expression of face.

"What is it?" she asked. "Don't you know that you are not to worry? How are you ever to get the flesh back on your bones if you worry?"

"It might have been as well," he said with painful slowness, "if the doctors had not kept me alive after all. I am going to be helpless for so long. My mother wants me to go with her in May; but how can I do that? I should be only a burden on those who can ill afford it. It has kept me awake at night thinking about it."

She leant towards him with a movement of protecting tenderness.

"Don't you know that you are my charge?" she said. "Do you think I am going to let you go to America? Why you would never get well there. As soon as you get strong enough you are going to follow the sun all round the world till you have won back health. When you are a strong man again you shall go where you will."

He bit at his nails suddenly. She had noticed him do it before in moments of perturbation. "I can't take so much from you," he said. "Why are you so good to me? Why didn't you banish me from your presence, as I was willing to banish myself while yet I had the power over my body to transport it at will?"

"Why should I?" she asked sweetly.

He turned away his head uneasily.

"You have forgiven the things that I said that evening, before the bog moved?" he whispered almost under his breath, and not looking at her. "You have forgiven my unpardonable presumption?"

The book slid from her hands, fell to the rug at her feet, and lay there. She was trembling from head to foot. Suddenly she knelt down by his sofa. She covered her face with her hands.

"I can't let you go," she said, "because I love you, I love you! If you go from me it will break my heart."

"Lady Anne!"

He had drawn her head to his breast. Her arms had gone about him like the arms of a mother. They clung together in an impassioned embrace.

"We shall go together," she said, "after the sun."

A little later: "My Queen and my Lady," he whispered, "I ought not to have yielded to you. If I had not been so weak in body, you would not have surprised me. The difference is too great between us. Have you counted the cost?"

"The cost!" she repeated. "What cost?"

"The dismay and coldness of your friends. The things the world will say of you and of me."

"We shall not hear them," she answered placidly.

"Lord Shandon's daughter and—"

He would have said more, but she laid her hand on his lips.

"Papa would have been the one tribunal. He was very proud, but he was unworldly, more unworldly than I. He would have married Mamma if she had been a peasant girl."

"Lord Dunlaverock?"

"Alastair is sighing because his old love, Amy Mellor, is rich and he must marry a fortune."

"I thought he was in love with you."

"He was always in love with Amy. They understand each other."

He sighed as though a weight had been lifted from him.

"The family—?"

"The family will be delighted. It adores the romantic. Uncle Hugh will mind, but he will come round; and Ida will be glad that I am not breaking your heart."

"It will be a nine-days' wonder," he said, drawing a curl of her hair to its full length and letting it fly back again.

"It would never reach us," she said. "Still—" she hid her eyes against his hair—"it will be safer if you marry me at once and take me out of it. There is so much work waiting for us to do together when we come back."

THE END.

OPEN-MINDEDNESS.

BY JOSEPH MCSORLEY, C.S.P.

I.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us !—*Burns.*
Fas est et ab hoste doceri.—*Ovid.*
Then He opened their understanding.—*St. Luke.*



READERS familiar with the *Summa* of St. Thomas will perhaps recall an interesting little article of the Second Part, in which he proposes the question, "Do men ever hate the truth?" and another article, farther along, in which he discusses the problem, "Is mental blindness a sin?" In the course of the arguments we are reminded that, though men naturally love the truth, there are times and circumstances when they hate it; as, for instance, when a man wishes that certain events had never taken place, when he longs to be ignorant of a law which binds his conscience unpleasantly, when he desires that a false opinion of his own merits should prevail. Thus to elevate our selfish interests above our love of truth, to shut our eyes to principles and to distract our attention from facts, in order that we may enjoy a fictitious freedom from moral restraint, is declared to be a sin.

These statements suggest food for meditation. We are so apt to evade the practical application of such doctrine as this; so slow to hunt out and run down various faults against truth which are as much more common than ordinary lies as they are less palpable and less conscious. The obvious untruth is universally condemned. To go back on our promise; to bear false witness; to deny what we have previously affirmed; to falsify accounts; to betray a trust; these things the private and the public conscience alike anathematize. But there are finer and more subtle sins against truth; there are shrinkings and hesitations, dodgings and evadings, unreasonable questionings and unfair doubtings and obstinate stiflings of the still small voice—all in the interests of selfishness and ease—con-

cerning which conscience is not so sensitive nor condemnation so general. Too seldom do we find a pure-hearted and constant follower of holy truth, a man who postpones all other ambitions to the quest of her, turning loyally aside from the common ways when her footprints lead in another direction, worshipping at her shrine unfalteringly, though the multitude scoff and enemies jibe and friends dissuade. For to do all this is painful. There may be unwelcome facts which threaten to destroy our peace of mind; half-hidden faults which it will cost us much to face and recognize; claims upon our time and attention which custom and inclination agree in bidding us disallow. There may be duties only dimly perceived, opportunities barely suggested, possibilities which we can easily argue into unrealities. Who has the heroism to follow the track of truth through all those devious ways? Diogenes, with his lantern, might easily find an honest man among us, if respect for the rights of property were alone in question; but the search must be far more difficult, if the philosopher is looking for an open mind.

For this is the ideal, an open mind—a mind that never offers obstruction to the truth; that always throws wide the door at the first sound of her imperious knock; that contemplates her unflinchingly, whether there be a smile or a frown upon her brow. It is a high ideal, and few dare attempt it; a hard saying which there are few to hear. Yet the love and the faithful pursuit of this ideal are among the qualifications of the perfect Christian, as well as elements in the making of nature's nobleman. The bearing of our Savior's teaching on this point should not be lost on us. We ought to grow more appreciative of the sacredness of truth in the measure that we become "followers of the word." The richer coloring and the finer shade which a response to divine revelation is supposed to add to the natural man should be manifested in a keener sense and a more loyal obedience displayed toward the slightest behests of truth.

We do not forget how common is the accusation against religion in general, and in particular against our own faith, that preconception and party interest and the necessities of argument play havoc with the believer's sense of truth; and if that charge be based upon fact, we hope that our minds may be opened to see it. For the moment, however, we are less

concerned to discuss the comparative virtue of believer and unbeliever, than to examine into considerations which all of us alike should ponder, since all alike have need of tireless vigilance and constant alertness in order to lay hold of those saving truths which fall daily from the lips of enemy and of friend, and which plead with us to revise our opinions and to change our ways.

Heine, having described Göttingen as surrounded by a cordon of police, goes on to say that it was no harder for a student to get out of the university than for an idea to get in. Such a condition is more or less typical of men and of institutions. Minds tend to crystallize; and ordinarily we allow the process to continue without interference, forgetting that, with minds as well as with bodies, movement is existence and to live is to change. Consulting the petty interests of the present by shutting out the tide of immigration, we debar ourselves from all share in the wider, richer life of the world at large—as if the life of man or nation could always be renewed and recruited from within. Like unwelcome aliens, new ideas protest in vain against the rigors of our Exclusion Act; we, like short-sighted governments, insist on regarding the foreigner as an undesirable citizen. He is not to the manner born; he does not fit in with prevalent customs; he will not take for granted all that we have been used to assume; he criticizes our ways, and speaks of methods which are better. So a suicidal policy is desperately maintained; and the intruding man or idea is kept out for the sake of domestic convenience. We have decided upon the facts of a case, or we have at last succeeded in getting our philosophy all nicely arranged; and we take it very ill of any bothersome new notion to come along and try to introduce a change.

A story tells of a magistrate who heard only the plaintiff's testimony and then at once decided the case "lest he should be confused by hearing the other side." There is more than a jest in the tale; it comes near to describing the common attitude of men who regard their first judgments as final and their opinions as safe from amendments. Wonderful, indeed, is the adamant firmness with which the modern commercial trust resists every attempt of the small producer to obtain a foothold in preëmpted territory; yet no combination is closer than that formed against the new idea. The prejudiced mind

does not ask, Is it true? nor consider, Is resistance wise? It is enough that the novel views do not harmonize with the old. For proof, propose to any man a notion which obviously will require time and effort in order to be fitted into his present state of mind. Instantly there will be opposition. Not that this is anything but natural; not that we could get along just as well in the practical affairs of life, were we not endowed with an instinctive and, on the whole, most profitable conservatism! But since a new idea is usually at a disadvantage, love of truth and real desire for knowledge will make us extremely careful to win due control over a tendency calculated to hinder our mental growth and to dim our sense of actual conditions. The law forbids a man to be judge in his own trial; it aims to compose a jury of entirely disinterested persons; but here, in the inner court, the rulings come from the party who is the most prejudiced, or at least the most interested of all. It need hardly be said, then, that unless we master our primary instincts, and form the habit of judging truth apart from its bearing upon self, we shall dwell in a fairyland of unrealities and lead lives far less actual than those impersonated on the dramatic stage. To be in touch with reality one must, by ceaseless diligence, maintain an open mind.

This is not a defence of inconstancy, nor an excuse for fickle judgments; it is simply a plea for reasonableness. For as we learn from the *Nicomachean Ethics*: "The reasonable (continent) man, while he does not veer about under the influence of emotion and desire, does remain moveable. It is easy to persuade him on occasion; but the obstinate person resists the persuasions of reason." It is reasonable, then, to recognize the high probability that, in many instances, our opinion will be wrong; to appreciate the perverse tendency of our snap judgments. Since we are always inclined to believe our own plans wise, our motives pure, our actions right, an effort is needed to counterbalance this predisposition; and such effort is the price a man must pay for an open mind.

Improvement, as a result of criticism passed upon our work and behavior, is the first fruit of open-mindedness. To one who will heed disagreeable truth, and accept the assistance of friends brave enough to wound his vanity, kindly criticism can thus be of great use. It helps one to correct defects, to acquire

virtue, to grow in amiability, efficiency, and in general happiness. There are persons, however, to whom not even the dearest and most trusted friend dare utter a word of reproach or correction. Right or wrong, their critics always meet a storm of recrimination and dispute. If we happen to belong to this unfortunate type, well may we pray for "the giftie" which will show us how we seem to others. The awakening will be beneficial, though it will certainly not be pleasant. Few experiences are less agreeable than suddenly to recognize the fact that we have been escaping well-merited criticism because our friends would not venture to wound a self-esteem which they knew to be inordinate. So humiliating is such a discovery that, under the first sting of it, we are apt to turn with chiding words on the friend who has spared us, forgetting the years of experience which taught him how useless it was to name our plainest faults, forgetting the dismantled affections and the wrecks of friendships strewn along our course, due to warnings we resented and criticisms we obstinately disregarded; for, despite our loud profession of love for truth, we do, in desire and in deed, betray what with our lips we honor.

To make use of criticism skilfully and sympathetically administered is, as a matter of fact, not a rare or an heroic accomplishment. A harder lesson to learn is, how to make use of rough, unfriendly criticism. This achievement seems, indeed, to be quite beyond the power of weaklings and to require a more rugged determination and a stronger good sense than most of us display in the work of self-improvement.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri,

sang the old poet wisely and convincingly. We have much to learn from our enemies, not only in the strategy of war, but in the campaigns of conscience too. Commonly, however, we feel as if we may fairly enough be allowed to rest the matter as soon as we have shown the critic to be an enemy—as though an enemy were not likely to be as keenly alive to our weaknesses as he is blind to our virtues. The fact is that, if we have a defect, the man who dislikes us most will be the one to perceive it first. Under the smart of his accusation, or the sting of his sarcasm, we are tempted to soothe our feelings with the consolations of well-meaning friends; but the part of wisdom would be to cut away the possible basis of future accusa-

tions. So far as character and virtue go, what matters it if there is some bitterness, some exaggeration, in the words of those who held us up to ridicule and shame? That which really signifies is the grain of truth in the load of misrepresentation. Seek that; and when found, consume and digest and assimilate it. Bitter though it be, it is wholesome. Let us do as "Sludge" professed to do:

Take the fact, the grain of gold,
And throw away the dirty rest of life.

Religion, of course, if it has any meaning for us at all, should aid us to face our faults and defects with an open mind and to accept, at the very least, such corrections as are well-grounded. The old ideals of humility and patience and self-denial and obedience, therefore, throw flashes of light across the path wherein we walk. The man who takes the Gospel seriously, and endeavors to impress deeply on his mind the lessons taught by our Lord's example, will find much wisdom come to him from his moments of silent meditation. Without excessive introspection, and without exaggerated self-depreciation, he may by frequent examination of conscience gain no little strength and clearness of vision. And if occasionally he refreshes his memory about the saints, by dipping into their lives; if he takes a lesson now and again in the Catholic principles of spirituality; if, at intervals, he follows the exercises of a retreat; best of all, if he goes regularly and earnestly to confession; he will, other things being equal, surely grow much more open-minded with regard to his faults than the man who does none of these things.

Study, in so far as it enlightens the mind and corrects prevalent misunderstandings, also helps us to grow out of our primitive attachment to appearances and first impressions, and trains us to welcome unexpected truths. It is characteristic of a cultivated man to be capable of adaptation, as it is in consequence of having been adaptable that he has acquired culture. In a special and peculiar way should open-mindedness be characteristic of the man who has learned from psychology the various illusions to which the mind is subject. Familiarity with the different forms of normal and abnormal hallucination, diminishes the obstinacy and the extravagance

of our self-confidence. The student discovers that in many ways nature has been imposing upon him: both his eyes are partly blind, though he never knew it; a thing may be cold to one hand and warm to another; any sort of blow on the optic nerve causes us to see light; steel-points will be felt as single or as double, according to the part of the skin with which they are put in contact; sensations of color and form are discovered to be largely clever guesses and skilful interpretations forging their own letters of credit in accord with universal custom. It is the student's business to investigate and, as far as he can, to explain these and a hundred other common errors; and while he ponders them he gradually becomes less dogged in the conviction that first impressions are generally beyond the need of correction and reversal.

The investigation of mental habits and vagaries, the study of our slavery to chance influences, the appreciation of human knowledge as largely relative and hypothetical—all go to make a man humble with regard to his own opinions, and patient with regard to those of others. What psychology does on the subjective side, history does on the objective; that science reveals man's limitations, this reveals the world's. When one has grown used to contemplating cycles of time, to measuring the lives of races, to studying the development of civilizations, to marking the reign of historical law and the periodic recurrence of seemingly unique phenomena, he has already begun to be healed of his narrowness. There is so much to be learned from a knowledge of the origins of things. Comparison of times and of institutions teaches such startling facts. The emptiness of momentary success; the inexorable working of eternal hidden forces; the supremacy of tendencies which men commonly despise—to have studied the play of these elemental facts in the life of humanity is to have grown beyond the mental stature of a child. Therefore history—and above all comparative history—is a veritable priestess of truth. Nothing human can impress upon us a better sense of proportion than to see generations succeeding one another, each to raise up new idols and bequeath them to a posterity which pulls them rudely down and erects others of its own. When we have counted the figures in a long procession of nations and have marked how inevitably every one of them falls under the same old delusion with regard to the divine origin and the

eternal necessity of their customs and institutions, we are forever afterward less apt to be dogmatic, more ready to be open-minded with regard to the inherent sacredness of our own.

In short, any kind of mental development, any growth of the soul, tends in some wise to broaden the sweep of our vision, to open the mind. Worldly experience does it; love does it; study and meditation have the same effect—each in its own fashion—if other things are equal. The old are supposed to gather wisdom with the passing of years; in the same measure is it true that the mature become more patient of differences and more open of mind than the headstrong and impetuous youth. The lover is open-minded, because teachable—at least by the beloved. The soul of the mother has one more entrance than the soul of the childless. Part of the sinner's trouble is the narrowness of his view; at the moment of temptation, the evil thing seems to be all-important for his happiness, to be big enough to cover the whole field of vision—because the field of vision is very narrow and limited. Whereas the saint, who sees with far-sighted and eternal eyes, is aware of a world of considerations and mighty truths unsuspected by lesser men. He is open of mind in this and in other ways; and says with the Psalmist:

Ambulavi in latitudine:

Quia mandata tua exquisivi.

Though what has been said about the tendency of all development to enlarge and open the mind is true, other tendencies, as a matter of fact, may counterbalance this, or even make the individual narrower and less open than he was in a previous stage. But this much, at least, is sure, that all of us need to be more open-minded than we are, and readier for the correction of our faults or our opinions; and again, that many means are available for our improvement. To make use of these means is an obvious duty, to neglect them a fatal mistake. We may not realize this fully now; but we shall sooner or later. For, somehow and somewhere, the soul must learn heartily to love the truth, ere ever it can dwell with joy in the bosom of God.

LIFE AND MONEY.

III.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



ALL social facts are extremely complex. A general tendency may be neutralized by a local condition; we may point out the elements of a situation, and yet an expected result may fail to follow; our logic or our psychology may lead us to expect a given type of character in given circumstances, but the facts will at times disappoint us. Hence, in discussing briefly, in the preceding article, the spending of money, points of view were described and no effort was made to determine definitely the extent to which they dominated. In advancing in our study, we may examine into the characteristics of personal types—those of spender and of saver—under the same qualifications and reserve.

The type of spender and the type of saver are distinct results of different social processes. They are quite unlike in motives, ambitions, standards, in their philosophy of life, in their relations to industry and business, in their judgment of duty and of the pleasures of life. On the surface, the difference between them is in their attitude toward money; for the spender spends and does not save, while the saver saves and does not spend, except when compelled by admitted necessities, or the more sensible proprieties of life and the sense of duty. But back of that lie differences which might be traced out into farthest recesses of social organization and life. Whether or not one is spender or saver is not a matter of volition alone; it involves many factors which are in complex relation in the social order. The following rather long extract from a recent work in Economics shows the larger relations to progress of spending and saving.*

The habit of saving, that is, of subordinating the present

* Seligman, *Principles of Economics*, §§ 139, 167.

to the future, is the essential characteristic of progress. Primitive peoples are spendthrift—they have no thought of the morrow and lay by nothing. There is no accumulation of capital. Where the provision of immediate needs occupies the whole of one's time, there is no opportunity of developing those higher qualities that make for civilization. The formation of a continually growing surplus involves the saving of energy and the liberation of human efforts from the pressing needs of mere material existence. The growth of capital means the advance of civilization, because it implies more efficient labor, the growth of leisure and the freedom to turn attention to the scientific, æsthetic, and ethical aims of life. . . . The growth of capital is in itself, indeed, not sufficient to engender the highest form of civilization, but it is a fundamental prerequisite. Not all wealthy communities have been civilized in the best sense; but there never has been great art, great literature, or great science, except when there has been an abundance of capital. . . . A man who already possesses an income large enough to satisfy his daily wants, be they great or small, cannot do anything else with his surplus except to save it, and thus lead to the formation of fresh capital. If he is a maniac, he can, of course, physically destroy it, or the money represented by it; and if he is a fool, he can put capital to such stupid and unproductive uses that it will soon become worthless and disappear as an embodiment of value. But unless he wastes capital in these crude ways, he cannot help saving. . . . Our present estimate of each successive future use of a commodity diminishes as that use recedes into the future; but the extent to which we are willing to refrain from present consumption depends on the relative amount at our disposal. If we have a large quantity of a commodity, or a large sum of money with which to buy it, we can consume only a small portion now and may be quite ready to lay by the rest, because it does not involve any perceptible sacrifice. With every diminution in the amount at our disposal, however, the greater will be the importance which we attach to present satisfactions, and the more remote will appear the advantage of saving for the future. Finally, a point will be reached when these two considerations balance each other, and where we shall be on the margin of doubt whether to save or to spend. Beyond that point we shall surely not save, because we secure more satisfaction from present enjoyment.

It is, however, the personal side of these processes which is referred to now; the type of character that tends to appear through their influence.

1.

One may define income to be the amount of money or economic goods received regularly in a stated period, as day, month, year. It may be defined again as the total inflow of pleasurable sensations from economic goods. The former definition is in economic terms; the latter is in terms of life. The saver would employ the former, the spender might prefer the latter. For the spender is inclined to look upon income as a means to pleasure, to attractive clothing, choice food, travel, theatre, leisure; while the saver is inclined to look upon income as money, property, a means of security against future want. The social organization under which we live ordinarily expresses income in terms of money, and we express cost in the same way. The economist, however, takes cost to mean whatever is given up in order to get something else: sacrifice, labor, pain. It may be represented by money, but ultimately cost is reduced to sacrifice of some kind. If we were to analyze the types of spender and saver exhaustively, we should begin by studying their attitudes toward procuring income and differences in industry, in choice of labor, in kinds of occupation which they exclude or admit. In a word, we should know how they buy their incomes before they spend them. But for present purposes, that is not necessary. The main points to be considered are the types of spender and saver as revealed in their attitudes toward the disposal of income.

Incomes vary between extremes of abundance and wretchedness, but these extremes are not kept in mind. Income is taken as it ranges for the great majority of men and women, not too great to free them from question and concern, and not too limited to permit some freedom of choice.

Nor can one take account of all of the variations of motive that are included in each class. The spender may spend income selfishly, and with no other aim than to satisfy what a spiritual writer has called "violent necessities"; he may spend to maintain a social standing or to express affection as between husband and wife, parent and child; or to show a spirit of good-fellowship. The saver may save through a sense of am-

bition, duty, through fear of want, or by temperament. Allowing for this, only a general comparison is made.

II.

The spender lives in the present, while the saver lives in the future. Present joy or pleasure, present opportunity, present sensation, appeal directly and effectively to the spender. He is not much given, if at all, to any consideration of future. He enjoys full and varied life, is thoroughly social and hearty in enjoyment. The saver guides himself by what the economist calls future estimates. The future is very real to him. Future want, future responsibility, future opportunity of good, future leisure appeal to him far more strongly than present want or opportunity. Consequently, he compresses present life, simplifies present wants, enjoys in anticipation much more than in fact. The spender emphasizes present while the saver emphasizes future. Hence the latter excels the former in the cultivation of foresight, in the habit of self-discipline, and in the calculation of future risk. The two tend to develop habits of mind which hold them firmly, for the spender gradually loses the will to save, and the saver tends to lose the will to spend—beyond a given circle of wants. The spender's hearty enjoyment of to-day tends to blind him to to-morrow's responsibilities, while the saver's mental habit of postponing pleasure leads him into a mental condition wherein he loses his capacity to relax and enjoy. In a people, the degree of foresight that they develop is an index of progress in civilization; it is likewise, at present, proof of enlightened conscience and foresight in the individual up to the point where he recognizes the rights and value of to-day's pleasure, but not beyond.

The spender has many and varied wants. Living fully in the present as he does, he seeks to conform to many customs, to maintain exacting standards, and to live and act in a large way. He has more wants of appearance than real wants; he spends more on show than on necessities; and is governed largely by his social estimates and aims. The saver exempts himself from service to many of these things. He is less influenced by social considerations, less stirred by social ambitions, and less inclined to social illusion. Since many of our social wants are superfluous, and many social standards will not stand five minutes' scrutiny by common sense, the saver

escapes many occasions of really useless expense, and appears much more sensible, if at times less sympathetic with life than the spender.

Neither type, possibly, has a monopoly on wisdom, but undeniably the mistakes of the saver are as a rule the safer. From the standpoint of the nature of things, however, the spender is justified, for life is real and its reality is in the present. The moment that property begins to be more than a provision for future needs, and becomes an end, we behold actual misunderstanding of its nature and function. But in the present disorder of things, of self-dependence and actual risk, saving acquires a justifying character that commends it very strongly to the serious-minded, and forces the spender to appear in a less favorable light. We are, however, so far removed from the nature of things, that nearly everything must be judged conditionally.

The saver tends to be somewhat unsociable, not from dislike of society so much as by the fact that his view of life is serious, and his forms of indulgence, few. The spender is more social, for sociability is an element of his mental make-up. A hearty sympathy with humanity, a cheerful share in its short sighted merriment, to be found among spenders, furnish adequate foundation for varied association and companionship. Patten observes that the thrifty are held together more by their common dislike of the unthrifty than by positive social bonds.

The masses are spenders, and they love their own kind. Hence the spender is popular, while the public tends to ignore or dislike the saver. The failings of the spender are often more readily pardoned than the virtues of the saver. In a democracy, the spender gets the votes, particularly if the office that he seeks be close to the people, and personal contact may be to an extent expected. The Alaskan chief who at a "potlatch" distributes presents lavishly, in order to win the good will of admiring natives, is not unlike the aldermanic candidate who gives turkeys and cranberries to the poor in his ward at Christmas time. The boss, the grafter, the lobbyist, the promoter are but reflections, in a human life, of great truths of human nature. One such truth is that all the world loves a spender as well as a lover. The reformer, on the contrary, austere, ethical, and correct, not understanding the affections of the masses, seldom wins and never

manages them well. They miss the jovial, free, openhanded way of the spender and fail to follow.

The habit of saving enjoys little social prestige, except in small circles, where it may serve as a mark of distinction. The so-called higher circles have no thought of saving, as social rivalry is essentially a process of spending; the masses give it little thought, for they do not look to the future. Hence the saver is such by individual rather than by social force, by personal insight or ambition rather than through any stimulation from without. A curious effect of this is to be found in the manner in which sometimes a saver justifies his economies. Whenever he is called upon to explain, he is inclined to look for and allege some motive which may meet approval; for the mere motive of saving money is one which, in general, meets little sanction from a world of spenders. The few agents of instruction which occasionally preach or teach the saving of money and the suppression of extravagance, do not meet the success that their aim deserves.

Not even the example of rich men who have created and endowed great social works, such as asylums, hospitals, schools, libraries, museums, nor their unanimous teaching of simplicity, saving, and self-discipline, nor the practical value of it seen in daily life, has given the habit such prestige as would stimulate the thousands to be savers. One might almost say that Nordau's sarcastic page in *Paradoxes* on The Benefit of Debts as the basis of popularity, the pledge of success, and the condition of happiness, had in it more truth than sarcasm, when one recalls the abandon to present pleasures, the discredit of saving, and the disregard of debt, to be found on all sides.

The relations of the spender to the saver are interesting. As a rule, the former pities or condemns the latter for his lack of human sympathy, for his disciplined life, and blames him because he does not spend his money. The saver, on the other hand, sees little to approve in the spender's habits and disagrees with him in his estimates of propriety, good form, and duty. The spender condemns the saver for overestimating future risk, or want, or pleasure; and the latter finds fault with the former for forgetting the future and its obligations. The spender finds no justification or approval for the careful management of the saver, for his attention to small economies, his watchfulness against waste, mismanagement, his utilization of

odds and ends. The saver cannot pardon the thoughtlessness, waste, lack of management which, from his own standpoint, he sees in the spender.* Thus there is little sympathy between the two types.

The fates appear to make the saver, only too often, victim for the spender. When by thrift, foresight, and self-denial, a saver has accumulated capital, and has opened a corner grocery store in a busy neighborhood, the merry, care-free spender will buy from him and never pay the bills. When one gains the confidence of business men, one hears weary lamentations because of the persistent refusal or inability of many, who live well and carelessly, to pay their debts. Jail for debt may have been an evil, but it undoubtedly compelled many to pay what they owed—a blessing of no small proportions. A popular essayist tells us: "Ne'er-do-wellness is an expansive state. There are no natural limits to it. It develops broad views, and its peculiar virtues have a free field. It is different with well-to-doness, which is a precarious condition, with a very narrow margin of safety. The ne'er-do-well can afford to be generous, seeing that his generosity costs him nothing. He is free from all belittling calculations necessary to those who are compelled to adjust means to ends. He is indifferent to ends, and he has no means."

Not even the imposing and compelling discipline of business, nor the irksome necessity of labor, nor the positive delights of leisure, appear to engender the habit of saving, as might be expected. Modern business is built up through rigid economy, elaborate care in the utilization of waste, and most careful attention to detail, yet the tens of thousands engaged in industry and business do not, by any means, appear to be influenced uniformly in their habits of expenditure. Veblin, in his acute study of the leisure class, finds that the pecuniary and the industrial activities affect men differently, the latter failing to engender the habit of thrift. Not even dime banks, savings banks, and similar inducements, succeed in winning

* Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, in a recent speech in Louisville on Economy, said: "As to the household, no one will question that our people are spendthrifts, earning money freely, and wasting it to such an extent as to make it proverbial that what is thrown out of our kitchens would support frugal people in almost any country in Europe. While we have in recent years become, in no small measure, manufacturers, we are still essentially an agricultural people, producing from the soil more than we consume, and exporting the surplus; hence any sum, however small, which on the average is saved by each citizen, redounds to the benefit of all by increasing our accumulated capital."

over the masses to the habit of saving. Insurance is a genteel form of saving, but the spender will borrow on his policy when he wishes, and defeat his own foresight.

One might add to the two classes of spenders and savers, others which are less pronounced, and which mingle in a way many of the traits of both. There are the balanced, careful men and women, with objective judgment, fair self-control, and a good sense of the proprieties of life, of its humor, and its obligations, who neither underrate nor overrate present or future. With them, prudence is always itself, and foresight does not dim the vision of the present. There are, then, the savers who save in order to give, to further good works, who save because of their views of life and pleasure, regardless of abundance of means. There are, finally, those who are alternately savers and spenders; men and women who save methodically in order to accumulate amounts required for some form of pleasure to which they are given. Mr. W. D. Howells, in writing of English Idiosyncrasies in the *North American Review*, tells us "that families in very humble station save the year round for these vacations, and, having put by twelve or fifteen pounds, repair to some such waterside as Blackpool, or its analogue in their neighborhood, and lavish them upon the brief joy of the time." This type, which, in fact, belongs to the spenders, is met so frequently that further illustration is unnecessary.

It is evident that many forces are at work, positively and negatively, in producing the two main types, and many circumstances of one's time are, as well, factors. The spender type represents a form of life, the saver, a form of discipline of life. Incentive to saving must have been found, originally, in conditions of climate, in uncertainty of food supply, in pressure of population on a limited supply. Originally, in a short-sighted people of low culture, it is simply present self-denial undertaken to obtain future pleasure or security. It is a long, slow process that has given us to-day's condition in civilization, where individual and family are left to themselves; where nearly all law, social direction, and calculation are directed toward future and not to present; where the last generation provided for us and we provide for one which is to follow; where property has acquired character as an end as well as a means, and where nearly all ambitions are condi-

tioned on it, nearly all standards are measured by it, and social classifications are dependent on it. Thus it has come to pass that we classify men as spenders and as savers, instead of rating them as sharing life wisely or unwisely. And we teach the young to save money, when we should teach them how to live; we allow men and women to believe that saving as saving is wise and right, when intrinsically it cannot be either. Life is everything, duty is supreme, life's ideals cannot have any other than an external and accidental relation to money. Right teaching on life and its discipline; right ordering of the individual's relation to society and of society's relation to the individual; the diminution of risk and elimination of conditions which give such powerful sanction to the habit of saving, are reforms to be introduced before we may safely attempt to change our traditional teaching. Meantime, it remains unmistakably a wise practice to save money, prepare for the future, and subject our desires, likes, and dislikes to such discipline as this involves. This leads us to a position wherein we may see an interesting phase of the relations of Socialism and the present order. Socialism appears as the alleged champion of life; its aim professedly is to eliminate the motive for saving as well as the need of it, to exalt life to primacy in society, and to terminate the tyranny of money. The defender of the present order is made to appear, in some way, as the champion of money against life.

In spite of all that is ugly, hateful, dangerous, and untrue in the contentions and charges of Socialism against the actual order, there is an undeniable charm in its ideal and a degree of fascination in its aim. If one might live life as fully as Socialism promises, one might be sure of happiness and "heaven on earth"; the "kingdom of God here and now," and be freed from the necessity of saving.

Before undertaking to study the relations of spending and saving to the progress of Socialism, it may be well, after having described briefly the types of spender and of saver, to ask: Who are spenders and who are savers? These questions will draw attention back from the personal type to the social process, from which standpoint a study of Socialism may be more easily made.

STUDIES ON FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

BY M. D. PETRE.

IV.

SUPERMAN.

THE conception of the superman is not so new as the name, nor did even the latter entirely originate with Nietzsche. But he it was who gave to both a particular and definite shape, and started the superman on his capricious course of adventure. Like the monster of Frankenstein, he now stalks the earth independent of his maker, and we will not make Nietzsche responsible for all the vagaries of his cherished creation. Our task will be rather, as in the other points we have considered, to fix attention on the positive and original elements of Nietzsche's conception, dwelling less on its negative aspect. It is more helpful to ourselves, as it is also more just and more generous and more true, to correct the worst of a writer by his own best, than to satisfy ourselves by triumphantly indicating the weak points of his system.

The superman of Nietzsche is a strange, mixed being; often enough repugnant and self-contradictory. He is ostensibly proposed to us as a substitute for God; a kind of human Tower of Babel, who shall reach from earth to heaven by his own unaided force. It is, in many respects, an impious conception, in others a revolting one, mingled as it is with the advocacy of cruelty and lust. It is also an anti-popular, an anti-democratic conception, based on disregard for the weak and oppressed, on sympathy for the strong and tyrannical. And yet the evil is not altogether unqualified; there is gold as well as clay in the composition of the superman. Some of the best points of Nietzschean philosophy culminated in this, his last and favorite creation.

The conception itself is both real and ideal; Nietzsche looks partly to the production of an individual or individuals, partly to that of a type. The superman was sometimes Nietzsche

himself, in the person of Zarathoustra; sometimes a being that was yet to come. It is not very clear if he believed in a future universal reign of the superman, or if he held that it would always be an exceptional appearance. This point is obscure, as is also that of the connection of this idea with another of his leading theories, the doctrine, namely, of the "Ewige Wiederkehr," or Eternal Recurrence.

This latter belief positively haunted Nietzsche; and, in the person of Zarathoustra, he gives us an account of the agony with which he realized it. Past, present, future, were but the points of a never-ending circular movement, everything past would come again, everything future had already been. We cannot here enter on a consideration of this theory, which has been often discussed in the history of philosophy. We only note it here because, in spite of its apparent lack of harmony with any theory of real progress, such as the superman would eminently represent, it always appears in close connection with this latter idea. It might be possible to harmonize this contradiction, and Nietzsche might say that the superman is he who surmounts this iron law of recurrence by his very acceptance of it; the answer is, however, not wholly satisfactory.

The superman is also obviously connected with Nietzsche's "immoralism"; he is the one who has found his way "beyond good and evil." The *moral* man is the *superbrute*; the brute, that is, who has risen to the perception of law. The *superman* is he who has passed beyond this perception, who unites the instinctive lawlessness of the brute with the intelligent lawlessness and spontaneity of the super-moral man.

I.

THE RIGHTS OF THE MANY AND THE RIGHTS OF THE FEW.

In 1874 we find the following interesting passage in a letter to Nietzsche from his friend Rohde:

December 13.—"Is there anywhere a sensible account of the profound revolution wrought in the condition and aims of intellectual life by the abolition of slavery? . . . Obviously the supreme goal of Greek culture, the right of scholarly leisure, was hereby placed out of reach, and, with it, many hardships which were a condition of this principle, so often perverted, like everything that is human. Nevertheless, the fair-

est fruits of culture have also been lost thereby, and can never flourish again."

In these words we have the statement of a very real problem, and, however strong our democratic tendencies may be, however little we may be disposed to build even the fairest edifice on the living bodies of our fellow-creatures, the fact still remains, that some of the greatest benefactors of the human race have been its thinkers, and that we owe some of the first of those thinkers, a Socrates, a Plato, to a system we now abhor.

Nor is it only the philosophical, but likewise the æsthetic ideal which thrives under these conditions. There are rare exotic thoughts, delicate shades of feeling and perception, which have a human as well as a personal value, but which can hardly be conceived of as existing under the stress of material necessity.

"Often I find myself saying, in irony is it? or earnest?

'Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich, be sublime in great houses.

Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet.

Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should gleam on your foreheads.

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness, Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you, Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous, only be lovely Not for enjoyment truly; for Beauty and God's great glory.'"

The problem is here turned on the rights of mere beauty to thrive on a certain forgetfulness of surrounding want and necessity. We cultivate hot-house plants, just for the sake of their loveliness; why not also hot-house souls, souls tempered to every fine perception and emotion, guarded from the sharp east wind of material duties. In the days of Plato, such a notion was accepted without any difficulty; the high thinking of the few was made possible by the plain living and hard work of the many. But with us, however much such a state of things

"The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." By A. Clough.

may exist, we cannot accept the fact with equanimity; we are restless and dissatisfied until we find some solution of the problem.

To Nietzsche this solution was plain and defined; he believed in the few and not in the many. "This," says Zarathoustra, "is what my love for the distant demands of me, *to have no care for my nearest.*" Mercilessness towards the many, the near, the average, in order to contribute to the production of the few, the distant, the eminent. The policy that would pursue "the greatest good of the greatest number" was abhorrent to him, as tending to perpetuate a low standard of attainment. He did not deny the necessity of sacrifice for the sake of a future and higher ideal, but he held that a democratic philosophy was opposed to the attainment of any ideal at all. In his earlier days he had said:

"Every young man should have this sentiment planted and nourished in him, that he is to regard himself as one of Nature's failures, but as also a proof of her great and wonderful intention; she succeeded ill, he must say to himself, but I will honor her intention by serving towards her better future success." *

The end and intention of moral conduct were precisely those elements thereof which Nietzsche most emphatically condemned; but the end and intention of Nature he treated with all reverence and submission. This was because he conceived the intention of Nature as hidden, immeasurable, in a sense infinite; whereas he held that any definite intention of man was essentially limitative.

In the same way to oppose Nature's provision for the destruction of the weak and useless was to put a near and limited aim, such an aim as man by his own power can conceive, in the place of the greater and more remote aim of Nature. Ten thousand average men were not, in his mind, worth one noble specimen.

This is not a doctrine entirely strange to theology, though it is differently interpreted in practice. Nor is it so easy to conciliate, by a superficial consideration, the conflicting rights of the few and the many. When it is sometimes our lot to see a brave and noble man, cramped, diminished, attenuated in his powers of mind and heart, by the service of those whose

* *Schopenhauer als Erzieher.* Pp. 61-62.

multitude is paltry beside his single personality, we are sometimes tempted to ask with Nietzsche: "Whence is progress to come, so long as the strong are ever standing back to wait on the steps of the weak?" And yet who would or could say that the noble are to fulfil their destiny by walking over the bodies of their feeble brethren? What then is the answer to this complex difficulty?

Perhaps the words of Professor Eucken,* in which he deals with a different but kindred problem, that of the mutual relations of the individual and society, will help us here. For the rights of the many may be taken as those for which society has chiefly to cater, rights which are common and general; the rights of the few, which Nietzsche so stoutly maintained, may stand for those of the individual, which are private and sometimes exceptional.

Professor Eucken raises the whole discussion to a higher standpoint, when he shows us how the deep, underlying spiritual life of the universe must be the source of both social and individual life and rights, each drawing strength and fullness therefrom, or both grow empty and superficial. Neither is the individual dependent chiefly on society, nor society on the individual; more immediate than they are to each other is that eternal life to both.

So that, we may safely add, in order to apply this lesson to our own subject, the respective rights and status of the individual in regard to society, as of the few in regard to the many, are to be proportioned, not by their relations to one another, but by their relations to that greater whole.

In so far as the individual depends on society for his share of these nobler goods, he is to be reverent, submissive, obedient to society; and this is the foundation of the obedience of the citizen to the State, of the faithful to the Church. In so far, on the other hand, as the community is dependent on the individual for a higher participation of spiritual life, then the community owes a certain deference and docility to its teachers.

Now to Nietzsche, if we take his teaching in a fair and generous sense, there is no doubt that those few, to whom he would so ruthlessly sacrifice the many, represent just that nobler and more spiritual element; the men of higher perceptions, of wider vision, of stronger will, of richer performance.

* *Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart.* By Professor Rudolph Eucken.

He was right in thinking that it was a disaster, not only for themselves, but for the world at large, if men such as these were forced to abjure the right use of their higher faculties, and make themselves the servants of baser-born natures, stifling their aspirations, exhausting their powers in the pursuit of the dull ends of ordinary mankind. Some of his violent invective of the weak, and open admiration for the exercise of sheer brutal strength, may be partly excused as the expression of his disapproval of this cult of the *average*; the *Durchschnitts-Leben* of Eucken. The popular plea for "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," too often means that there is to be none of the noblest happiness for any at all; that the valleys are to be filled up with the débris of the mountain peaks. But the glory of the mountain is really for God and itself and for the valleys as well. On its summit appears, to the lowly dwellers beneath, the first glory of the morning, the last splendor of the day; and in its shadow they are protected from the storms which the great and noble are the first to endure. We must remember too that Nietzsche allowed of no eminence which was not founded on self-conquest. A Kempis himself has not taught us, more persistently and emphatically, that the nearest and the deadliest enemy of man is his own self. And one of the deepest reasons for his contempt of the ordinary man was that he thought him incapable of exercising the sternest self-discipline, or of enduring the keenest suffering. The average man flies from pain; his superman was to find in it the richest sources of life.

But here were the faults which vitiated his system, which made it seem a plea for the self-assertion of the few and the strong at the cost of the many and the weak.

First, much as he endeavored to dissociate himself from Darwin, the doctrine of physical evolution obsessed him, and he imported it, to an extent he himself never conceived, into his own more spiritual philosophy. He saw that the ways of Nature were ruthless and unsparing; that the *Raub-Thier*, the beast of prey, was a necessary element in her constitution. The *Raub-Thier* has no altruistic considerations, and we can hardly conceive of an orderly universe in which the owl should give himself up to the service of the mouse, or the lion lay down his life for the lamb. But the owl and the mouse, the lion and the lamb, at least in these respects, are part of the

material and not of the spiritual universe; they partake of those goods which are lessened by division; the advantage of the one is, individually, positively, antagonistic to that of the other; the good of the whole is advanced by the suffering of the part.

This is the scheme of physical nature which Nietzsche thoughtlessly transferred to a different order, in which the advance of the one is not dependent on the defeat of the other. A spiritual *Raub-Thier* is as monstrous and absurd a conception as would be that of an angelic vampire. We do not want to consume the spiritual essence of our neighbor in order to grow stronger ourselves; if we gain anything from him it is in so far as, through him, we partake more fully of an infinite and inexhaustible *beyond*.

Furthermore, Nietzsche ascribed the temperament of the *Raub-Thier* just to those who are furthest removed from it. We will not pretend to think that man has nothing in common with the beast of prey, nor even that he should have nothing in common with it. But it is precisely in his average actions, in his life as one of a people or crowd, that this element is predominant and conspicuous. A populace or a mob is, in humanity, what most resembles the brute creation, just because it is irrational and impersonal; while the nobler the personality, the further is it removed from the nature of the beast. Hence Nietzsche made a colossal mistake in likening his superman to the *Raub-Thier*; for the very nobility of his aims would raise him above the field of vulgar, material competition.

And the second great defect of his doctrine concerning the few and the many, or the superman and the average man, is that, by thus cutting off the exceptional individual from all relation to a greater world without, he makes it impossible to find for him any substantial and independent justification. That such individuals *have* a right and a justification we would most firmly maintain, but it cannot be found save in something which is greater than themselves, though immanent to them, just as it is also greater than, though also immanent in, the crowd beneath. The superman must, in fact, be judged in his relations to humanity by that which is greatest in them both, though also surpassing either; no relative standard of rights can be based on qualities which are present in one man

and wholly lacking in the rest. The conception of Nietzsche's superman needs for its complement the conception of Eucken's *Geistes-Leben* (Spirit-life); or else we merely substitute for the fallacies of altruism those of egoism, and for the tyranny of the many, the tyranny of the few. Man and superman must converge in something greater; must meet in those interests which admit of no rivalry, because they are infinite and eternal.

II.

PARASITISM.

One of the chief characteristics of the superman was self-assertion or independence; this independence was developed into a system of absolute isolation, an isolation in which Zarathoustra and the superman shared the fate of Nietzsche himself. They went amongst men to give of their superabundance, but to receive nothing in return; they went back into solitude, having gained nothing but an added contempt for mankind.

As I have already said, I believe that Nietzsche was more uniform and continuous in his development than is generally supposed. Already, in his earliest works, we have some hints of the superman, and abundant hints of this characteristic of self-assertion. In the treatise on Schopenhauer are already undeniable traces of his fundamental disagreement with that philosopher on this very point. For the "resignation" of Schopenhauer was totally opposed to the self-assertion of Nietzsche. Schopenhauer was inspired by the sorrows of life to utter an emphatic *No* to individual existence; this was his method of conquering pain, a method of denial. Nietzsche, recognizing also, as indeed his own circumstances forced him to recognize, the miseries of earthly existence, passed eventually to the very opposite extreme in his practical solution; pain was to be conquered, not by denial, but by a more vigorous affirmation of life in the very face of it; an affirmation which should transform it from the destroyer to the fulfiller of life, one of its richest and most fruitful elements. This is indeed the prevalent note of Nietzsche's philosophy, for which many sins and errors should be forgiven him. If the superman was to assert himself at the expense of others, he was to do so far more at his own cost, by the steady, persistent conquest of all moods of cowardice

and weakness. He was to welcome pain and ennui and old age itself. "Selbst die Langeweile"; "even tedium or ennui," says Nietzsche, must be surmounted in the ever onward life of the soul.

"Selbst die Langeweile," "even ennui"; those who have experience will appreciate the value of the particle, as Nietzsche well shows that he himself appreciated it. He had known that most deadly of battles, the wrestle with his own tired, weary self; that struggle to be alive in mind and heart, when even the wish seems to be sealed in apathy.

Too dear the purchase one pays for life
In such a heart-wasting hour of strife.*

That hour when life seems not even worth fighting for.

Old age, too, not the old age that must inevitably, sooner or later, arrive, with its white hair and its furrowed countenance, but the old age of tired mind and stiffened heart, was to be overcome by the superman.

"Wie alt ich bin! Wie jung ich kann noch werden!" says Nietzsche in more than one of his letters. "How old I am! How young I may yet become!"

Like the pain that was to find its end and its issue in joy, so was age to hand over its treasures of experience to a renewed youth; its gains preserved, its losses overcome.

"Profound is the sorrow of the world, but its *joy is still deeper*. Sorrow says: 'Pass on and end,' but joy demands an eternity—a profound eternity."†

We are meeting, in this ideal of humanity, the ideal of art with which we have already made acquaintance.‡ Nietzsche's aim in both was the full, the self-assertive, the strong, the militant, the creative type, as against that which is needy, dependent, delicate, plaintive, parasitic. The superman is to give of his superabundance, to pour forth on others the overflow of his own riches. It is an absurdity for the needy man to bestow alms, he has not the wherewithal; he will part only with his own refuse and disease.

"Wish nothing beyond your strength," says Zarathoustra; a sentence which reminds us of Marcus Aurelius, and his "Do nothing against thy own will." The supreme enemy of the

* *Peer Gynt*. Ibsen.

† *Zarathoustra*.

‡ *Id.* January number.

superman is the parasite, a being exactly opposite in its characteristics.

"The most loathsome beast that I have found amongst men," says Zarathoustra, "is that which I have named parasite; it loves not, but would live on love."

"In the spot where the strong are weak, where the noble are over tender, there the parasite builds its horrid nest; dwelling in the sick corners of the great man . . . and it is just the highest species which harbors the largest number of parasites."

In the *Genealogie der Moral* many pages are consecrated to the same theme. "The sick," he says, "are the greatest danger of the strong"; and he develops the evil of contagion, the weakening effect on the best and highest of continually sinking to the lower level. We know already how he applied his rules to himself, and how he shrank from pity in his own sufferings.

Let philanthropists cry out as they may, we cannot seriously deny the existence of the evil of which Nietzsche speaks. If there have been times when the strong protected themselves at the expense of the weak, there is perhaps somewhat a reversal of the order at present. Do we not often see the physical health of an entire family deteriorating under the influence and demands of one sick member? And, in the intellectual and moral order, does not the same thing happen more frequently, and with still more deadening results? Well enough, did the weak at least profit by the strong, did they gain what the others lost. But too often there is no such result. The true parasite possesses the secret of exhausting ten vigorous natures without growing stronger himself.

Let us not leave this matter open to misapprehension. There are those who are sick and suffering, in body or soul, but who are not, for this, to be termed parasites. Like the old Cumberland beggar of Wordsworth, they are a blessing to the rest of the world. The strength expended on them adds to their own, and they make a return, though in a different kind.

But in these days, when we call our friend "strong and healthy" in order to insult him, there is a form of weakness which desires to be weak; which uses up the strength of others to realize all the details of its own misery. Disease has a life

of its own as well as health, and some live by their disease and make as many as they can, live by it also. This is the parasite—a being which may be rightly guarded against and restrained.

But Nietzsche forgot that the parasite also must receive his share of the exhortation. So long as we believe in the individual human soul, we cannot think that any nature is wholly and hopelessly parasitic. There must be some sound healthy point from which the lever may be worked. We have, most of us, the parasitic corners of our nature; but the strictly parasitic have also surely some healthy spot; some noble element to which we may appeal. We do not good, but harm, when our sympathy helps the weak to remain weak; our assistance is pernicious when it brings no appreciable result. It is easier to pity than to strengthen, but the former without the latter is an injury and not a benefit. We must adopt, both for ourselves and others, that other maxim of Zarathoustra, remembering that "it is the way of noble souls to take nothing for nothing"; and that, we must "not even wish to enjoy without also giving joy in return." We must remember, in fact, that weakness, however much sympathy it may manage to obtain, is still weakness; that misery, even though pitied, is still misery. We must not glory in our shame, in our power of exciting interest in our own sores and wounds. We must practice the noblest self-help, and not drain others without any real good to ourselves. The true glory of the sufferer is not in his power of exciting commiseration, but in his power of transforming his pain into a triumphant joy. For Zarathoustra is right, and joy, not pain, is the deeper element of life.

III.

THE FATE OF THE SUPERMAN.

Nietzsche overlooked one inevitable constituent of his much-loved creation—the element of devotion. All men, he thought, should conspire by their sacrifices to the production of the superman; he forgot that it is just this latter in whom the element of self-sacrifice will be ever the strongest. It is not the weak who yield themselves up for the good of the strong; the mean for the noble; but just the opposite. The first

action of the *superman* would be to place himself at the feet of the *under-man*, to serve and not command.

Nietzsche would have stoutly contradicted such a theory, and, so long as he confined himself to the Napoleonic type, with logic and justice. But his superman was more than a Napoleon; he was a spiritual, not a material conqueror. And these are just the men who neglect themselves for others and for something greater; who have the least sense of their private importance because they have the greatest sense of an imperishable ideal, and an immortal aim. In vain were Nietzsche's doctrine of unselfishness to such men. It is the best, and not the worst, who give themselves for their brethren; it is the richest and not the poorest who are self-wasting and spendthrift.

And so the superman, if he came at all (and he once did come), would come to die and not to live. And this in no spirit of pessimism and mere resignation, but in that of joy and hope. His belief in a reality greater than himself, in a fuller life lying hidden in his own soul, as in that of the weakest of his brethren, would strengthen him to sacrifice his own existence to the accomplishment of that nobler ideal in his own heart and in the hearts of all mankind. The superman would come on earth to lay down his life for the rest of mankind.

LE BRAZ—THE POET OF "LA PETITE BRETAGNE."

BY JOSEPH DUNN, PH.D.



HE express for Brest, if you please?"

"Five o'clock, sir. Yes; it is due at Rennes at midnight."

At the Gare Montparnasse the line of travelers, with their hand baggage, waited for the wicket to open and admit them to the long train of red-brown coaches marked *Ouest*.

A fine prospect, I thought. It will be pleasant to sit for seven hours on the wooden bench of a dimly-lighted compartment. But I was not destined to be alone in the gloom. Now one and then a second head poked in at the window and asked if there was room. With the foresight of the French, the new-comers had provided themselves the where-withal to add comfort to the journey. The younger passenger, apparently a student, took a small pillow from his valise and placed it snugly under his head and shoulders; after a while, the older man produced a bag of rolls and a bottle of dark-blue wine.

Versailles, Saint-Cyr, Rambouillet, Maintenon, with all their memories, flew by in the night; the few scattered lights of Les-Essarts-le-Roi, Nogent-le-Rotrou, Yvré-l'Evêque, La Millese-la-Bazoge blinked at us furtively. The origin of their odd, mediæval names was more than we could conjecture.

By the big towns we sped, Le Mans, Laval, wrapped in sleep; from this point the rails are laid on Breton soil, but the names of the rivers, villages, hills, are still Roman and, as a conscientious philologist, though half asleep, I murmur their etymon.

By the time our destination is reached, Celtic names predominate over the Latin, and we alight at Rennes, which, in Gaulish times, was the stamping-ground of the Redones, a tribe whose name survives in that of their chief town, and who dwelt along the Visnaine, or Vicinonia, as it was called in Gallo-Roman times. This same river has given the name to

the Department and, by chance, has evolved into the same form as the French *vilaine*, with whose meaning, however, it has nothing in common.

Our *Joanne* or *Baedeker* tells us that Rennes was formerly the capital of independent Brittany, the residence of its dukes and the seat of its parliament. They inform us that, in the eighteenth century, the city was almost entirely destroyed by a fire which lasted a week; that it has a population of some seventy-five thousand, and is one of the most important military posts of France, being the headquarters of the Tenth Army Corps; that it is pre-eminently the Catholic and university city of Brittany and the undisputed centre of the intellectual life of the Province. They mention the bishops, historians, *littérateurs*, publicists, scientists, lawyers, artists, and politicians, down to Boulanger, who have made it illustrious, and then, like the truthful and trustworthy guides they are, they add, under the breath as it were, that it is a dull, silent town, and that a few hours' visit will suffice for the hurried tourist to inspect it.

The city spreads on a lovely plain; in contrast with which are the black forests against the low, heavy, skyline. Yellow-gray paths, marked by rows of stubby willows, stretch across the fields. I love the *haute-ville*, with its massive buildings, severe and cold, its broad promenades and spacious squares, too ample, in fact, for the number of its people; the *basse-ville*, where the barracks are and the tottering old houses beetling over the cobbles of the dark, narrow, winding streets. Here, along the Vilaine, which flows in a heavy stream between solid walls of granite, and separates the upper from the lower town, are the *Quais de Laimennais, de Saint-Yves, d'Orléans, de Chateaubriand, and de l'Université*.

It was a unique class that met about sunset in one of the bare *salles* of the *Faculté des lettres* for the conferences of M. le doyen Loth on the Breton dialects. Not only were all the hearers Celtologues, but they were Celts themselves, all but one being *bretonnantes*, that is, Breton speakers, and, what is still more remarkable, no two of them speaking the same dialect. Guillom's georgic was the text about which M. le doyen wove his learned commentary, but, being himself a *bas-Vannetais* from Guéméné-sur-Scorff, and the poem being in the *haut-Vannetais*, the reading of the original was assigned to "Job

er Gléan," the author of several mysteries that are played in the popular tongue, and a native of the very bourg where Guillem had been born. The phonetic variations of the Léonard were furnished by the bard "Glanmor," while the antiquarian and folklorist, "Ar Bretaer," to call them all by their bardic names, had the pronunciation peculiar to the *Cornouillais*. The *Café de la renaissance*, not far away, was the resort to which the enthusiasts adjourned to discuss those questions for which there was no time nor place in the class-room. Although these reunions were only a distant echo of the Celtic dinners over which Renan used to preside at Paris, nevertheless the topics of Celtic art and letters and Pan-Celtism, at least, had not changed for the coterie of neophytes who, in regular Breton fashion, sat over bowls of cider, all except the abbé, who sipped an *Amer-Picon*.

To the group who followed the lectures on Celtic philology in the imposing gray building that looks upon the Vilaine, must be added the name of one who, in the course on Breton dialectology, was the source of our information on the idiom of Tréguier, and who has since those days been promoted to one of the professorships of French literature at the University.

But it is not of M. Anatole le Braz, the savant, *docteur ès lettres*, historian of the theatre of the Celts, *littérateur*, whose writings have appeared in the *Revue Celtique*, the *Annales de Bretagne*, and less specialized reviews, and whose poems and novels have been crowned by the Academy, that I am to tell here, but of Le Braz as the poet of the Bretons' "*petite patrie*," and the successor of Brizeux, Luzel, Renan.

Of these three forerunners, who have added so much to Brittany's share in the glory of French literature, the spirit of the last mentioned, as I think, is the one that Le Braz shares least. A devout admirer and compatriot of Ernest Renan, born in that same corner of the mountains of Trégor, whose rude natural beauty he has described with wonderful power and delicacy, Le Braz has devoted many pages to the childhood of the author of the *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse* and to his school days at the Collège de Tréguier, down to the erection, very recently, of the famous statue which was the cause of so much strife and which now stands face to face with the Gothic porch of the Cathedral, a jarring note to the bells that never ceased to tinkle in the wanderer's ears.

So great was the perseverance, exactitude, and zeal of François-Marie Luzel, as a seeker out and collector of the scattered remains of the native folklore and the oral tradition, that he was known as the "Wandering Jew of Brittany"; but the disciple has outstripped the master in his pious pilgrimages to the shrines of his country's past. To the collaboration of the two is due the *Gwerziou Breiz-Izel*, Popular Songs of Brittany. One can appreciate the poignant interest of the little dramatic pieces that form this collection, even without referring to the Breton originals, from the tragic story of *Tryphina Keranglas*. The episode of this poem could not but have been suggested by Brizeux' *Marie*; it is distinctively Breton, and, in spite of the French language, to which the theme is foreign, Le Braz has succeeded to a remarkable degree in preserving the quaintness tinged with melancholy that characterizes this class of popular songs.

In the preface to *Tryphina Keranglas* he says:

Il me plaît de vivre au vieux temps
Où notre race eut son printemps. . . .
Comme la nuit, couvert de voiles,
Il est, comme elle, plein d'étoiles!

Brittany is, more than any other, the land of the past, and many of its legends live as fresh in the memory of the Breton of to-day as when they first took form in the minds of his distant ancestors. To my mind, the great value of Le Braz' work lies in this, that he has taken his inspiration from the Breton soul and is moved by sympathy for the people and the customs of his native land.

Ici se songe encore le songe des vieux ages,

he sings, and it has been his privilege to save the greatest number of these souvenirs from the wreckage of his country's heritage, and to express them with absolute sincerity.

These pictures form an album of photographs of the Breton Celt, with his deep-set blue-gray eyes and far away look; the strong nose, the pensive smile on the thin, set lips. Scarcely a phase of life in *la Bretagne bretonnante*, except the Morbihan, whose dialects are not so familiar to Le Braz, that has escaped

his observation and that does not find a place in this collection. Who has told so exquisitely and touchingly the wealth of sentiment attached to one of the most interesting survivals of mediæval Europe—the *pardons*—those half-religious, half-festive observances which are the greatest events chronicled in the simple calendar of a Breton village. It is not to the *pardon* of Sainte Anne at Auray, best known to tourists who follow the beaten track, that *Au Pays des pardons* is devoted, but to the patrons of countless chapels and wayside Calvaries hidden among the valleys and mountains. In it Le Braz brings out the religious lore and the depth and delicacy of that form of worship which, only the other day, a Cornishman declared to be the most beautiful of all religions—Breton Catholicism.

A stratum of paganism, into which Christianity did not filter down, still remains deep in the Breton heart; the fountains and the standing stones are still regarded with a certain awe and veneration. Fatalism, a strong belief in dreams, curious superstitions and practices in regard to the dead, and familiar conversation with those beyond the tomb are so imbedded in the Breton nature that some would regard as strikingly symbolic the *menhir* which the early missionaries, far from casting down, surmounted with a cross.

This uncanny preoccupation with the idea of death, and its curious personification *Ankou*, is the constant theme of *La Légende de la mort chez les Bretons Armoricaïns*. These weird tales and the *gwerziou*,* the *soniou*,† and the lives of saints are the staple of entertainment of the long winter evenings in a Breton cottage. *Les Noces noires de Guernaham* introduces us to several of these solemn meetings, which begin as soon as the night prayers have been said in common as in the old patriarchal times. "They are the charm of the rustic life in Brittany," says Le Braz, "these *veillées*, and perhaps the most significant manifestation of the old clan spirit. . . . Every farmhouse of any importance becomes the traditional rendezvous of the less fortunate peasants of the neighborhood. They arrive in bands from every side. The men carry the hemp to be combed, the women come carrying their distaff fastened by a ribbon under the arm. Each one takes a place

* The *gwerziou* comprise historical, legendary, fantastic, and narrative songs.

† The *soniou* comprise love songs, comic or satirical songs, and marriage songs—in a word, lyric poetry.

where he finds it, and all who come are welcome, not excepting even the beggars in search of a bed, nor the itinerant singers and chapmen and the vagrant pedlars of images. The housewife receives them all with the time-honored greeting: 'Take a stool and come near the fire.'" Then, at the word from the man of the house, enthroned in his armchair of massive oak, and while the warm cider is passed around in yellow earthen ladles, each one speaks in turn. And, through the night, behind the crucifix carved in the panels of the great *lit clos*, they dream over the spectres they had just shuddered at or of the eyes whose secrets they had tried to read.

Le Braz draws on his recollections of childhood for the truth of these scenes. He has taken the legends and traditions from the lips of their latest guardians. If it be true, as the Breton and the Irish proverbs have it, that it takes nine tailors to make a man, it may be retorted, without gainsay, that it takes nine men to make as good a story-teller. Curiously enough, many of the sayings and adventures that have the tailor as hero are common to Ireland and Brittany, and doubtless are derived from a common source. In the one land as in the other the country snip revolves in a fixed orbit. His advent and stay at a farmer's house, perchance to accoutre the gallants for a wedding, is an event long to be remembered. The old women, who pass the time winding flax as they sit on a grass-covered mound while they watch the cows, are also faithful depositories of the old traditions; or, again, the shepherd boy, the *bugel*, the Irish *buachaill*, who dreams on a lonely height under the stars and sings his song to the sheep and the neighboring hills. The strolling makers of wooden shoes accumulate a stock of stories as they trudge from place to place, but no one has had better opportunities in this respect than the old women who are engaged by those who are unable themselves to make the *tro Breiz*, the visit to the seven principal shrines of Brittany, which is still, to some extent, believed by every Breton to be essential to the salvation of his soul. Smugglers, charcoal burners, cordwainers, are the story-tellers of the *Contes du soleil et de la brume*, which, if not so thrilling as some of Le Braz' other works, yet show his fine sensibility for the imaginative beauty and simplicity of the tales by which the native soul is enchanted.

It must not be overlooked, however, that not a little of the charm of these pictures is due to the picturesqueness, strangeness, and antiquity of the frame in which they are set.

O Breiz-izel, ô kaera vro!

Koat enn he c'hreis, mor enn he zro!

O Brittany, my own dear land,

The woods in thy heart and the sea round about!

are lines from some Breton poet. This customary division of Brittany into *Argoat* (the wooded land) and *Armor* (on the sea) is observed by Le Braz, and both parts are described with inimitable skill. We follow him through the religious silence of the Forest of Paimpont where, at Brocéliandre, Viviane still holds Merlin under an invisible charm, across the moors, waving with the yellow *ajoncs* toward the rose-colored spires of embroidered stone, whence rises the thin, faint sound of bells tolling the Angelus from village to village as darkness falls on the little Breton communities.

I know not whether the poetic spirit of the race lingers with greater delight upon these fragments of Arcadia or upon the needles of granite that gird the "Bay of the Dead." The gentle melancholy that pervades the Breton landscape is unmistakable here as there; it is undoubtedly more penetrating in Armor under the clouds that rush in troops across the wind-swept sky. It is an indelible impression of desolation and abandonment that we receive on the dismal days that mark the beginning of winter on these granite slopes; the colorless sand-banks on the strand, the weather-beaten Calvaries extending their gray arms against the grayer horizon and the blackened, misty cliffs that face the sea.

The remark that M. Gaston Deschamps attributes to the mistress of a Parisian *salon*, in calling the attention of her guests to Le Braz' *Le Sang de la Sirène*, then running in the *Revue de Paris*, that "*il a le sens de la mer*," expresses best that quality in which he is unsurpassed. There is scarcely a page of his work that does not carry a whiff of the salt air. It is not always the monotonous, icy, inert mass that we had learned to know from Loti's *Pêcheur d'Islande*. Le Braz shows the sea in all its moods, at once fierce and caressing, half

woman, half beast, faithless yet ever trusted again, and with a fatal sway that cannot be escaped. Now he discloses her calm awakening, her face unruffled by a ripple, or again, dimpled with a thousand mysterious smiles, displaying herself voluptuously and alluring with an irresistible seduction; "the eternal siren, nurse and slayer of men, source of how many delights, of how many tears, incessantly cursed, unswervingly loved."

It is at Paimpol, where the harbor bristles with the masts of a thousand fishing-smacks, that we meet the hardy *gars d'Islande*; there they make their home for the half of the year, when they are not off the fiords of Iceland. And all who have gone out do not return, and then the snow-white *coiffe* of the Paimpolaise droops its wing like a wounded gull.

Directly across the peninsula lies the Gulf of Morbihan dotted with islands that sparkle "like emeralds encased in fluid gold"; and there is an isle, it is said, for each day in the year. Le Braz gives us only a glimpse of that delightful spot. He lays his scenes by preference about the wild and stormy Pointe du Raz, the most western point of continental France. To Ouessant and Ile de Sein, the sacred Sena of the druidesses, he brings us in *Le Sang de la Sirène*. There the *Raz* spreads over a city of the dead. There, in the bay, lies Is, which once outrivaled Paris in splendor and revelry, until that awful night when the princess, Ahéz, or Dahut, as she is called by some, perished for her wickedness under the waves. At certain times the turrets of the sunken city and its brilliant halls are to be seen, and the shades of those who were shipwrecked on the rocks stalk the beach at night wailing and crying for remembrance and burial. On one of the chain of islands, that extend from this bleak point into the Atlantic, was once enacted the most atrocious drama which the tragic annals of the *Raz* record. *Le Gardien du Feu*, the autobiography of the keeper of the light of Gorlebella, shows wonderful power of construction and description and, perhaps, some signs of the influence of Pierre Loti; it is the story of an insensate, violent passion, of faithlessness and diabolic vengeance.

Some of the choicest of the *Chansons de la Bretagne* have been set to Breton melodies by M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, of the *Conservatoire*. On a memorable occasion at the Lycée of Rennes, the spell of which still holds those who had the good fortune to be present, the charm of song was united to the

graceful verses of Le Braz by the recital of the poet himself, and the musical setting by the composer and the *cantatrice* who had come from Paris to interpret them.

It may be more than a curious coincidence that both Doctor Douglas Hyde and Professor Anatole Le Braz, the Gael and the Breton who occupy the largest place in the literary revival, and the reawakening of the native spirit which are now attracting so much attention in both branches of the Celtic family, are to visit America in the same year to tell of the intellectual wealth of the Irish past and Armorica's contribution to the literary wealth of Europe, to express the hopes of the Celtic race and the need of preserving its spirit as one of the most necessary elements in modern life. The words of the poet of *la petite patrie*, in his preface to Theodore Botrel's *Chansons de chez nous*, might be supposed to be, *mutatis mutandis*, taken from the leader of the Gaelic League, the *Craoibhín Aoibhinn*: "It is not only the language that is threatened; the whole Breton soul is menaced. That flower of sentiment which was its adornment, and which in its day perfumed the world with its fragrance, is in danger of fading and withering through contact with a materialistic and cynical civilization."

YEA, LET HIM TAKE ALL."

(II. *Kings* xix. 30.)

BY SR. M. WILFRID, O.S.D.

Aught else, dear Lord, aught else! In pity deign
To leave unquenched this light, unhushed this song
That, ringing midst the shadows, stills my pain
And speaks to me of thee! Didst thou not long
In thy dread Agony, when Peter slept,
And none was found to share thy grief, that he,
One hour at least, had patient watched, and wept
Some loving human tears to comfort thee?

"Let not thine hand be slack," he whispered low
(The while I, weeping, struggled with my pain).

"Give me thy treasure, and thy heart shall know
Thou hast not made thy sacrifice in vain.

All melody, all light, I called of old

From the abyss, and truly they are mine;

Yet I have higher gifts for thee! Behold

I, breathing into man my quickening breath,

Endued his soul with attributes as wide

As my infinitude. Decay and death

Are but my messengers to turn aside

His heart from all save me. Not *mine* I give

Alone—I fain would give myself to be

The very life whereby thy soul shall live—

Thy light, thy joy, thy immortality !

Thy hearth can never be left desolate,
If thou make me thy guest ; nor shall the power
Of any foe oppress if thou but wait
On me. I bid thee take as thy fair dower

My thorn-wreathed head, to think of thee though thou
Forget. My toil-worn, nail-pierced hands to rest

In blessing on thy head. My back to bow
Beneath thy every burden. And my breast

To be thy resting place whereon to weep,
That I may comfort thee. My broken heart

To shelter thee, to share thy pain, to keep
Thee safe, till swift-winged time shall have no part

In all thy life. Then, then will I restore
All thou hast giv'n ; and thou shalt share with me,

Where sacrifice and death shall be no more,
My peace, my kingdom, my eternity."

THE PRAYER OF CHRIST.*

BY GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J.

V.



HE invocation: "Our Father who art in Heaven," is designed to bring the soul face to face with God in the secret chamber of the heart; to determine its attitude and disposition; to establish that due relation of mind, feeling, and will which is the condition of communion and converse between the creature and Creator. When we call to another in our need, his name serves but to attract his attention; but when the child calls: "Father," the appeal is not merely to the attention, but to the heart; it is a reminder of the relationship upon which the right to appeal is grounded.

The mother may for a moment forget the babe that clings to her breast; her attention may be diverted till a cry wins it back again. But the attention of the Heavenly Father is not diverted for a second; else we should return to nothingness: "He shall neither slumber nor sleep, that keepeth Israel." It is not to call his attention to us, or to remind him of claims which he never ceases to fulfil, but to recall our wandering soul to the consciousness of that love which, like the ether, ever surrounds and permeates us, that we need to cry out to him.

VI.

In many of the ethnic religions the worship of departed ancestors has associated the notions of godhead and fatherhood. The title "father" in such cases expresses principally the worshipper's sense of descent and derivation from the Deity. So also on the far higher plane of philosophical religions, where the term is applied in a quite metaphorical sense

* Continued from the January CATHOLIC WORLD.

to the First Cause of all things, to the "deorum hominumque pater"—to "the Father of gods and men."

But in the ears of Peter, Andrew, and John the sense of the word "Father," as applied to God, was far more ethical than metaphysical. To a little child, untroubled about problems of Whence and Whither, the word "father" conveys no suggestion of descent or derivation. It stands for ethical relationships of love, care, protection, intimacy, authority. To the physical or metaphysical root of these relationships the child is indifferent. They themselves are matters of experience; their root is a matter of speculation—of inference from that experience. God's fatherhood over Israel was a matter of history and experience for Christ's hearers. Israel was his well-beloved son, whom he had chosen and adopted; whom he had delivered from Egypt, fed and watched over in the desert, brought to the Land of Promise; whom he had borne with, chastened, and forgiven again and again with all the long-suffering and compassion of a Father. This, rather than any causal relationship, is what his fatherhood meant for them. "I will be to him a Father and he shall be to me a son" implies a fatherhood and sonship of adoption rather than of nature. It was a mystery of God's free choice, a favor granted to Israel and denied to others: "Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated"; "He hath not done thus to any other nation, nor manifested his judgments to them." The fact that all alike were his creatures was not felt to be enough to make them all alike his children. The special and higher sense of sonship which belonged to Israel, was interpreted exclusively as the only sense; if God loved Jacob, it seemed to follow that he must hate Esau. Depending on God's free choice rather than on his essential love, this fatherhood over Israel was conditional on the obedience and reverence of the adopted son, whose sin or apostacy might break the bond. That it had not done so a thousand times, that God had forgiven again and again, was but another mystery of his inscrutable will.

With the growing sense of God's otherness and transcendent greatness, as revealed by the prophets, the distance of heaven from earth had been magnified in the general consciousness, while the sins of Israel rose ever higher as a barrier between them and the All-Holy, of whom righteousness was more

and more clearly realized to be the central attribute. It was as when we wake to some unexpected greatness in a friend which seems to put him out of our reach and destroy all ease of intercourse. In us, though not in him, some feeling of estrangement is inevitable; and he will need to give some new revelation of his unaltered affection, if he is to restore our confidence. So Christ came as the newest and highest revelation of the Father's love, when Israel's sense of sonship had been weakened by the sense of God's transcendence and unlikeness, and of man's sinfulness. Who could dare to call him Father whose infinitude seemed to exclude all possible likeness with the finite? Who could give men power to become the sons of so high and holy a God?

VII.

In one sense it is untrue, in another it is true, to say that Christ first revealed to men the Fatherhood of God. What was an occasional flash of intuition for the greater prophets, was with him an abiding vision of which his whole life was one continuous utterance. The relative purity and tranquility of heart which at times allowed them a glimpse of the sources or roots of the spirit-life, was in his case absolute and constant. He looked down through the depths of his own spirit as through a crystal well of light into the abyss of all life and being, into the bosom of God "the Father of spirits." "No man," no prophet, not even the greatest born of woman, "hath seen God at any time; the only-begotten who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

In this vision he beheld the root and reason of that fatherliness of affection and care, which to Israel had seemed but a mystery of God's inscrutable will. He saw that in all its degrees, from the least to the greatest, it was founded on true fatherhood; that it was the love of the parent for his offspring, of the Creator for the creature, of the Source of life and being for every measure of life and being, natural and supernatural, in which he has reproduced his own image. With Christ this sense of their derivation and descent from God was ever present; the bond of creaturehood, invisible to other eyes, was visible to his at all times. He beheld the divine love, not merely in its effects and appearances, but in its cause and substance.

Philosophical religion had, at best, argued out some glimmer of the truth, had expressed some such relationship of maker and made, but it had not directly *felt* the love, the fatherhood. He felt the love, and framed in the love he beheld the truth, intuitively, face to face, without argument. Reason could only oppress men and chill their hearts with the thought of an infinite unlikeness between God and man that made loving relation and intercourse unimaginable. The further it removed men from idols and man-faced deities, the more fatherless it left them.

As reason could not raise God to heaven without taking him from earth, so neither could the crude religions of the imagination keep him on earth without dragging him down from heaven; the more he was for them a Father the less was he a God. But he whose purity of heart enabled his vision to pierce to the lowest depths and foundations of truth, saw the Fatherhood rooted in the Godhead; saw that God was a Father, just because he was God; that he was the nearest, because he was the furthest; the most merciful, because the most just. No philosophy of God's infinitude and unlikeness could equal the truth implied in Christ's reverence and mystic awe; no fond likeness-making of the imagination could justify or explain his boundless feeling of childlike love and confidence. Reverence and love in him were fed by no inferences of the mind or pictures of the imagination, but were begotten by direct spiritual contact with the divine; in him vision, feeling, will blended together, independent, without priority or succession. This was his spirit; and this was his revelation. The truth that he revealed was himself; and when he would bequeath us his Truth, he bequeathed us his Spirit, his Love.

VIII.

"He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." This surely is true, directly, of Christ according to the spirit, not of Christ according to the flesh. It is as a spirit that man is made to be the image of God, who is a spirit. Idolatry sought that divine image in the psychic, natural man; Christ found it in the spiritual man, who is more-than-man, who is the Son of God. Man's spirit is the mirror in which, according to the measure of its purity, God's face is reflected. In One alone

were the purity and the reflexion such that he could say without limit: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." Here, as throughout, we speak of Christ's moral and spiritual relation to the Father; not of the metaphysical relation of personal union, which is its mysterious, inscrutable root. We speak of that faultless, unbroken unity of will, which practically merged all distinction of agency and made his spirit-life as much a part of the divine life as the life of any member is part of that of the whole body: "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's who sent me" (John xiv. 24). "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father doing; for what things soever he doeth, these the Son also doeth in like manner" (John v. 19). The spirit feeds on truth; it becomes what it sees. Christ's visible life was purely an expression of his spirit-life; and this again purely an expression of the divine life. And thus that divine life was made visible: "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." In this sense he has taught us that we have a right to look for the likeness of man in God, and for the likeness of God in man: "Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself!" Thus the blind hankerings of idolatry after a god within the reach of man's mind were tenderly refined and superabundantly satisfied by him who never yet broke the bruised reed of our mental infirmity, or quenched the smoking flax of our faint desires.

As little as Christ's knowledge of the Father was an inference, so little was his revelation of that knowledge a formula. As he beheld the truth in his love, so he uttered it in his life—in the expression of his love. His life was his doctrine. Reflecting on that life, we try to formulate the truth it implied according to our modes of speech and thought; and thus the Church shapes her theology from age to age. His life and spirit are the subject-matter of this reflection, the supreme rule of faith. His life is the revelation of the Father; of what the Father is in relation to man; of the eternal humanity of God. In him we see God as a servant in the midst of his creatures, kneeling at their feet, ministering to their needs, feeding them with his flesh and blood, bearing with their infirmities of mind and body, forgiving their sins, healing their sickness; full of compassion for the multitudes; the friend of publicans and sinners, of simple folk and little children, of the

birds of the air and the flowers of the field; the foe of scribes and Pharisees, of the unreal and pretentious; the upholder of truth and justice and mercy; rejoicing with those that rejoice, as at Cana; weeping with those that weep, as by the tomb of Lazarus; a good shepherd who lays down his life for his sheep, yet whom death cannot hold or conquer. "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father," yet "the Father is greater than I"; for all that he has shown of the Father's humanity, and all that his saints, in whom his spirit continues forever to develop and unfold its inexhaustible riches, can ever show us, is infinitely short of the truth.

IX.

When complementary truths are set over against one another by some apparent contrariety, owing to the limitation of our outlook, we forget one as we emphasize the other. We are always defective either in our sense of God's nearness or in our sense of his distance; for we only believe, where Christ felt, and, through feeling, saw. Our progress, if we are not to oscillate idly and unprogressively from one side of the truth to the other, demands that in each case we should return to the forgotten side enriched by a deeper realization of the other. In Christ's hearers the sense of God's distance and otherness had been more deeply realized than hitherto. Their more pressing need was to learn that his greatness, far from diminishing, was the measure of his fatherliness; that "the All-Great was the All-Loving too." This Gospel or Good News was for the poor, the lowly, the empty, lest their humility should pass into hopelessness. "Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh"—such was its burden. If our Savior preached the love, he also preached the greatness, in order to measure and enhance the love: "You call me Lord and Master; you say well, for so I am. . . . I, your Lord and Master, wash your feet." God, who on earth washed their feet, through him, was not only their Father, but their Father in Heaven.

Heaven for Christ's hearers meant God's dwelling-place above the sky, from whence he viewed the world beneath and governed it through the ministry of ascending and descending angels. Our own conceptions of the Beyond are not so adequate that we can afford to set these simpler and more con-

fident representations aside as religiously valueless. In one point we may easily underrate them, through our inability to clothe ourselves in the garment of the past. If our astronomy has in some way enlarged, it has also impoverished, our notion of the heavens. It has given us quantitative mysteries in exchange for qualitative; it has made heaven homogeneous with earth. The once mysterious planets, and the sun itself, are but material orbs like our own; and as the mind travels endlessly into space it meets only with more orbs and systems of orbs in their millions, an infinite monotony of matter and motion, but never does it strike against some boundary wall of the universe, beyond which God keeps an eternal Sabbath in a new order of existence, a mysterious world which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived. The heaven that lay behind the blue curtain of the sky, whence night by night God hung out his silver lamps to shine upon the earth, was a far deeper symbol of the eternal home than the cold, shelterless deserts of astronomical space.

For the Galilean fishermen, heaven stood for distance and transcendence, for a world other in kind than our own—however imperfectly they may have grasped the extent of that otherness. The expression "Father in Heaven," or "Heavenly Father," reminded them of differences as well as of likeness, and warned them that they were on holy ground and in the region of mystery.

This sense of God's otherness, unlikeness, infinitude is, both historically and philosophically, of the very essence of religion; the motive of that reverence, awe, and worship, which is even a more primary element than love, confidence, and sonship. Man passes from the religion of servitude and fear to that of liberty and the Gospel; yet he does not leave fear behind, but carries it on with him, deepened and spiritualized, into a reverence that is part of the very substance of love.

Christ's reverential love was that of one to whom earth was permeated by heaven, as by an all-pervading ether invisible to less pure eyes than his own. The enfolding curtain of the sky was for him but a symbol of the manner in which the visible and material is encompassed and penetrated by the spiritual. It was not from beyond the outmost circumference of space that he sought the explanation and source of all that exists and lives and moves; but in the very centre of each

several creature, living in its life, breathing in its breath, yet transcending it infinitely in kind and nature. For him earth and heaven were continuous, as the light and heat of the sun. The visible, of itself meaningless, found its complement and explanation in the invisible, as the part is explained when the whole is revealed. For him, the whole realm of ruthless law and necessity was but an instrument in the grasp of liberty and love which, without destroying its structure, could bend it to their own designs. The world of matter was but a little islet afloat on the boundless encompassing ocean of spirit, rising and falling on its bosom, borne hither and thither by its currents, yet held together within itself by rigid relations of necessity. With seeming indifference the sun might rise upon the evil and the good, the rain descend upon the just and the unjust, the sparrows whom Nature had nursed might fall to the ground, the grass she had clothed with glory might wither and fade, but behind all and over all were the love and care of the Heavenly Father.

X.

Man's heart has always been too big for earth to fill, too hungry to be satisfied with the mere husks of reality. Repressed again and again by various sorts of materialism, the mystic appetite as often reasserts itself, and will feed on any garbage if wholesome food be denied it. A world of blind law and order, a world of blind chance and chaos, are alike intolerable to a spiritual being, which necessarily seeks its own likeness at the root of things, and will be satisfied with nothing less, while ready to accept infinitely more.

We must, then, recognize a perverted truth and value in the crude mysticism which dreams of a divine power alongside of and, in some sense, co-ordinate with Nature, as a ruler is co-ordinate with his subjects; a power which the powers of Nature, in the main, obey according to prescribed laws, and whose existence is only revealed when it breaks through this order of Nature and comes into collision with it. Mysticism of this kind looks for God, not in order but in disorder, in storms and earthquakes and portents, in abnormal states and phenomena of the spiritual faculties, in seeming disturbances of Nature's rhythm that point to the intervention of a will

above Nature. Yet so steadily and persistently does maturer knowledge tend to reduce these seeming exceptions to some higher rule, that to build our divinity solely on such foundations is to build it on the sand. He to whose spiritual gaze Nature was transparent, has taught us the true mysticism; he has taught us to see God, not alongside of Nature, but to see Nature in the bosom of God, and God through and in Nature; to find him as revealed in the rule; to seek for him as hidden in the exception; to believe in a unity which we cannot yet see; to hope in a love which we cannot yet understand. There can be no conflict of faith and science when faith compasses science as heaven compasses earth; when mysteries are sought not in the faults and lacunas of science, but in the world that permeates and engulfs the visible order, in the darkness from which it comes and into which it vanishes, a darkness which faith alone can enlighten.

XI.

Like a water-weed, whose blossom alone floats on the surface, man's being is, for the most part, merged in the spiritual world and reaches up to the visible order only in virtue of its psychic and organic manifestations. Slight as may be the seen indications of his connection with the hidden, they are there nevertheless. To bring them to full consciousness, to control his psychic life entirely by that consciousness, is the work of religion. The spirit-life, as we have said, is that in which a man's interests have been so identified with the divine, universal interests, that he becomes dead to himself, to his narrow, separate, psychic self, and feels that God has taken possession of him, that he is merely an instrument of the divine will: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." It means a disinterested devotion to truth in every form—truth of life, truth of feeling, truth of vision. In virtue of this spirit-life man belongs (actually, to some degree; potentially, to an infinite degree) to heaven rather than to earth. He is a son of the Heavenly Father, the "Father of Spirits"; heaven is his home, his natural environment; it is the communion of all wills, so far as they are identified with the divine, and through the divine, with one another; it is the Invisible Church, the Communion of Saints.

It is hell, and not earth, that is described in the Gospel as separated from heaven by an impassible gulf. A view of heaven that would so cut it off from earth, would turn earth into hell: "Where thou art," says À Kempis, "there is heaven; and where thou art not, there is hell." As the spiritual order enwraps and permeates the physical and makes with it one intelligible unity, so the spiritual and psychic in man are not, by right, antagonistic or mutually exclusive, but belong to the same whole. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. In this truth we stand firm against all false asceticism as against all false mysticism. The height of heaven above earth is not local but qualitative; a distance of kind, not of space; a distance that no more stands in the way of unity and nearness, than the distance that separates the spirit from the body which it informs, and which it could not possibly inform were it like in kind.

XII.

Christ has "given us power to become the sons of God." This gift or grace supposes a certain receptivity in us which belongs to us as spiritual beings. A merely psychic being could not so much as desire or receive the gift. It is difficult and idle to speculate what man would be without grace; without that perpetual "giving" on God's side, apart from which our spirit-life would remain purely dormant. It is of God's gift that the last and least of us from time to time rises above the psychic self and elicits some disinterested act of goodness. It is of his gift that we desire to multiply such acts, and to sustain ourselves continuously on the spiritual level. It is of his gift that we weary of the psychic self-seeking life; that we cry out against our limitations; that we ask and seek and knock: "Thou wouldst not have sought me, if thou hadst not already found me." All that the merely psychic man can do of himself is to work out his own misery; to learn by some wider experience the hollowness of the highest attainment of the lower non-spiritual life. So far and no further can he "prepare himself for grace," unawares—wandering, as it were, into a far country with his face turned from home. To realize that he is not enough for himself, that he needs another, the other must first present himself to him in his loneliness; must run to

meet him. Unlike the monologue of the ethical life, the spirit-life is essentially a converse, a communication, a passing out of self into God; it is an affair between two; a mutual giving and receiving. Without grace it is unthinkable. The initiative must be from God; as it is with all life. It is he who "teaches us to pray," who gives us the desire to pray; to arise and go to our Father. It is by prayer that we strain forward to meet him; that we open our arms to receive the kiss of peace; that we stretch out our hands for the ring and the robe. It is by the "raising of the heart and mind to God," by the spiritualizing of our affections and thoughts, that through grace we make ourselves sons of God.

This divine life is not something that we draw forth from ourselves, but rather something that we appropriate. To be a spirit is simply to have the power of appropriating it when it is offered to us. We might say this in some measure of the civilization into which we are born; of that organized system of beliefs, traditions, customs, and institutions which society has slowly built up. This, too, is a ready-made life which the individual may appropriate and enter into. If he would stand alone he must remain on the brute level, a savage at best. Still more, the divine life—God's mind, God's love, God's will—is something which the spirit lays hold of and appropriates in various measures; which it cannot educe from itself; and for which it is as dependent on God as the babe is on its mother.

Being himself in the fullest possession of this spirit-life, and imparting it to us, Christ has given us power to become the sons of God. He is himself the bread of that life; and in the measure that we feed on him, we become what he is.

A NIGHT IN A TENEMENT.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

Those destined thoughts that haunt my breast
And throb and heave and swell,
Impatient of their painful rest,
And state invisible,
Those thoughts at last must meet the day,
And with me dwell, or on me prey ;
On me, on me those thoughts must call
And act and live and move abroad ;
I am the mother of them all ;
Be thou their Father, God !

Thus prayed I ; musing on that law
By which the children of the brain
Their linked generations draw
(A melancholy train)
From moods long past which feigned to die,
But in whose quickening ashes lie
Immortal seeds of pain or pleasure,
No foot can crush, no will control,
No craft transmute, no prescience measure,
Dread harvests of the ripening soul !

—*Aubrey de Vere.*



T was a dingy tenement that faced a dingy street. The street itself looked evil, nor were its inhabitants much better. It was one of those squalid quarters that gather and fester in the folds of great cities. Like a canker, it was eating into the heart of a stricken people. In a vague way the authorities knew of the evil, in testimony of which the British Parliament held occasional debates for the amelioration of the British masses. But the British Parliament had so many foreign policies

to frame, and so many distant interests to consider, that home affairs shrank into insignificance. So the people of the slums continued to live without amelioration, or they died like dumb beasts without a murmur. They were not psychological. The issues of life and death were nothing to them. They came in, and they went out, with the rising and the setting of the sun. Few knew why they were born, and very few cared. The present time was theirs, and to the majority it was enough.

Here and there, along the street pavement, a flight of steps led up to a house of prayer. But the steps were usually unworn; for the man in the street is the product of his age—and the age is sceptical. He knows that his feet are of clay; and as for his soul, he is doubtful if he has one. And yet—the words of the Psalmist are positive: “I have said you are gods, and all of you the sons of the Most High.”

But to those who know what life is in Christian cities—to those who have lent an ear to the voices of mean streets—the scepticism of the unbeliever becomes not so much a matter of surprise as a subject of pity.

Should any one doubt the truth of this, I would urge him to spend a night in a slum tenement. Humanly speaking, it is not a pleasing experience. Nay; I know of none more painful. But, in order to obtain a sympathetic grasp of modern problems, the student of sociology must be prepared to make certain sacrifices. For, as F. W. Robertson says: “If you aspire to be a son of consolation, if you would partake of the priestly gift of sympathy, if you would pour something more than commonplace consolation into a tempted heart, if you would pass through the intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact which never inflicts pain, . . . you must be content to pay the price of a costly education.”

Not once or twice have I chanced to pass a night in the neighborhood of which I now write. It is a quarter that is fairly well known to me. And if I say further, that the nights thus passed were not undertaken with a view to copy, it may be judged that these glimpses of slum life produced an impression on my mind which time is not likely to erase.

This tenement, then, stood next a public house, and, inasmuch as the district was prolific in public houses, it may be considered a common illustration of life in a low quarter. In one corner of the tenement room lay a sick woman, whose

husband would not return till daybreak. He was out watching the roads, so I sat by the bedside and waited. The woman's breath came fitfully, and from time to time her fingers twitched. She was unconscious; and as I watched her I wondered which would come first—death or the dawn.

A small fire burned in the grate, and through the window came a gleam of light from a neighboring lamp-post. There was a wire netting outside the window, to ward off the stones that were habitually aimed at window panes, according to the established custom of the quarter.

To-night no one threw any stones, and in the tenement room an eerie silence reigned. I cannot say why, but the unwonted stillness gave me a curious impression of unreality. I felt somehow as if I might have been a disembodied spirit listening at the gates of earth.

Not that I was particularly interested in what was passing outside the tenement room; nor, to be frank, did I wish to hear. But sometimes I became conscious of certain impressions that stood out quite clearly in the darkness, as the waves of human sound ebbed and flowed throughout the night.

It was early yet. But through the tenement wall I could hear the swing and the counter-swing of a door. It was the public house door; and every other swing meant a client. The clients were of both sexes. I could hear the sound of their voices. I could not distinguish the words—only the voices. Occasionally some one spoke in a louder or shriller tone, then I could hear what they said.

There was a weekly sing-song to-night. In the saloon bar several voices called for drinks. After that there was a scratching of matches, as the men lighted up. Presently the musician of the evening sat down, and the piano stool creaked as a preliminary. The prelude was florid, ending in shakes and arpeggios. A pause ensued. Some one was asked to sing. I heard the click of a pipe as the man laid it on the table. Then, in the accent of the quarter, he lifted up his voice in a comic song. The first verse finished, the saloon bar responded in a nasal chorus. Verse after verse followed, each more drawn out than the last; until finally the chorus was merged in applause. Pipes and glasses were evidently refilled; the men talked.

Here my thoughts drifted into more congenial channels,

and I was only recalled to my surroundings by the sound of women's voices outside the window. They were standing under the street lamp, with their shawls drawn around them. Their faces were turned away, but the voices reached me over the area railings. They spoke in half tones, and they seemed weary. It was of sin and of sorrow that they spoke. One of them was sobbing, while the other tried to soothe.

Then the voices got rubbed out in the night, and the footsteps died away. I was following those women in thought down the squalid side streets, when the sound of renewed revelry broke in upon me. The saloon bar was becoming exhilarated. "Why can't every man have three wives?" came the refrain. Glasses were banged on the table to mark the rhythm, and a slow voice from a far corner came in half a bar late.

The spirit of the revellers was in no way dissimilar to the spirit of the quarter. But it struck me as lacking in modernity. It suggested an older and a pagan spirit, as when the Persian poet rallied his adherents to his banner and sang to them the song of earth:

Arise! the sunlight in the tent is creeping,
The drowsy soon will fall to death's sure reaping;
Attune thy harp and fill a brimming measure—
Not one will e'er return, of all the sleeping.

This was the song of ancient agnosticism. But it is a song which is fast becoming the principle of the Christian masses of to-day. The plea for materialism is threaded in and out of the "Rubaiyat," yet who shall say that the theory of finality satisfied the tent-maker whose doubt peeps out in many a closing line. Thus he says:

Ah make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust we lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end.

The public-house door now swung open and a man lurched out. His gait was unsteady. I could hear the uneven sound

of his feet. He was muttering thickly as he propped himself up against the area railings. Awhile he groaned, then stopped. He was trying to recall the words of the song. It seemed an effort, for he felt each iron rail stupidly, as if for an inspiration; but words and tune evaded him. He was losing his temper when a woman emerged from the darkness. She threw back her shawl and hurled reproaches at him. Then it seemed as if the air became obscured with curses.

The sick woman moved restlessly, otherwise the tenement room was still.

In the saloon bar the publican was relating the joke of the evening; roars of laughter came through the dividing wall.

Outside the window, and in the middle of the public street, a man and woman exchanged blows. Both had been drinking freely. At the prospect of a fight, all the windows of the neighboring tenements were thrown open, and dishevelled heads appeared. Leaning out of a top window was a stout man with his shirt sleeves rolled up. His face beamed with the enjoyment of the scene. He might have been some old-time pagan watching the fray, thumb down. "Chortling" in evil mirth, his stentorian voice rang out:

"Pay 'im Susan! let 'im 'ave it!"

The encouragement was addressed to his own wife. Thus adjured she struck out from the shoulder, and her fist came against her antagonist's head. A burst of appreciation came from the top window. But the crowd now intervened and the combatants were separated.

Time was wearing on. The men in the bar emptied their glasses and had them refilled. The musician turned round on his stool for a final effort. With a harsh, strong touch he struck a few chords, and with one voice they sang the latest music hall ditty.

"'Ear! 'ear!" ejaculated a sleepy enthusiast.

"'Ave it again," suggested a coarse voice in a far corner. Again they sang it, some of them standing up to roar the chorus. Glasses rattled; irresponsible fists thumped the table. There was a noisy shuffling of feet as the men passed out. Then the swing door closed for the night.

It was now Sunday. A church clock hid its face in the darkness and struck the hour. Twelve o'clock! Each stroke

rang out as if in condemnation of an erring world. And as I sat in the tenement room and counted the strokes, it seemed to me as if the avenging angel were holding up the scales, piled high with human crime. And then methought another angel came, with pity in his eyes, who when he had marked how the scales fell, raised a pitcher—and the pitcher was filled with tears. Then one by one, like so many precious stones, he poured them into the opposite scale—and, lo! the sorrow outweighed the sin. Twelve o'clock! A new leaf was turned in the Book of Life; a new day was begun.

After a while, the sound of children's voices came through the window. They were playing on the steps. Then two people approached and claimed the steps for themselves.

"Go home," they said, with a curse. But the home of the little ones was opposite—at the top window. So they crept down a side street instead.

Next door the potman seemed to be tidying up the bar. I could hear the swish of the broom as he swept up the bits and set the chairs straight. Then his broom lingered—the publican and he began to dispute. High words filtered through the tenement wall, after which the publican made his way upstairs. Each stair creaked under him. The publican had drunk deep.

A few minutes later the sounds died away, and for the first time that night there was silence.

Half an hour passed, during which the breathing of the sick woman was the only thing to be heard. Then through the wall came the sound of moaning. The publican tossed in his bed. He was obviously querulous, but his wife answered nothing. I could hear him upbraiding her. Still she was silent. Then it seemed as if her negative attitude became insupportable—something heavy was flung on the floor.

An hour passed. A vagrant cat now stole along the leads and mewed forlornly. It mewed again. It went on mewling. By and by another came; then more. They increased and multiplied. Presently the mewling ceased and the feline assembly opened its mouth wide and howled. They hissed and spat. A furry scuffle ensued. This was interrupted by a tenement window being opened, whereupon somebody threw straight. There was a diminuendo of sound, and the cats vanished.

The night seemed very long. The clock had not struck for a long time. I was beginning to wonder if time had gone to sleep, for the world appeared to be dead.

Then I heard a new sound, a sound that seemed to cleave the silence, ruffling the air with its quick, frightened feet. It reminded me of the fluttering of a bird, whose wings were beating with a sickening fear, of a feeble, wounded bird who knows that its capture is but a matter of moments. But this was the flight of a woman—hurried and fearful. I could hear her quick breath as she tried to outdistance her pursuer. Now he was on her heels. They were under the window. A blow was struck and a body fell. And as it fell I heard a voice break upon the night. It was only a faint cry; but it was an ugly whisper. Immediately, as if by magic, the whispered accusation ran through the tenements, calling out its denizens, whereupon a stream of ragged humanity filed out. From all directions they came, springing up from the side streets; and on every lip was the cry of murder. Then, amid the general excitement, the voices were merged into a confused undertone of sound.

Instinctively I had risen; and from where I stood in the shadow I could see what passed outside. The street was blocked; it was a moving sea of heads. Here and there a policeman's lantern flashed in and out among the crowd, and presently a dark mass was lifted up and carried away.

There was no pall for covering, only a woman's rags. Neither were there any tears—just horror-strained faces. It was a scene for a painter's brush; as striking as it was lurid. It was a glimpse of life such as Aubrey de Vere must have seen in vision when he penned those lines that throb with deepest pity:

Touch thou the gates of soul and sense;
Touch darkening eyes and dying ears;
Touch stiffening hands and feet, and thence
Remove the trace of sins and tears.

And then, with a cry for heaven's forgiveness, he strikes the note of the Christian's hope, gathering into a single stanza that strong spirit of faith, of which his own soul is filled,

Listen to the pleading which he flings out in challenge to a materialistic world :

This night th' Absolver issues forth;
This night the Eternal Victim bleeds;
O wind and woods! O heaven and earth
Be still this night. The rite proceeds.

A hush lay upon the crowd. Even the denizens of the quarter were not proof against it. It was the sudden transition from life to death, from the visible to the invisible, that stayed their speech. They loitered awhile in silent, sheltering groups. Then, with noiseless feet, they melted away into the night. But before they dispersed I saw an upturned face. It was the face of a woman. On it were pencilled the lines of want and privation, but in that face there was a look of horror mingled with entreaty. And as the light fell upon her, I saw her cross herself, while her lips moved. What petition she uttered I know not, or whether she prayed for the living or the dead. But it seemed to me as if the *De Profundis* surely fitted the time and place. For, indeed, it was out of the depths that her prayer went forth, whether it were for the living or the dead. It was the fact that counted; the fact that, amid a sea of unbelief, she held fast to her faith. For, like a rainbow that lights up a sullen sky, the prayer of the woman seemed to proclaim the promises to a forgetful world.

All was silent again. I made up the fire afresh, and wondered when the night would end. The sick woman had almost ceased breathing. Her fingers no longer twitched. She lay still and motionless. For an hour she remained thus. Then the crisis passed and the woman slept.

So I sat and dreamed by the fire; and in my dream I visited the spots I loved best. And little by little England became blotted out and memory lent its wings, and together we passed over sea and plain, and through the snow-clad Alps. And down through the sun-kissed vineyards we went, and on through the sad olive groves, until the salt lagoons lay out before us. Beneath the shadow of the flight of steps a gondola lay in readiness, and stepping in we drifted through the quaint Venetian streets. It was all so still. There was no

sound but the long swish of the single oar as the boatman handled it lovingly. I could feel the prow of the gondola cleave the water as the waves rippled past. Then a voice rose up from the stern—a rich Southern voice, that sang the sweet songs of Venice. I could hear the notes of the gondolier flooding the night. The echoes seemed to float out across the face of the waters and, with dreamy, outstretched arms, they fell asleep in the moonlight. The church domes glistened against the azure sky. The porticoes were wrapped in gloom; while across the steps lay a broad band of light. And all the time came the lap, lap of the waves as they played against the white marble. Presently the boatmen gave their lingering cry of warning and the gondola shot round a sharp corner. The side canal was the home of shadows. It looked dark and sad, save for a flickering gleam above, where a lamp burned before a wayside shrine of the Mother and Child. Then said I:

“’Twas all a dream—the wrong, the strife,
The scorn, the blow, the loss, the pain!
Immortal gladness, love and life,
Alone are lords by right and reign;
The earth is tossed about, as though
Young angels tossed a cowslip ball;
But rough or level, high or low,
What matter? God is all in all.”

Ah! not so; not so, at least, in city slums.

Two cockney voices broke in upon my reverie. And at the sound the picture of faith vanished. Gone was the wayside shrine, and the church cupolas melted away. Instead of being in the streets of Venice, I found myself in a filthy room in a London slum. On the tenement steps, not five yards distant, sat a couple who spoke words of love. Their speech was unsavory and unwelcome, but there was no escape from the voices of the two. And when they rose and went their way, I thought that the sound of their feet seemed to desecrate the night.

In the sick room the woman slept quietly, while the first streak of dawn appeared in the sky. My vigil was nearing its end. At any moment now the woman's husband would return. I was glad to think that a fresh day had begun, because many

things had been brought home to me that night. Amid such surroundings sin appeared less evil, and it seemed to me little wonder that crime was rife in the quarter.

And, thinking thus, my heart went out in pity to those vast numbers of toilers whose lives are cast in such arid places; to the denizens of mean streets; and to the dwellers in slum tenements, where the decalogue becomes a mockery.

But even as I pondered these things, there was a loud crash in the basement below. Then I heard a woman scream. This was followed by a volley of curses from a man. Furniture was being hurled across the room. I could hear it strike against the wall to the accompaniment of shuffling feet. There were cries of protest—cries which were stopped up with blows. A low moaning ensued. And just as the domestic brawl was at its height, a key turned in the tenement door and the sick woman's husband came in.

"Listen," I said, while something went crashing against the basement wall. "What if he murders her?"

"Wot ev 'e do?" answered the man. "'Tain't the fust."

He pointed to some dark splashes on the wall of the tenement room.

"Rooms is cheap wheer them marks is," he said. And taking his pipe from his pocket he rolled some tobacco in the palm of his hand.

Current Events.

Russia. The fact that for the first time in many months little is said about

Russia may, perhaps, be taken as indicating that the state of things has somewhat improved. This is undoubtedly the case; but it would be premature to conclude that what has been accomplished so far is of any great value. Massacres and riots and fighting in the streets have not been renewed, but few (if any) of the concessions made by the Manifesto of October 30 have been realized. Wholesale executions continue in the Baltic Provinces. A baron and a count have been murdered in the same provinces. The chief of staff of the Viceroy of the Caucasus has been killed with a bomb. Two hundred revolutionists have been condemned to exile in Eastern Siberia. A bomb was thrown at one of the Provincial Governors. A woman fired six shots at a Chief of Police and wounded three men. Fifty Jews who were distributing political proclamations were arrested. These are specimens of the events taking place daily in various parts of the Empire. They clearly show that little progress has been made towards the reign of law and order. In fact the repressive measures taken by Count Witte have been as severe as those taken by M. Plehve. Some of the Cossacks even have been disgusted. The Second Urup Regiment at Ekaterinodar published an address to the people, in which the men, while declaring their fidelity to the Tsar, said that it was impossible for them to continue to serve as instruments of repression after the Manifesto of October 30, and announced that they were returning to their homes. Count Witte justifies his methods by the necessity which exists for maintaining order, and holds forth the hope that, when everything is quiet, the reforms promised will be effected. Order doubtless is good and indeed necessary, but some methods of maintaining it render chaos almost preferable.

The action and purposes of the Tsar himself seem doubtful. It appears to be clear that he is determined to withstand all the malignant influences by which he is surrounded, and

faithfully to maintain the grants which he has made. But when the question arises as to what these grants mean to him, and on what basis they rest, the answer is not so satisfactory. To a deputation of the "League of Russian Men," consisting of supporters of the autocracy, he declared that he alone should continue to bear the burden of power conferred upon him in the Kremlin, and it was to God alone that he would render an account of it. The people were merely to be his helpers. On the other hand, according to a subsequent and authoritative statement, amendments have been made in the organic laws, in order to bring them into conformity with the Manifesto of October 30. These amendments abolish the unlimited power of the Sovereign, and provide that in the future legislative power will no longer be his alone, but will be vested conjointly in him, in the *Duma*, and in the Council of the Empire. The Tsar will still be called autocrat and will have the power to issue ukases; but if any ukase should be judged by the Senate to be contrary to the new organic law, that body will have the power to annul it. While refusing to take an oath to observe the constitution, he promises that it shall be respected by his successors. Perpetuity to the *Duma* is assured by the provision that in the event of a dissolution a new *Duma* must reassemble within six months. This sounds well; but a stream cannot rise higher than its source. As all these rights depend for their validity and stability on the autocratic will which, while it has so often declared itself to be irresistible, yet is ever being successfully resisted, that perfect confidence so necessary for the well-being of the commonwealth is lacking.

The new King of Denmark, Frederick VIII., in the proclamation announcing his accession to the throne, said: "If the people themselves will have the confidence in their King which we have in our people, then will God give his grace and blessing to all of us." The people of Denmark have, however, a Constitution which their King has sworn to respect, together with their other rights and privileges. The people of Russia have hitherto had nothing of the kind. Hence suspicion and distrust hold uncontrolled sway. The Tsar does not trust the people; the people trust neither the Tsar nor one another. Parties, or rather factions, are being multiplied. Instead of presenting a united front, there is imminent danger of ever-increasing disunion. Some even wish to boycott the *Duma* as

a mockery and a farce. In the number of these are included the members of the Congress of the Union of Unions, to whose action the Manifesto is mainly due. The same course has been decided upon by the Congress of the Russian Peasants' Union, held in Finland, as also by Congresses of the Social Revolutionary and Social Democratic parties, and of other bodies too numerous to mention. The Constitutional Democratic Congress, on the other hand, has decided to take part in the elections. The members of this Congress are the representatives of the classes which constitute the *Zemstvos* and form the most weighty body of political opinion in the country. We hope they will have the support of the greater number. For nothing but the *Duma* stands in the way of the absolutist reaction or of anarchy, and through it lies the road to a well-ordered state removed from the tyranny of an autocrat on the one hand and of the revolution on the other. This is so clear that the financiers of France have refused, before the Russian Constitution becomes a reality, to grant the large loan of which Russia stands in need. Among the conditions which must be fulfilled are included the assembly of the *Duma*; a clear understanding that it is not to be a Turkish Parliament, but one really representing the nation and exercising an effective control over the finances of the Empire, and that it shall formally recognize the foreign debts of the nation. In our days nations, like armies, go on their bellies. It is not, indeed, a very lofty ideal; but if these lower necessities can be made to serve a good end, we may well be content, and have a stronger hope that April (to which month the meeting of the *Duma* has been adjourned) may see the definite inauguration of a reasonably constituted State.

Germany.

We do not often find ourselves, unfortunately, in agreement with the policy and aims of the German Emperor, and it becomes, on this account, all the more a duty to record all the utterances of his Majesty which are worthy of praise. In a letter recently written to the Archbishop of Posen, the Kaiser expresses to the Archbishop the satisfaction which he feels at the efforts made to confirm the Christian faith in the rising generation and at the proper inculcation of their duties to the highest authorities in Church and State. He goes

on to promise the support of his government in counteracting the idea of revolution by propagating the principles of the Christian faith, and in deepening their foundations in the hearts of the young. But when the Emperor proceeds to offer to the Archbishop what appear to be directions for the ruling of the clergy, he passes beyond the limits within which his influence is useful.

For their Emperor the Germans themselves (or, at all events, large numbers of them) have the highest esteem. At the annual banquet held in celebration of the Kaiser's birthday, the President of the Reichstag, Count Ballestrem, made a speech which not only gave expression to the reasons for their esteem, but also indicated why it is hard for those who are not Germans to entertain precisely the same sentiments. Count Ballestrem said: "We have a splendid Emperor whom the other nations envy us, although they may often display in a malicious manner their vexation at not possessing a monarch like him. We will support the Emperor's policy, and we will be his twin-brother, and for his sake . . . we will do what is required in order to maintain the power of Germany."

In the former part of his speech the Count had defined the policy of Germany as being the preservation of peace, not only in Europe, but also throughout the world. But how is peace to be preserved? Listen to the Count's description of the suitable methods: "To preserve peace . . . a nation must be strong. A nation must be so armed and so equipped that it can strike down all who would wantonly disturb the peace and compel them to keep it. And the other Powers will keep the peace; no need will arise to strike them down, if only they know that they will, if it is necessary, be struck, and struck too with effective weapons—the first army in the world and a fleet which is growing stronger and stronger."

Can it be wondered at that the other nations, who are to be "struck down" if Germany is not satisfied with them, should feel somewhat dissatisfied and not have perfect confidence in the ruler who has led his country to take up such an attitude? That this policy and those methods are now extended to the whole world is due to the Emperor's own initiative. Prince Bismarck was content with making of Germany a European land Power, and his policy was limited to the preservation of that power. It was left for the present Emperor

formally to extend the sphere of German activity, and to enter upon that "New Course" which has been the cause of much friction in the past and which is the most imminent danger of the future—that course which filled Prince Bismarck with fear "lest the future of Germany should be sacrificed to the small and temporary feelings of the present" and the opposition to which led to the dismissal of the Prince. It is for this among other reasons that it is not malicious envy which is felt by other nations towards Germany, as Count Ballestrem would have it, but rather justifiable anxiety. After the Conference on the affairs of Morocco, which is being held at Algeciras, the question of the Franchise has excited the greatest interest. While for the Reichstag of the Empire the elections are by universal secret and direct suffrage, a method which satisfies the majority of the population, for the various States which make up the Empire, there are what Prince Ludwig of Bavaria called, in a speech delivered before the Upper Chamber of the Bavarian Diet, fancy systems which are in conflict with the popular sense of justice. In Prussia, for example, the electoral law for the Prussian Diet practically disfranchises 1,750,000 persons who are entitled to vote for the Imperial Parliament. It is impossible that two such divergent and opposite systems should continue to exist side by side without causing grave discontent. Many meetings have accordingly been held in Hamburg, Leipzig, Dresden, and various other cities. In Berlin and its neighborhood no less than ninety-three meetings were held on a single day, and although troops were collected and held in readiness, their services were not required, for the people were as orderly as well-conducted Sunday-School pupils. In fact, the orderliness of the crowds was the most remarkable feature of the demonstration. The people are becoming too sensible to act in such a way as to furnish any excuse for being made targets by the military. As to what the practical result will be, opinion is divided. Statements have been made that the Prussian government had intended to introduce a Bill for the partial revision of the electoral system, but had changed its mind on account of the agitation. The opponents of any extension of the franchise have been clamoring for the enactment of new laws in order to repress the movement. This Prince Bülow opposed as unnecessary, the existing laws, "relentlessly applied," being sufficient to de-

liver the country from what he called the tyranny of the streets. What was most necessary, in his opinion, was that all parties should be united in the face of the common enemy.

Denmark.

By the death of Christian IX., King of Denmark, Europe has lost one who has been called its "father-in-law." His second son is the King of Greece, his youngest was offered the throne of Bulgaria; of his grandsons, one is the Emperor of Russia and another the King of Norway; one of his daughters is the Queen of England, another the Dowager-Empress of Russia, and a third is the wife of the Duke of Cumberland, son of the last King of Hanover. King Christian was a resolute defender of his royal rights, under the Constitution granted in 1866, but was a democrat in everything except politics. Although he came into conflict for a long period with the demands of the House which represented the majority of the people, yet he conducted the contest in such a way as to entitle him to the respect of those to whom he was opposed; and he died loved and venerated by the whole nation.

He is succeeded by his son, Frederick VIII., who ascends the throne at the mature age of sixty-three. In the difficult times that are possibly approaching, the destinies of the realm are therefore in experienced hands. The Danish people is to be congratulated upon this, for Denmark is in a difficult position, as it commands the entrance to the Baltic and is affected by all changes which take place in the relations of France and Germany, England and Russia, and England and Germany, and its neighbors are not too scrupulous. If the terms of the proclamation, in which King Frederick announced his accession, form a true guide to his character, the prospect is good. "In taking over the heavy heritage placed upon my shoulders, I cherish the confident hope and offer up the sincere prayer that the Almighty may grant me the strength and the happiness to carry on the government in the spirit of my dearly-beloved father, and the good fortune to arrive at an understanding with the people and their chosen representatives on all that tends to the good of the people and to the happiness and well being of the beloved Fatherland." Whether the security of the country will be assured by a proclamation of its

neutrality, with the guarantee of the great Powers, or whether an offensive and defensive alliance with Sweden and Norway, the other two Scandinavian countries which were of old united under the same rule, will prove the best safeguard, is a question calling for settlement in the immediate future.

Austria-Hungary.

Hopes have been entertained for some time that the conflict between the Crown and the majority of the Hungarian Parliament was on the point of settlement. Several Hungarian statesmen or politicians had interviews with the Emperor-King without any good result, but when Count Julius Andrassy again came forward as the representative of the Coalition, and was received by his Majesty in long and repeated interviews, great anticipations were formed of a reconciliation. The negotiations, however, have come to nothing, and to all appearances Hungary is on the point of reverting to a semi-absolutist *régime*, or, what is more likely, to a revolution. The chief point at issue is what are the rights of the King as head of the Army, and as defined by Article 11 of Law XII. of the Compact of 1867. The Hungarian demands are, in his opinion, inconsistent with his constitutional rights, and the granting of them he considers would be a dereliction of duty. The Hungarians, on the other hand, claim that the independence of the country guaranteed by the Compact is impaired by the refusal to grant their demands. The cause of the trouble is found in the ambiguity of the Article—an ambiguity which was recognized at the time and deliberately adopted in order that the Compact might be made. The present generation is reaping the fruit. Ambiguity is the mother of strife. Through Count Julius Andrassy the King sent a Message to the Coalition, laying down four conditions for an amicable arrangement. To this message the Coalition, after mature consideration, sent a reply. This reply was not acceptable to the King, and Count Julius Andrassy was informed that his mission was at an end. The situation is, therefore, more serious than ever, for a further step in an absolutist direction must of necessity be taken, since commercial treaties have been made with Germany and require ratification. This ratification should be made by the Parliament; but, inasmuch as

that body will not listen to any proposals of the Fejervary Cabinet, the Crown itself will ratify the treaties and thereby do what it is not empowered to do. For a long time the taxes have not been collected; the Hungarians refuse to make payments to an unconstitutional authority, and a condition bordering on anarchy seems at hand.

The influence of Austria in external affairs has been greatly diminished by those internal dissensions. This may not be an unmitigated evil, for that influence has not always been altogether beneficial. The neighboring Balkan States especially, although in some respects they have been helped by Austria, yet in many ways have had to suffer from her. The desire of these States to enter into a Confederation runs counter to the ambition of Austria to extend her dominions to Salonica. The weakness of the States, consequent upon division, suits her purpose. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is now the victim of division, and Servia and Bulgaria have taken advantage of the situation to enter into a Convention for free-trade between themselves. This Convention is looked upon as a first step to political union. This proceeding excited the ire of the Austrian government, and it peremptorily and, as it appears, unjustifiably required of Servia an unconditional abrogation of the Convention. This demand Servia promptly refused. Austria thereupon brought an end to negotiations for a commercial treaty which were going on, and closed her frontiers to imports from Servia. As those imports were largely pigs, the result is the breaking out of what is called a "pig" war.

As for Germany, so for France the
France. Conference at Algeciras has been

the most absorbing of the national interests. In internal affairs the election of M. Fallières as the successor of M. Loubet, followed a few weeks afterwards by the transfer of power, has taken place with perfect tranquillity. The *entente* with England has not suffered from the change of ministry in that country; in fact, by the visit to France of the London County Councillors, it has received a fresh confirmation. The President of Venezuela has been guilty of a grievous affront to the dignity of the Republic by his treatment of the French representative, and will

doubtless have to pay the fitting penalty. France in this matter is acting in such a way as practically to recognize the Monroe doctrine to the fullest extent, having done nothing independently of Washington. The making of the inventories of Church property, consequent upon the Act for the separation of Church and State, has led to the active resistance of Catholics in many places. This active resistance does not seem to have been approved of by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, for he instructed the clergy merely to offer passive opposition. These instructions directed that the clergy were not to co-operate in taking the inventories, but should not oppose it, and that, after entering a protest, they should open the receptacles containing the objects. We trust we shall not be found wanting in due sympathy for our fellow-Catholics in France, if we say that the time to oppose a law is before it has been made, and that the bitter experiences through which they are now passing should stir them up to take an active part in electing representatives who will not pass iniquitous laws. The people of France are now its law-makers, and a grave responsibility rests upon each and every Catholic so to use the power which he shares with his fellow-citizens that no bad laws can be made, or if they have been made, that they shall be repealed. If all the Catholics of France were to act in this way, it should not be impossible to undo the evil work of the past Session.

The Conference of the Powers, so long talked of, has at last met and, so far, has had but little result.

It has, of course, no legislative power. It may possibly lead to a coercive action, but only on the condition that the Powers are unanimous. The Sultan reserves his right to discuss and to reject any conclusions arrived at, even by the whole body. His independence and sovereign rights and the integrity of his dominions were declared at the outset to be the fundamental principles upon which all discussion was to be based. Even so, the Sultan enters into the Conference, not from any desire for reform, but only to get money. The state of anarchy which exists, owing to the fact that nine-tenths of his subjects are in a state of chronic rebellion and mutual warfare, prevents that assistance being given to him which is all that he cares for.

The importance of the Conference is due to the fact that Germany has made it the ground for the quarrel with France, and the question of deepest interest is whether Germany will allow the Conference to make any definite settlement. In the want of such a settlement the state of suspense which has so long existed will be indefinitely continued.

Italy.

We have to record yet another change of ministry in Italy. The reconstruction effected a few weeks ago failed to find the requisite support, and immediately upon the reassembling of Parliament an attack was made upon Signor Fortis. Five groups banded themselves together against him and his colleagues. Strange to say, those opponents had nothing of which to complain in the matter of his policy. So hard were they to please that, while they approved of the policy, they would not support the men who were ready to carry it out. A new ministry has been formed, with a member of the Right for its head—Baron Sonnino; it includes among its members an avowed Republican. The new Minister for Foreign Affairs is Count Guicciardini, a descendant of Francesco Guicciardini, the great historian. Finance is the matter of all others in which Italy finds her greatest difficulty. The new Premier has already proved himself to be the best Finance Minister that Italy possesses.

New Books.

THE CITY—THE HOPE OF DEMOCRACY.

By Howe.

The convictions expressed in this volume* "are the result of several years actual political experience in the administration of the City of Cleveland, Ohio, as well as of personal study of municipal conditions in the leading cities of America and Great Britain." The author holds "that it is the economic environment which creates and controls man's activities as well as his attitude of mind." In the twenty chapters of the volume, the author presents his views of the city of the present and of the future; the profit and the loss to civilization through the growth of cities; the actual American city with its amazing corruption, and its causes, which are mainly said to be franchises, the boss, the party, and the system. Municipal ownership is proposed as "the way out."

In harmony with that plan, it is proposed to revolutionize city government, creating the "City Republic" with new charter, home rule, and extended powers. More democracy is provided through initiative and referendum, the abolition of upper houses in city government. The author advises a land tax which will appropriate to the city unearned increment. As complementary measures to provide for "the wards of the city," the author favors workshops and industrial wages for the helpless and outcast. Many other measures are proposed incidentally throughout the work, all expressing favorable views of extended social care of city welfare.

While the volume is intended to be an argument, it impresses one more like a sustained oration. It is fervent, vivid, and honest, possessing to the fullest the charms which such traits impart, and every page is bright with hope. The author actually rushes his reader at a rate of speed that may cause confusion rather than conviction. One does not see a World's Fair in a day, nor does one convert oneself to a dozen new radical measures at a reading or a sitting. If one might read

* *The City—The Hope of Democracy.* By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D., Pp. 319. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

this work slowly, one who is sympathetic with very much of its teaching, as the reviewer is, would get real stimulation out of it. But when the vivid and intense manner of the author hurries the reader, in spite of himself, from revolution in city government to revolution in taxation, from diminution of the State to exaltation of the city, from the record of indescribable corruption to the light and charm of boundless hope, the reader who reflects will find that by the time his sympathies are awakened and enlisted for one proposition, they may be ready to revolt at a second.

As a picture of a condition in city life to which, let us hope, we may come; as a revelation of the hope and enthusiasm which the cause of reform attracts and reinforces; and as an earnest appeal to the nobler instincts of men, Dr. Howe's volume merits a cordial welcome. The public mind is in a condition of interest and sympathy toward municipal reform. This volume should influence many and win them over to the hope of which the author is representative, if not to all his measures. An army needs flags, but also charts; patriotism, but also tactics. Reform needs inspiration, but also guidance; prophets, but also business men. The cause of municipal ownership would be furthered magnificently if some one could devise a safe, practicable method to enable Mayor Dunne to effect the change in Chicago. He and his council and the city stand confused long after an overwhelming popular vote committed the City of Chicago to the municipal ownership of street railways. The prophet stage was passed successfully, but the community stands puzzled over the business difficulties which confront "immediate" city ownership.

Within its definite *rôle*, Dr. Howe's work adds much strength to the literature of reform; possibly more to inspiration than to tactics; more to suggestion than to guidance. In the present temper of the public, the reviewer does not doubt that the book may accomplish much in winning over many to some, if not all, of its proposed measures. Few will be won to single-tax; many may be led to look with more fairness on municipal ownership. Few may agree with the proposed change in city administration, but many will feel the impulse to demand reform of some kind. If the book but helps to stimulate the attention of the public to city reforms, it will justify itself. That service it will undoubtedly render.

The fellow-citizens, and especially the co-religionists, of the late Frederic René Coudert will welcome this volume* as the monument of a noble man. It is a witness, as far as it goes, to the culture, the broad, human sympathies, the kindly, sunny disposition, the high moral tone, the loyalty to country and to religion possessed by the man who was known, throughout America, and in Europe too, as one of the most successful lawyers of his day. These addresses, which might be called essays—for they were carefully prepared and are not marked by any pronounced rhetorical character—are of a quality to indicate that, had he given himself up to letters, he might have attained a high place in literature. The addresses are divided into four classes: Arbitration and International Law; History and Biography; Moral and Social Problems; Social Organization. It is from among those of the third division that we would choose some that have a permanent value. One on "Morals and Manners" is a delightfully free, yet sound, disquisition on the progress made in the moral standards. Another, "Lying as a Fine Art," ostensibly patterned after De Quincy's classic *jeu-de-esprit*, is a clever stricture on the mendacity of history; and, in his selection of fallacies to illustrate his argument, he instances some that have been pertinaciously employed against Catholicism. A long letter on the divorce question, written to Dumas when he had published his book in defense of the *Loi Naquet*, attracts notice, both by the strength of its argument and by its correct, idiomatic French, a language which was as familiar to Mr. Coudert as was English. It might be added that his English shows a lightness of touch, and a subtle, subdued wit, which are strongly suggestive of his Gallic origin. A perusal of the book cannot fail to give rise to the reflection that by the death of its author the Church in America lost a conspicuous member of a class in which she is all too poor, that of educated, conscientious, loyal laymen, whose talents, success, and probity reflect credit upon their mother. The words which he once applied to Charles O'Connor may fitly be referred to himself: "Can you wonder that I cherish and venerate the memory of such a man, to whom the Almighty had given the brightest intellect, the tenderest heart, and the most fearless spirit?"

* *Addresses: Historical, Political, Sociological.* By Frederic R. Coudert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is not uncommon to hear from
SKETCHES FOR SERMONS. the lips of a faithful church-goer
 By Fr. Wakeham. some such remark as: "Why do
 not priests vary their sermons?"

They always travel around in the same circle. Once you hear the Gospel read, you can tell what is coming. I have been listening to that same old sermon on the Prodigal Son, or on 'Render to Cæsar,' etc., since I was in the Sunday-School.' One chief factor in the maintenance of the monotony complained of is that preachers, for the most part, take the Gospel of the day as the basis of their instruction; and the composers of volumes of sermons follow the same system. The epistles are almost completely neglected. Yet if it were only to secure the advantages to be gained by the introduction of variety, the routine might be profitably broken occasionally by an explanation of the epistle. Besides, in many cases, the epistle provides ground for certain lessons and instructions, more appositely than does the corresponding Gospel.

For this reason, we believe that Father Wakeham has provided in the present volume,* a very useful book for busy priests. The sermons are not fully developed discourses, but skeletons, or outlines, which are to be filled out by the preacher. Such sketches, when well made, orderly, and composed of pregnant, suggestive thoughts, are incomparably more profitable helps than is a complete, ready-made sermon. In most instances, the priest who makes use of such a sermon will neglect the amplifications and developments, and appropriate only the essential features. Or, if he commits the entire address to memory, forgetting that *cor ad cor loquitur*, he will probably have reason to wonder why he fails to make much impression on his audience. There is, however, no mystery for his hearers. They would tell him, as they frequently tell one another, that they would rather have a few plain, earnest words, spoken with heartiness and conviction, than an elegant oration falling upon their ears with the impersonality of a phonograph, or striking them merely as an exercise in elocution. By taking a short schema, such as Father Wakeham provides, and maturing it in his own mind, the preacher will have a sermon that will be his own, and will make its way to head and heart.

* *Sketches for Sermons for the Sundays and Holydays of the Year.* By the Rev. R. K. Wakeham, St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York. Second Series. Chiefly on the Epistles. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

In the selection of his materials Father Wakeham has drawn from the approved sources, the Fathers, the great spiritual writers and theologians, avoiding anything approaching to novelty, emptiness, or irrelevance. We wish the book the gratifying success which attended the author's previous volume.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

By Humphrey.

This is a narrative,* carefully prepared by one acquainted with the official and non-official records, of the dealings of the United States government with the Reservation Indians. With much sympathy, which frequently swells into indignation against wrong and cruelty, Mr. Humphrey relates the successive treaties made only to be broken, the successive removals of the Indians from one location to some other less desirable, at the promptings of private greed, while the nation of high ideals looked on apathetically. As Mr. Humphrey tells it, this is a sorry story of greed, perfidy, and oppression. While arraiging the system which made these doings possible, Mr. Humphrey acquits the American people of any intentional connivance. "Can this business," he writes, "be charged to the American people? Certainly not; public opinion, whenever it has been sufficiently aroused to take notice of Indian affairs, has invariably been with the Indians. But it can be charged to the extremely *popular* system of government which holds every national official with his ear to the ground, listening to popular clamor. Rule by 'the voice of the people' is well enough when all the people are interested, but a disinterested, contented people will not take the trouble to rule anything; this relegates local matters to the control of a very few—the interested few."

Unfortunately, in the history of the Umatillas, the Nez Percés, the Poncas, the Mission Indians, and other tribes, the author has abundance of facts to sustain his charge, and to illustrate the appalling extent to which the system of jobbery shapes our legislation. The practical lesson which Mr. Humphrey draws is the one which is heard, just now, from so many quarters, that the people must awake and put a stop to the prevailing system in which the representatives of the nation, who do not really represent, sacrifice the interests of the many to the greed of the few: "There is no quick remedy in an

* *The Indian Dispossessed.* By Seth K. Humphrey. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

appeal to the people. The remedy must go deep into grounded notions of what constitutes freedom and what really is government by the people; then it may reach that institution of perverted functions, Congress. The prime requisite for the advancement of the public good is to instil in the public mind a deep, persistent distrust of the National Congress. Only by stirring to the depths can there come lasting good." The book might have been strengthened by precise references to the documents and authorities quoted.

IL LIBRO D'ORO.
By Mrs. Alexander.

This large and handsome volume* is a genuine treasure-house of hagiographical literature, containing over one hundred and twenty pieces of widely various character. They are selected from a range of authors that begins with Saints Jerome, Basil, and Augustine, and comes down beyond the Franciscan chronicles. Mrs. Alexander, who has discharged the translator's task very faithfully and gracefully, has drawn from four well-known collections: Selections from the *Lives of the Holy Fathers, together with the Spiritual Field* (Venice, 1623); Selections from the *Lives of the Saints and Beati of Tuscany* (Florence, 1627); Selections from the *Wonders of God and His Saints* (Bologna, 1593); *Flowers of Sanctity* (Venice, 1726). Many of them belong to authentic biography; while a great number are of the kind whose sole purpose is to convey a religious or moral truth under the guise of an anecdote or a story, and others, again, are clearly the offspring of that simple, child-like credulity which, as Bishop Hedley says, though closely associated with piety, during the Middle Ages, and at a much later date in certain countries, is at most but the *material cause* of piety. All of them, however, are edifying, and many of much spiritual beauty. It is encouraging to observe that the non-Catholic world is beginning to understand the true value of such literature, and to understand, too, that the Catholic mind also knows it. We are getting away from the days when respectable writers often enforced their denunciations of Catholic pretension, ignorance, and credulity by pointing to the *Golden Legend* as a sample of the beliefs which the church imposed as genuine history on her flock.

* *Il Libro D'Oro of Those Whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life.* Translated from the Italian by Mrs. Francis Alexander. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

REX MEUS.

This is a partial life of King David—based on the Scriptures—intended as a book of meditation or spiritual reading.* The writer assumes, with a composure that might well excite the envy of our professional Scripturists, that David, during the years of his early manhood was the accomplished type of every Christian virtue, and even of Christian chivalry—a perfect synthesis of St. Aloysius Gonzaga and Sir Galahad. Furthermore, she takes for granted that even the most trifling incident or circumstance of his career, and every *obiter dictum* of the sacred narrative, ought to contain some typical reference to our Lord, or some profound moral or religious lesson. Extensive reading in spiritual literature, as well as in such secular works as those of Ruskin, Mrs. Craven, Matthew Arnold, accompanied with a finely trained imagination, enable her to read into the text a wealth of suggestion which is always tender and sentimental, and sometimes of solid practical worth. Persons accustomed to serious commentary of the Bible may be inclined to find the book too liberally stocked with gratuitous conjecture; and souls accustomed to the strong nourishment of St. Teresa might find that, occasionally, the sentimentality is somewhat cloying.

THE BROTHERS' WAR.

By Reed.

A Southern gentleman, a veteran of the Eighth Georgia volunteers, a survivor of First Manasses and Gettysburg, and a member of the Ku-Klux-Klan, Mr. Reed contributes a lively volume† towards the mighty mass of literature that has grown around the Civil War and the negro question, past and present. He reviews the origin of the war, and appreciates, from the Southerner's point of view, but in a spirit of kindness and consideration for the North, the causes which led to what he loves to call the Brothers' War. A wealth of personal reminiscences helps to render his discussion of topics fresh and original, though, it must be said, too, somewhat desultory. Calhoun, Toombs, Webster, and Jefferson Davis come in for lengthy consideration. It is Mr. Reed's opinion that, had Toombs been in Jefferson's place, the South would have been victorious. So

* *Rex Meus*. By the Author of *My Queen and My Mother*. With Preface by Right Rev. Bishop Hanlon. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Brothers' War*. By John C. Reed, of Georgia. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

here is a case where Longfellow's reflection on the might-have-been is not appropriate. Mr. Reed makes a strong plea to Northerners to study the race question of to-day from the Southern point of view. His own solution for the present problem is to transplant the negroes into some territory where they may form a State of their own. Hampton, Tuskagee, and all other such enterprises must fail; for the pure blooded negro is not yet fit for education. The colored man who has risen is not a pure negro; and with the growing antagonism between the races, the admixture of white with negro blood must diminish till it eventually disappears. The efforts of Booker Washington, of whom Mr. Reed speaks handsomely, cannot, he tells us, reach more than an insignificant fraction of the race, while the great mass is left to pursue the way of hopeless degeneracy. Again, those persons towards whom we have extended sympathy, because they have been slighted as negroes amid a white population, nowise represent the great black population. Some very sensible words concerning the propriety of appointing negroes to federal offices in the South bring this instructive book to a close.

**SIR EDMUND BURY
GODFREY.**

By Alfred Marks.

Again the question, which was once the signal for a "Reign of Terror" against English Catholics, is started and answered.* Mr. Marks, like Echo, replies: "Sir Edmund Bury

Godfrey—he committed suicide." Mr. Marks discusses, with the acuteness of a criminal lawyer, all the evidence—that of the coroner's inquest, that furnished for the trial and conviction of Green, Bury, and Hill, in 1679, and that from the trial, four years later, of Thompson, Paine, and Farwell. It says much for the lucidity of his treatment of the mass of contradictions, obscurities, confessions, retractions, and conflicting testimonies, that his reader may follow him without any great strain of attention. He brings out forcibly the character of the incredible frenzy which possessed English Protestants, high and low, during the excitement of the "Popish Plot," and, in passing, he scorches two other writers who have treated the subject—Mr. Pollock, for his want of impartiality, and Mr. Gairdner, for the peculiar views he enunciates as to the employment of

* *Who Killed Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey?* By Alfred Marks. With an Introduction by Father J. H. Pollen, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

hypotheses in historical investigation. There is, we believe, an error in the statement that Titus Oates once joined the Jesuit community. He was an inmate of a Jesuit house of studies, but never a member of the society.

**THE OLD MISSIONS OF
CALIFORNIA.**

These two books* are not only the latest, but each in its own way is the ablest and most complete, among the contributions to the history of California and its Missions. A considerable literature has grown up, and deservedly, about the beginnings of civilization on the Pacific coast, and what gives it a singular interest are the sight and possessions of its noble monuments.

To those who are sympathetic and imaginative, California is and ever will be a land of romance and wonders. As a child of Spain this is its birthright, and it shares in the glory and heroism which characterize the palmy centuries of that nation's conquests and dominion.

The history of California is a series of romantic realities, of which the first and most beautiful is the peaceful conquest by the power of the cross. A conquest, however, that implied dangers of land and sea, dangers of the wilderness and solitude, a conquest bought at the price of labor, hunger, thirst, and even blood, of which we moderns can form scarcely any conception.

There is romance too in the life lived at the old Missions; its happy contentment, its sanctified toil, its abundant hospitality, its wonderful yet simple teachers, the Franciscan padres. But too soon, alas, the sunshine departed, and the ever-darkening clouds of political changes, of hindrances and interference, burst into a tornado of spoliation that swept away the peace and plenty secured by wise guidance and patient toil, and left behind it broken hearts, wasted endeavors, a helpless, scattered, and despoiled multitude of Indians, a scene the more tragic because of the promise and the realization it had at first presented. California has other romances as well, that of the discovery of gold, that of its present growth, that too of its natural wonders and beauties.

* *California and its Missions, their History to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.* By Bryan J. Clinch. In 2 vols. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Company, Publishers. *In and Out of the Old Missions.* By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

But it is time to mark the scope and the execution of these two books we have undertaken to notice.

In his two volumes, Mr. Clinch presents the complete and accurate history, civil and religious, of both Californias—Lower and Upper. The first deals with the Jesuit missions in Lower California, a period of nearly a hundred years, though in truth this was but the continuation and complement of a previous century of heroic work in New Mexico and Arizona. This enterprise was brought to an untimely end by the harsh and unjust decree which banished the Jesuit Order from Spain and all its dependencies in 1767 A. D. His second volume takes up the transfer of the missions to the Franciscans and the colonization and founding of missions in Upper California, until the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, gave the country to the United States, a period of nearly eighty years. By his long residence in California, his knowledge of Spanish, his Catholic judgment, and sound scholarship, Mr. Clinch is eminently well fitted for his task. He has succeeded in admirably, yet sanely, putting before us the events and personages, the legislation and methods, which make up the varying and distressing phases of California's history. He has disposed forever of the charges, they were mainly two, *viz.*, that the discipline of mission life was over-severe; and that the padres were slow or unwilling to fit their neophytes for civil life and self-government. There is this additional value in this new history, that it gives us one connected narrative of the entire Californian mission work, which is apt to be found only in detached parts in the writings of other authors of merit, as for example in the works of the late Gilmary Shea.

In and Out of the Old Missions is a thoroughly satisfying book. The author's historical account of the various discoveries, expeditions, and foundations is painstaking and accurate, his defense of the padres and their methods is generous, his love of the Indians whole-souled, and his indignation at the past and present treatment by our government passionate but just. It is not usual to find among non-Catholics such unstinted appreciation, yet the fine old Spanish padres have raised up a host of admirers, for "their works do follow them, and their praise is from generation to generation." The arrangement of the book is excellent, and its interest never flags.

There is a blending of the main facts with a minute study

of details. Each mission church is examined, and its history, its points of architecture, its interior adornments, and its relics are treated and illustrated by numerous photographs. The author wants us to see, to share, and love these mission buildings as he sees and loves them.

Finally, in a Catholic magazine we should come short of our duty, if we omitted to call attention to the excellent work which is being done in the way of restoring and preserving the old missions, and the greater work of obtaining justice for the dispossessed Indians. The Landmarks League, of Los Angeles, has done much for the buildings, and the Sequoia League, of the same city, is helping to create public opinion and to bring pressure on the national government in behalf of the Indians. Charles F. Lummis, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, a non-Catholic, the editor of *Out West*, is the leader in both of these great movements.

This little book of Father Hill's *
DEVOTION TO THE PASSION. seems to us unquestionably the

By Fr. Hill.

best for a practical cultivation of devotion to the Passion among any that we know. It brings this devotion into daily life in such a way that it cannot be put out except by a distinct determination so to do. It is practical in the highest possible degree; there is nothing high-flown or merely sentimental about it. And it comes right from the heart and the life of the author; it is thoroughly natural, if we may use such a term of what is so entirely supernatural. It contains nothing strained or affected; it is written just as the author would talk to a friend; and it has most eminently the charm of a kindly simplicity. In short, the book is really a little treasure; and in size so small that it will actually fit a vest-pocket, though most beautifully and clearly printed.

FAIR MARGARET.

By Crawford.

Scene: Paris, on the edge of Bohemia. Characters: Margaret Donne, an aspirant to the career of a prima donna; Madame Bonnani, who has enjoyed a long success in that same career, and who has gained the right of being spoken of in drawing-rooms

* *A Few Simple and Business-like Ways of Devotion to the Passion.* By Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P. New York: Benziger Brothers.

as "that dreadful woman." She, however, upsets the traditional view that all women, and all singers, are jealous of rising rivals, by proving herself a valuable friend to Margaret.* Lushington, who loves Margaret, and is beloved in return, but will not ask her hand because he isn't Lushington at all, but somebody else, on whose antecedents rests a cloud, which, by the way, also encircles Madame Bonnani. Logotheti, a Greek, fabulously rich, and successful in the world of finance, who is the very incarnation of the ancient Greek æsthetic spirit, hardened by a slight dash of the modern brigand. He is madly in love with Margaret, who certainly flirts with him. There are several minor characters, including the sensible, shrewd, and decorous American, Mrs. Rushmore, Margaret's guardian. The denouement is the attempted abduction of Margaret as she proceeds from the stage to her dressing-room, after an operatic triumph. These ingredients, flavored with a good dash of psychological analysis, chiefly of the female temperament, and much acute observation of manners, condensed into aphoristic strength, are mixed with Mr. Crawford's characteristic skill and carefulness. The story ends in a way that seems to suggest that it will have a sequel. For when the sack that was supposed to contain the fair Margaret is emptied in the presence of the person who instigated and expected a profit by the abduction, his "eyeglass dropped from its place, the jaw fell, with a wag of the fair beard, and a look of stony astonishment came into all the great features, while Madame Bonnani broke into a peal of laughter." And with the big-hearted woman's laugh ends the first part of this history. The present addition to the Crawford library does not promise to dispute the position of the *Saracinesca* series, though, like all of Mr. Crawford's work, it belongs to the first class of current fiction.

THE DOCTRINE OF GOD.

By Dr. Hall.

This little book† is a syllabus of lectures covering those portions of theology which, among Episcopalians, are, we believe, called Dogmatics—the nature and scope of theology; the authority of the Church; Holy Scripture; Theism; the Holy Trinity. It

* *Fair Margaret: A Portrait.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The Doctrine of God.* By Francis I. Hall, D.D., Instructor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

is pleasing to find the author indicating as useful, and, sometimes, as indispensable, some of our classic authorities, St. Thomas, Suarez, Petavius, and even some of our modern text-books, like Franzelin, Schouppe, and Wilhelm and Scannell's *Manual of Catholic Theology*. In many parts of the work one is surprised to find that the method of treatment follows closely the lines of our theology. The book contains a copious bibliography which will be of service to students engaged on questions of Natural Theology. One is somewhat surprised, on inspecting this extensive and representative list, that, while it includes Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*, *Idea of a University*, *Arians of the Fourth Century*, and *Tracts, etc.*, there is no mention of the *Grammar of Assent*.

Those who affect to see in the enormous flow of immigrants towards our shores a danger to our political institutions, our industrial welfare, and our moral standards, usually agree to point out the Italian as the most menacing figure in this hostile advance. Following a Massachusetts Congressman, they insist that the Italian race is not suited to our civilization; it will not, or cannot, assimilate with the "Anglo Saxon." Degraded by centuries of oppression, it is incapable of appreciating our free institutions. Besides, the greater part of those who come here are illiterate; and, satisfied with a standard of life far beneath that to which the American workman is accustomed, they are able to work for lower wages, and thereby crowd the American out of the field of labor. Much of their earnings they send out of the country. They, for the most part, congregate in the slums of the great cities, and thereby aggravate the prevailing evil conditions. Finally, they furnish an undue proportion of our criminals and paupers. This estimate the gentlemen, who have jointly put forward the present powerful vindication of the Italians, prove to be grossly unjust, and to have no other foundation than ignorance or prejudice.

This volume * offers the results of a candid examination into the facts of the case. After a brief introductory survey into

* *The Italian in America*. By Eliot Lord, A.M., Special Agent of United States Tenth Census' Social Statistics; John J. D. Trenor, Chairman of Immigration Committee, National Board of Trade, Annual Session, 1904; Samuel J. Barrows, Secretary of Prison Association of New York. New York: B. F. Back & Co., 160 Fifth Avenue.

the conditions of life in Italy, and a consideration of the causes which induce this home-loving people to emigrate in such numbers, the writers discuss, successively, the social, economic, and moral features of the Italian settlements in the great cities, in the mining fields, and on the farms and plantations, chiefly in California and the Southern States. Abundant statistics are offered to demonstrate that the greater proportion of the Italian immigrants are young, of fine physique, industrious, energetic, peace-loving, and intelligent, quite capable of making headway in the keen competition of this country. Again in the matters of pauperism, disease, and crime, compared with other elements of the population, the Italian shows up very creditably. As to assimilation, education, and progress, though nothing, or almost nothing, is done by the adult immigrants, their children swiftly assimilate American ideas and education, and are seldom wanting in ambition and persevering industry to make the most of the chances offered to them to rise in the social scale.

From *How the Other Half Lives*, of Mr. Jacob Riis, which Mr. Lord has drawn upon copiously, he quotes, concerning the advance of the Neapolitan immigrant: "Starting thus, below the bottom, as it were (in the congested heart of New York City), he has an uphill journey before him to work out of the slums, and the promise, to put it mildly, is not good. He does it, all the same, or if not he, his boy. It is not an Italian sediment that breeds the tough. Parental authority has a strong enough grip on the lad in Mulberry Street to make him work, and that is his salvation. 'In seventeen years,' said the teacher of the oldest Italian ragged school in the city that, day and night, takes in quite six hundred, 'I have seen my boys work up into decent mechanics and useful citizens almost to a man; and of my girls, only two I know of have gone astray.' I have observed the process often enough myself to know that she was right. It is to be remembered, furthermore, that her school is in the very heart of the Five Points' district, and takes in always the worst and the dirtiest crowd of children." And what the Italians of Mulberry Street succeed in doing is done, we are told convincingly, by their brothers and sisters everywhere in and around the great cities, in the fruit and vegetable farms of the Middle West, the orange groves of California, and the sugar plantations of Louisiana and Alabama.

Apart from its value as an important contribution towards

a correct statement of the immigration problem, this volume is well worth reading. The burden of the messages delivered to us, just now, by the students and observers of social and economic conditions in America, is somewhat depressing, with its denunciations of present evils, and complementary prophecies of impending disasters. So one is thankful for an occasional treat of cheerful optimism, such as the contents of this book offer. And one feels the better for having come in contact with the spirit of broad-minded philanthropy which has impelled this distinguished trio of "Anglo-Saxons," with their wide information and semi-official prestige, to vindicate, against prejudice and narrowness, the sons of sunny Italy.

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS. This remarkable work of fiction *
By von Suttner. has obtained a world-wide reputation, which may prove as enduring as that achieved by *Robinson*

Crusoe, *The Sorrows of Werther*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Chiefly through it the author obtained the Nobel Peace Prize for 1905. It has already been translated into almost every European language. More than twenty years ago the Baroness von Suttner became interested in the work of the Peace and Arbitration Association, and resolved to aid the movement by writing a little tale that should set forth the wickedness and the horror of war. In an interesting article in the *Independent* of February 1 she relates the repulses with which she met from editors and publishers when she submitted her manuscript. "The story would not interest the public." "It would offend many readers." "It was impossible in the existing state of military affairs; and would meet with the disapproval of the powerful."

Certainly the classes and individuals who look upon war as an element of civilization, a heaven-ordained school for the training of a people in the virtues of self-sacrifice, courage, and patriotism, could not but regard with disfavor this work, which strips war and soldiering of the fine feathers and fine phrases in which convention and tradition have disguised the ugly and ruthless monsters. The tale purports to be the autobiography of an Austrian countess who, at eighteen, marries an officer, shortly before the outbreak of the war between Austria and

* *Lay Down Your Arms: The Autobiography of Martha von Tilling*. By Bertha von Suttner. Authorized Translation by T. Holmes. Revised by the Authoress. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Sardinia in 1859. She tastes war's first bitterness in the separation of herself and her husband, as he proceeds to Italy, where, on a bloody field, he is destined to lay his bones. As the story develops, we are carried, successively, through the campaign of Schleswig-Holstein, the Austro Prussian War, and the siege of Paris, where the autobiography closes in a climax so sad and tragic that the reader feels tempted to expostulate with the author for being too cruel.

Regarded merely as a novel, the book has fine qualities—the reader's interest never flags, and the realism is so vigorous that one who does not know the facts will continually feel inclined to suspect that the autobiography is fictitious only as far as the names of the personages are concerned. Fifteen months after the publication of *Lay down Your Arms*, the author tells us, an elderly gentleman called at her residence in Venice. "Does the Baroness von Suttner live here?" he asked. "Yes; she is my wife," was the answer given by her husband, who had opened the door. "What, you are the husband of Madame von Suttner—Bertha von Suttner?" "I certainly am." "You are not dead, then?" "With your permission, I am still living." "But were you not shot at Paris?" "It seems not."

This incident conveys in a nutshell the graphic vividness with which the story is written. In the conversations and discussions, in the family scenes and in the development of the various characters, the writer cleverly brings in, and refutes, all the stock arguments and prejudices that are enlisted in favor of war. Yet this is done with such grace and ease that the reader never feels that he is being cheated into listening to an essay or a thesis under the guise of a story of life. The battlefield with the carnage of the fight and the suffering of those who are left behind when the wave has rolled onward, the agonies and tortures of the improvised military hospitals, where disease stalks in to aggravate suffering and swell the death roll, are depicted with striking force. Not a detail of the dreadful tableau has been forgotten or omitted, except the nameless infamies—which no woman's pen could write—that are recorded by the historians of such scenes as De Bourbon's sack of Rome, or the storming of Badajos by the English. In the personal side of the story, in which there is many a page of exquisite tenderness, the author enforces with equal skill the text that if men must fight, then women must weep, and the passing tra-

gedies of the battlefield are permanently installed in the sanctities of the home, with its vacant chair and desolate fireside.

To quote a detached passage from this book is something like extracting a single pebble from a fine mosaic and offering it as a specimen of the whole. Yet we will reproduce a few lines from the page or two that relate a visit paid to the battlefield of Sadowa on All Souls' Day: "It was twilight already when we got to Chulm, and from thence walked on, arm in arm, to the battlefield near at hand, in silent horror. Crowds of graves, and the grave of crowds, were all around us. But a churchyard?—no; no pilgrim weary of life had there been invited to rest and peace; there, in the midst of their youthful fire of life, exulting in the fullest strength of their manhood, the waiters on the future had been cast down by force, and had been shovelled down into their grave mould. Choked up, stifled, made dumb forever, all those breaking hearts, those bloody, mangled limbs, those bitterly weeping eyes, those wild shrieks of despair, those vain prayers. . . . I had heard for several hours weeping and wailing going on around me. 'Three sons—three sons, each one more beautiful and better and dearer than the others, have I lost at Sadowa,' said to us an old man, who looked quite broken down. Many others, besides, of our companions, mingled their complaints with his—for brother, husband, father. But none of these made so much impression on me as the tearless, mournful 'Three sons—three sons' of the poor old man. . . . We had now come to the spot where the largest number of warriors, friend and foe, together lay entombed. The place was walled off like a churchyard. Hither came the greatest number of mourners, because in this spot there was most chance that their dear ones might be entombed. Round this enclosure the bereaved ones were kneeling and sobbing, and here they hung up their crosses and grave lights. A tall, slender man of distinguished, youthful figure, in a general's cloak, came up to the mound. The others gave place reverently to him, and I heard some voices whisper: 'The emperor.' Yes; it was Francis Joseph. It was the lord of the country, the supreme lord of war, who had come on All Souls' Day to offer up a silent prayer for the dead children of his country, for his fallen warriors. He also stood, with uncovered and bowed head, there, in agonized devotion, before the majesty of death. Long he

stood without moving. I could not turn my eyes away from him. What thoughts must be passing through his soul, what feelings through his heart, which, after all, was, as I knew, a good and soft heart?"

Is there not some encouragement to trust that we are approaching, however slowly, the day on which the nations will beat their swords into ploughshares, when we find such a noble plea for peace and universal disarmament as is *Lay Down Your Arms*, issued to an attentive international public by the daughter of an Austrian field-marshal?

STUDENT'S OLD TESTAMENT.

The first volume of Dr. Kent's text of the Old Testament,* arranged according to the documentary hypothesis, gives promise that the completed work in six volumes will be a precious help to the student, and even to the general reader, of the literature of the chosen people. This initial installment gives the narrative of Hebrew history from the creation to the establishment of the monarchy under Saul. We may say, therefore, that, however important the later sections will be, the one before us will prove the most interesting and valuable of the entire series. The body of the book is simply the biblical text arranged in columns according as the passage falls under the Jehovistic, Elohist, Deuteronomistic, or Priestly documents. At the bottom of the page are a few brief notes; an extended introduction explains the documentary theory in simple language; and finally there is an appendix of utmost value, containing translations of those Babylonian texts which are considered to have influenced early Jewish thought and religion. Among these texts are the astounding flood-story of the Gilgamesh epic, the creation account of which Marduk is the hero, and the Adapa myth found in the tablets at Tel-el-Amarna.

Speaking first of the general scope and purpose of the work, we would call attention to the great value that it possesses merely as putting some of the main conclusions of higher criticism within the reach of the ordinary reader. We need not necessarily be in sympathy with all, or even with any, of those conclusions to acknowledge the advantage of thus pos-

* *The Student's Old Testament*. Vol. I. *Narratives of the Beginnings of Hebrew History*. By Charles Foster Kent. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

sessing them in accessible and convenient form. The only other similar presentations of the entire Old Testament text at present within the grasp of the reader who does not know German, are the volumes of the polychrome Bible now issuing. One advantage at least over the polychrome Dr. Kent's series can claim, and that is on the score of cheapness. Our second general remark would be a word of praise to Dr. Kent for having an eye for the religious setting of the Hebrew narratives, for having followed the *religionsgeschichtliche Methode*, so far as his plan permitted, and having put us in touch, both in the appendix already spoken of, and here and there in the footnotes, with those religious conceptions of Babylon and Egypt which are likely to have tinged the thought of Palestine. We trust that the learned editor will pursue this method in his later volumes, which will deal with Hebrew literature in the Persian and Greek periods.

Coming down to a matter of detail, we regret that Dr. Kent arranged the biblical text in parallel columns. This not only makes difficult reading, but necessitates great gaps and transpositions, which cause a reader to turn frequently to the index of texts in order to find the position of this or that verse which he may wish to look up. And as for gaps in the narrative, we need only mention that the Book of the Covenant is not given in this volume at all; and we are told that we must wait for the fourth volume before we find it. We understand the reason why it is placed thus late; but it would have been wise, we think, to include it with the rest of Exodus in this volume, and then print it again in the volume devoted to laws. The best practical way, we are inclined to think, for publishing the text according to documents, is the German manner of giving the text just as it occurs in the Bible, and using different type for the various sources. Perhaps some very exacting critics will raise the further objection that this volume gives only the great divisions of the documents and hardly recognizes the successive redactions which criticism in some quarters is loudly proclaiming. While we admit some force in this objection, we are not desirous of making much of it. We feel sure that the work as it is, will do a better service to critical scholarship by thus avoiding bewildering technicalities, in which after all there is a great deal of conjecture.

In conclusion, we would gratefully acknowledge the service that Dr. Kent is here doing for the cause of biblical scholarship, both by the rich learning which he brings to his task, and by the gentle temper with which he accomplishes it. We shall look forward with pleasant expectations to the reading of the future volumes of this series.

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

By Sichel.

This is a series of connected studies of personages,* chiefly women, conspicuous in the early history of French Protestantism. The gifted writer, whose reputation as a minor historian—if we may borrow a phrase which she applies to herself—has been established by her *Women and Men of the French Revolution*, presents, here, the results of much research in out-of-the-way paths, and much plodding through old memoirs, documents and books, which have received but little recognition from the historians who have aimed at a comprehensive narrative of the times. She has made good use of her materials; and her picturesque pages are evidence that the current dictum, history is no longer a science, but an art, is to be received with some reservations. Though her work consists chiefly of a few brilliant portraits, she incidentally passes in review almost all the soldiers, statesmen, and religious leaders of the time, as well as the dynamic ideas and tendencies that met in the shock of events. Nor is any *tour de force* needed to bring under observation all the great features of the early stage of French Protestantism, when we are forming an estimate of Catherine de' Medici and her rival Diana, Grande Sénéchale de Rouen, the Princesse de Condé, and Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre. If there is some ground for questioning whether the following view may be received as universally true, its accuracy regarding this period of French history is beyond dispute: "Every movement has its person; its representative; and since men are entangled in actions, and actions disguise motives, it is in the women, the clear mirrors of current feelings and tendencies, that integral types of an age will be found. In Italy the prevailing corruption was so subtly interwoven with poetry, its women were surrounded by so rich a glamor, that real outlines are hard to distinguish; but in France, with its brilliant scepticism, its dry, scintillating

* *Catherine De' Medici and the French Reformation.* By Edith Sichel. With twelve Illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

atmosphere of matter-of-factness, types stand out as crisp as French aphorisms. In France, therefore, we shall not be slow to find figures that sum up whole periods; women who are, as it were, epigrams expressive of profound experience." The book contains photogravures from famous portraits.

FRANCISCAN LEGENDS.

By Salter.

The student of history knows the deep impression made upon thirteenth century Italy by the Poor Man of Assisi, and the student of art finds in the paintings of the period a most remarkable evidence of the purity of the inspiration which flowed from St. Francis. The volume before us at present* is the summing up of travels made in Central Italy, the home of the Franciscan movement, and of studies carried on in the literature of Franciscan art. For one who has visited that land of poetry and picture, or for one who looks forward hopefully to an approaching visit, or even for one who has felt the fascination of the story of St. Francis, this book contains much that is attractive. The writer has given a sketch of the salient points of the saint's life, and a fairly complete account of the various legends and the paintings which represent them; and has added a reproduction of some twenty of the more famous pictures. The volume is further enlarged with an interesting table of the painters who have been more or less identified with Franciscan art, and with a few pages of directions to travelers intending to include in their pilgrimages such places as Gubbio and Montefalco. The illustrations of the volume are well chosen and very well reproduced.

WORDS OF ST. FRANCIS.

By MacDonnell.

In a little book,† which makes no attempt to go into scholarly questions concerning the authenticity of the various works from which selections are taken, Miss MacDonnell tries to reflect something of the spirit and temperament of St. Francis for the benefit of the modern reader. The prevalence of the attraction to the Saint of Assisi felt throughout the world to-day gives reason

* *Franciscan Legends in Italian Art.* Pictures in Italian Churches and Galleries. By Emma Gurney Salter. With Twenty Illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: J. M. Dent & Co.

† *The Words of St. Francis from his Works and the Early Legends.* Selected and Translated by Anne MacDonnell. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

to believe that a welcome will be accorded this new contribution to the body of literature growing up around the personality of St. Francis and gradually assuming such vast proportions. The editor sets aside all doctrinal considerations, that is to say, endeavors to select passages which bear on practical topics and matters of conduct rather than on theology. This will probably help to commend these pages to a wider circle of readers, and on that account to introduce some very lofty and unusual ideals to the notice of persons outside the fold to which St. Francis belonged. When one contrasts the message brought by St. Francis to his age with the faults and weaknesses common in our own day, one is drawn to hope and to pray that the Providence which sent him into the world will again commission some holy soul to revive forgotten devotion to sacred poverty and evangelical simplicity.

THE KING'S ACHIEVEMENT.

By Benson.

In this historical romance* Father Benson, who in *By What Authority?* set before us, with fine dramatic force, the third act in the fateful and bloody drama of the

English Reformation, now treats us to the first, the suppression of the monasteries and the proclamation of the Royal supremacy in religious affairs. Those who have read his fine story, with its vivid picture of Elizabethan times and doings, need not be told that, together with the imagination and the constructive art requisite to produce a powerful piece of fiction, Father Benson possesses the minute historical knowledge requisite to give a true and vivid picture of life in Tudor times. There is a slender thread of continuity between the fictitious characters of the present story and its predecessor. Stout old Sir Nicholas is here a young man; and Mistress Margaret, the ancient nun of *By What Authority?* is here a young postulant, who in her novitiate is turned out of her convent by the king's visitor. This visitor, by the way, is her brother, who turns his back upon the religion of his fathers to seek fame and fortune by assisting his master, Thomas Cromwell, to render to Cæsar the things that are God's. Cromwell, Fisher, Sir Thomas More, and, of course, Henry himself, all pass before us, very live and real, in Father Benson's pages. We get

* *The King's Achievement.* By Robert Hugh Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder.

a glimpse of convent and monastic life as it existed at the time of the Reformation; the methods by which evidence against monks and nuns was manufactured, and the conduct of the men who carried out the visitations and suppressions, are made to flit palpably before us. Nor does Father Benson, who knows how to give the thousand little touches which invest characters and scenes with a realistic power, spoil his effect by making all the orthodox virtuous, and assigning all the wickedness and meanness to the heterodox. The work does not, on the whole, show as much careful elaboration as its predecessor, and its portraiture of Henry falls short, in point of vividness and individuality, of that which Father Benson has drawn of Elizabeth. In compensation, however, the story has more unity and proportion, chiefly because there are fewer characters to claim the attention; nor, after the removal of some of the principals, is it so long spun out as to diminish the reader's interest.

Some impertinent person said that he got a clearer conception of Louis XI. from *Quentin Durward* than from all the historians. We have no doubt but that many persons will be helped to grasp the process of the English Reformation much more by Father Benson than by Lingard or Gairdner.

*The Spalding Year-Book** is made up of brief and excellently chosen extracts from the various writings in prose and verse of the distinguished prelate whose name adorns its covers. Many a fine inspiration is to be found within the pages of this little volume, and the daily reading of an extract would be a profitable exercise.

The volume *Irish History and the Irish Question*, by Goldwin Smith, which was extensively reviewed by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy in the February CATHOLIC WORLD, is published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

We are indebted to the *Union Pacific* for a striking photographure of the Oldest Inhabitant of the Line—a great, strong bison.

* *The Spalding Year-Book*. (Helpful Thoughts Series.) Quotations from the writings of Bishop Spalding for each day of the year. Selected by Minnie R. Cowan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (Jan.): This is the initial number of a new magazine, conducted and written by the faculty of Maynooth. Judging by this first issue, which is excellent in content, and in appearance one of the handsomest periodicals published, we should say that the purpose of the editors is to produce a magazine which shall be primarily a means of acquainting ordinary and occasional students of the theological sciences with the best work and the latest discussions in that field. Research work, strictly speaking, will, it would seem, be secondary to this popularizing purpose.—The first article is by Dr. W. McDonald on some modern tendencies of the theistic argument. The writer hints that science has brought us new light which reveals problems and methods not exactly contained in the classic theistic demonstration of St. Thomas, however sound and stable this may be in substance. In particular Dr. McDonald warns us against laying too great a burden of proof on the fact that thus far spontaneous generation has not been effected.—The same writer contributes a most excellent article "About Socialism," in which he endeavors to cast the thought of Socialism in the terms of moral theology with a view to enabling the clergy to judge more accurately the tenets of the system. In the light of theological principles the socialistic theory of value and materialistic interpretation of history are examined very carefully and much misunderstanding is set aside. The article is one which well deserves to be reprinted and widely circulated.—Dr. MacRory's article on the biblical question reminds us that the official pronouncements of the Church regarding Inspiration leave us a wide latitude of interpretation. Of the new school of Lagrange, Hummelauer, and Poels, he speaks guardedly, but with very evident sympathy.—Dr. Toner's study of the Kenotic theory gives a very good summary of the various views of

Kenosis, and adds to them the Catholic principles which must be retained throughout. The vital question at issue, *viz.*, that of Christ's knowledge, Dr. Toner does not face. However, he is to have a continuation of his study in the next number.—In "Pre-Patrician Christianity" in Ireland, Dr. MacCaffrey takes issue with some conclusions of the Celtic scholar Zimmer.—And Dr. Harty writes a moral paper on the sacredness of pre-natal life.

The Tablet (27 Jan.): German Socialism is discussed by a leader in this number. Unlike the explosive outbursts in Russia, coherence and stability are manifested in all the socialistic demonstrations in Germany. The weapon of the German dissenters is the appeal to the reason and to the sense of justice in the masses. The power of Socialism would be far greater than it is, were it not for the strong Catholic organization which offers an unbroken front to its irreligious dogmas. Between these two forces, as between the principles of good and evil, a perpetual duel is waged.—The Roman Correspondent announces that an important Papal ruling against the spread of New Testament errors may be expected in the near future.

(3 Feb.): Apparently there is a party in France who, even after voting for the Act of Separation, still desire to have a voice in the election of bishops and clergy. This seems to be inconsistent with the stand of the French Government. There is a further report from Rome that the Holy Father will appoint bishops for all or nearly all of the seventeen vacant sees at the coming Consistory.

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): A fourth instalment of the article on "The Christian Society," deals with the beginnings of development in the Church, starting from the appointment of the seven deacons which, the writer says, though a slight incident in itself, "initiated a series of events of far-reaching importance, and transformed the small community at Jerusalem into the Universal Church." The article then discusses the institution of these seven deacons, the itinerant ministry, the appointment of presbyters, and the central Church at

Jerusalem.—The physical, political, social, and religious conditions, together with the character of the natives and the progress of Protestant missions in Central Africa, are discussed in an article on "Missions in Nyassaland." —After citing a list of thirteen stories of English school life, the writer of an article on "School Tales" points out the difficulties attendant upon the writing of such books, and then examines how far these difficulties have been overcome, evaded, or disregarded in the tales enumerated in the list. From the evidence obtained from these stories the writer further examines the truth of the statement of one author that, "Public schools are, as a rule, as good as human effort can make them, but they are not heaven." The reference is to the English public schools.—In "The Evidences for the Resurrection of Christ," the writer, starting from the generally admitted proposition that the primitive Christians "believed that 'Jesus lives' because they believed that Jesus rose," inquires into the question of "what evidence remains to us of these apparitions of the Christ after his burial which satisfied his disciples that he was really alive." He finds that St. Paul's witness is "a statement of testimony which in any other field of history would be regarded as of extraordinary weight," and rejects as insufficient the explanation of this witness as given in the "subjective vision" and Keim's divine revelation theories. The writer also rejects the current view that St. Paul "knows nothing" of the empty tomb. The witness of the synoptics and St. John are next considered and found not to disagree with St. Paul. As a result of his inquiry the writer holds: "The evidence for the Resurrection of Christ can survive the test of a close scrutiny, even though no postulate of minute inerrancy be made on behalf of the witnesses; and when so examined with an open mind, and without the prejudice that 'miracles' are impossible, it is found to be of a high degree of credibility."—In an article entitled "Liberal Theology," continued from the October number, the question is proposed: "Have miracles ever happened?" and discussed from the viewpoint of the conceptions of Nature's uniformity and the continuity of history.—Other contents:

"Church Music"; "Recent Excavations in Crete"; Book notices.

The National Review (Feb.): Contains its regular department, "Episodes of the Month," with particularly lengthy comment on the late elections.—"The German Emperor's Crusade Against the *Entente Cordiale*," by Ignotus, maintains that William II. broke with Bismarck because the latter saw in Germany a land power; the former wished to make Germany a maritime and colonial power; hence the beginning and continuation of William II.'s opposition to England's policy. The fact that the Germans are now showing kindlier feelings towards Great Britain must be viewed by Britons with some reserve.—"The Labor Party: Its Aims and Policy," by J. Keir Hardie, is a sketch of the Labor Party since its first beginnings, of which the most visible sign was the famous dock strike in London. "The Labor Party," says the writer, "will sit in opposition to whatever government may be in office." The immediate constructive policy of the party will be an attempt, through legislation, to restore freedom of actions to the Trade Unions.—"Mystification," by Maximilian, recounts how Bismarck saw the duty of German statesmanship, and how a Bismarckian should view Germany's duty at present. The author's complaint against the German Emperor is not that he is hostile to Great Britain, but that he failed to conceal his hostility until the hour for striking came.—"Army Reform," by H. W. Wilson, tells what England should learn in this matter from France.—"Home Rule, Rome Ruin," maintains that Irish Nationalism means for Ireland the loss of the Catholic faith.—"Shaw and Super-Shaw," by Edith Balfour, suggests that in "Major Barbara" there is lacking that touch of imagination and greatness which makes a line of poetry or a harmony vibrate in the soul.—"American Affairs" are reviewed by A. Maurice Low.—"Mr. Walter Long in Ireland," is a very complimentary review of the late Chief Secretary's administration.—"New Zealand and British Football," is a comparison of the two styles of play, and of what the Eng-

landers may learn from the New Zealanders.—“Lord Milner and the Struggle for South African Union,” is a defense of Milner’s efforts at conciliation and humane policy.

Études (20 Jan.): The publication of a new work on the *Practice of Mental Prayer*, by a French Jesuit, is the occasion of an article on that subject in review of the work from the pen of Auguste Hamon. He praises this new work highly, and recommends it to all persons wishing to devote themselves to the love and service of God. The Gospels are the chief sources of the work, together with the use of the recognized masters of dogmatic and mystical theology, such as St. John of the Cross, St. Francis of Sales, and St. Alphonsus. Its method is very practical. It is intended primarily as a help to souls.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (Jan.): The vast amount of work performed by the Jesuit Fathers in the field of scientific research is set forth in an article by one of their number, in which he describes the different astronomical observatories connected with Jesuit institutions in various parts of the world. A brief history of each college is given, and then an account of its observatory, the instruments used, the discoveries made, and the books published. Georgetown University is the first mentioned. The work of Fathers Hagen and Rigge is especially commented on. The English house at Stonyhurst is spoken of. The work of Father Perry is especially noted. Similar flattering treatment is paid to the colleges situated in Havana and Manila.

La Quinzaine (16 Jan.): Félix Klein opens this number with an account of the evolution of the political views of the Counts de Moret.—So encouraging is the condition of religion in Norway that Paul Bureau devotes considerable time to a consideration of the Lutheran religion in that country and *a fortiori* to the prospects of the Catholic Church. He describes the manner of education of the young levites, the work of the priests, their virtues. With the aid of one of the pastors, he points out the essential differences between Lutheran and Catholic doctrines and practices, chief among them being the Luth-

eran insistence on the fatherhood of God. As to the condition of the Catholic Church, he seems to feel not over-enthusiastic. Two obstacles oppose the progress of Catholic doctrine: first, the belief of the people that Catholics adore the Blessed Virgin, preserve, as relics, feathers from the wings of Gabriel, etc.; secondly, and more important, the independent temperament of the Norwegian, which cannot brook the exactions of the Catholic Church. Just as soon as the Catholic religion adapts itself to the character of this people, the Catholic Church will find many strong, virtuous men and women seeking admission into the true fold. There have been some conversions recently, but the Church really seems scarcely prepared to receive those souls which are drifting toward her from Lutheranism. No thoughtful man can deny that the exclusive predominance of the Latin element in the Church during the last three centuries has deprived her of the benefits which would have come from the influence of more progressive and freer-spirited peoples. What is needed is a return of the Anglo-Saxon element.

(1 Feb.): The religious and literary event of the season is the appearance of a new romance by Fogazzaro, entitled *Il Santo*. A discussion of this book is begun in this number by R. Saleilles.—Ch.-M. des Granges exposes the two contradictory theories as to the part played by Julie Bouchaud in the works of Lamartine.—George Fonsegrive, continuing his series of articles on “Le Moral et le Social,” treats of the various aspects of goodness. The individual has various goods, but he enlarges these goods in proportion as he distributes them among humanity.

La Civiltà Cattolica (20 Jan.): Padre Schiffini's book on the divinity of the Bible, vindicated against modern innovators, is summarized. The learned Jesuit warns those who admit any real error whatsoever in Scripture, that St. Thomas and Bellarmine consider such a position heretical. Moreover, the two hypotheses advocated by so many Catholics nowadays, that the apparently historical passages of the Old Testament may be only the

opinions of the time, and not objectively true; and secondly, the hypotheses of implicit quotations, are totally rejected by the illustrious theologian. He also treats at length the controversy that agitated Douai and Louvain in the sixteenth century, whether God has inspired *specialiter* every truth expressed in Scripture. Pius X. and Merry del Val have congratulated P. Schiffrini on his refutation of the *pericolose ed audaci novità* which prevail in biblical criticism.

(3 Feb.): This number is largely taken up with the spread of Liberal Catholicism; no less than three articles being devoted to that subject. The first of these, entitled "New Men, Old Errors," remarks the alarming indications of liberal views in theology which are appearing in practically all the civilized countries of the world. Everywhere, young clerics especially, seem to be infiltrated with un-Thomistic philosophy, with biblical criticism, and with a general mentality which tends to drift from the venerable ways of thinking which prevailed and were systematized in the Catholic schools of the Middle Ages. The radical fault seems to lie in bad philosophy. Even Loisy's views of Scripture are due to German philosophy. We must all take care lest the novelties around us actually win possession of the Catholic popular mind.—A review of Fogazzaro's famous novel *Il Santo*, considers it a bad sign that so many Catholics are praising this book, full as it is with Liberal Catholicism. These Liberal Catholics are forever crying: Reform! Reform! as though there were any need of reform.—A third article notices an anonymous letter now circulating in Italy, which claims to have been written by a theologian to a professor of anthropology who was troubled with theological and doctrinal difficulties. The theologian is astonishingly broad in his views of dogma; so much so, that the writer in the *Civiltà* calls him a hypocrite and ignoramus. These compromises are another evidence of Liberalism which it is our duty to counteract and destroy.

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): Under the heading "The Catholic Renaissance in England during the Nineteenth Century,"

M. Thaseau-Dangin contributes a short history of Cardinal Manning's episcopate, dealing in particular with the attempts made towards the union of the Anglican with the Catholic Church, and the part taken in that agitation by Manning, Newman, Philip de Lisle and Pusey. —To travel from London to Calcutta in seven days and six hours may sound chimerical, yet M. Andre Cheradame states that such a railroad is a thing of the future, and is in fact the outcome of the recent *entente cordiale* between Russia and England. The present friendly relations existing between those two countries may be attributed to the fact that England successfully pleaded on Russia's behalf with Japan to withdraw her claim of indemnity at Portsmouth.

(25 Jan.): The second instalment of "The Catholic Renaissance in England in the Nineteenth Century" appears, in which are discussed the relations—strained and otherwise—that existed between Manning and Newman. The article does not contain much more than can be found in Dr. Barry's *Newman*, and Purcell's *Life of Manning*.—Catholicism at present is on the decline in Austria. The desertions from the Church are numerous. Not since the "Thirty Years' War" has she suffered so much. This state of affairs, as well as the efforts that are being made to overcome it, is described in an article entitled "The Congress of Vienna," by Arnold Mullet. —"The Historic Introduction to the Conference of Algeciras," contains a recapitulation of the causes of the present trouble in Morocco. A succinct review of the claims of England, France, Germany, and Spain is also given.

Razón y Fe (Feb.): P. Murillo concludes his articles on Inspiration with the statement that none of the theories thus far offered has been able to answer satisfactorily the present-day difficulties, and that we had better content ourselves with awaiting further data.—P. Urgarte de Encilla begins a sketch of experimental psychology, and says that though materialism has been professed by so many of the school, yet this is not an inherent but an accidental matter.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Jan.): E. Dehó writes an answer to the criticisms which have been passed upon *Il Santo* of Fogazzaro. He begins with a quotation from P. Janssens, Rector of the College of St. Anselmo: "The mildest judgment which can be passed upon Piero Maironi is this: He is a saint only in so far as one who is not can be." In reply the writer says that if there is reason for putting *Il Santo* on the Index, as some have suggested, then it will be necessary to put also on the Index all the saints who have ever rebuked the errors of princes, the abuses of priests, the laxity of religious orders, the vices of the people, and the faults of the Supreme Pontiffs. *The Imitation of Christ* and the Epistles of St. Paul will have to go on the list of prohibited books too. If Piero Maironi is not a saint, then neither is Peter Damian, nor Bernard, nor Augustine, nor Jerome, nor Chrysostom, nor Athanasius, nor Gregory VII., nor Catherine of Siena, nor Teresa, nor Joan of Arc, nor Antony.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION

MRS PEARL MARY TERESE CRAIGIE, better known by her books as John Oliver Hobbes, was the recipient of many honors during her recent stay in New York. She proved herself one of the best exponents of woman's sphere of influence as a lecturer on subjects requiring accuracy and judicial treatment. Archbishop Farley, with many other distinguished Catholics, attended her lecture at St. Francis Xavier's College Hall in aid of the Dramatic Oratorio Society. The Right Rev. Monsignor Lavelle, V.G., in his introductory address, commended the object of the Dramatic Oratorio Society and had a hearty word of praise for the energy and self-sacrifice of Madame Kronold, its director.

Mrs. Craigie charmed her audience not less by her manner than by the matter of her bright discourse. She reviewed the lives of three men—St. Ignatius, John Wesley, and Leo Tolstoi—prominent each in his own century, each a type of earnestness and religious zeal, and each differing widely from the others. Her lecture sparkled with relevant anecdotes, humorous and gently satirical comments, and brilliant sallies of wit, that appealed to the humor of the audience and kept them ever on the alert for what was coming next.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Craigie's talk, the Archbishop added a few words. He said he had never attended a lecture that gave him so much pleasure and material for thought, and further that Mrs. Craigie's was one of the most interesting lectures he had ever heard. He called on the audience to give a rising vote of thanks to "John Oliver Hobbes" for her kindness in volunteering her talents for the good of so worthy a cause. The tribute was given with a good will and with ringing applause.

Before the lecture Hans Kronold played with exquisite skill these numbers on the violoncello: "The Invocation," "The Spinner," "Ave Maria," and a Spanish dance.

One of the latest books to appear from Mrs. Craigie's pen is the *Flute of Pan*, which the Princess of Wales and "members of the royal family" admit is an adequate picture of life at the English court. *The School for Saints* and *Robert Orange* are two books which particularly stand to her credit. Among the plays she has written are "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," a charming one-act comedy, written for Ellen Terry and played by her in New York some years ago, and "The Ambassador," from which Mr. Joseph Choate said, on presenting Mrs. Craigie to the Barnard students, he had learned much that was valuable about the duties of an ambassador; and "The Bishop," now being presented in New York. Mrs. Craigie was born in Boston, educated privately in London, Boston, and Paris. She was married in 1887, and was received into the Catholic Church in 1892.

It has become more and more the custom of late for teachers' associa-

tions to devote most of their time to discussions of administrative problems, and it is seldom that educational topics as such are discussed. One of these few discussions, however, took place at the recent meeting of the Schoolmen of New York, when District Superintendent John Haaren presented a scholarly paper on "The First Modern Schoolmaster." Vittorino de Feltre was the subject of the address, and Dr. Haaren showed how Vittorino's school, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, was in many ways similar to the school of to-day.

Dr. Haaren maintained that there was but one movement in the Italian Renaissance and not two separate revivals, and called attention to the fact that Greek was not a well-known or much used language at that time. Returning to Vittorino, whose real name was Victor Ramboldoni, he briefly sketched his remarkable career.

Among the modern features of his school in Mantua were the use of pictures in keeping with the work of educating children, and his acceptance of pupils, regardless of rank. Then, too, intellectual work was alternated with physical exercises; there was variety of mental tasks; music, vocal and instrumental, was taught; oral composition was required, and critical and appreciative reading was the basis of the work in that subject.

In spelling he used cards, inscribed with letters, to be placed together to form words, and there was even correlation of studies, particularly in the teaching of Greek and Latin. He died on February 2, 1446, 460 years ago.

An interesting discussion of the features of mediæval and modern education followed the presentation of the paper.

• • •

The New York State Commissioner of Education, Andrew S. Draper, reports that during 1904 the State spent \$41,064,842 for the education of its children. This is an increase of \$3,329,905. The total amount for the high and secondary schools was \$7,846,386, an increase of \$645,152.

Salaries of teachers constitute the largest part—\$23,084,218—of the \$41,000,000 expended. This was an increase of \$1,104,831. There was an increase of \$2,321,999 for buildings, sites, furniture, etc., bringing the total expenditure for this purpose up to \$10,984,565. The value of elementary school buildings is now \$105,572,576, an increase of \$13,124,317. In districts outside of cities the average value of school buildings is \$1,833.63, and in cities \$91,330.90. The average cost of education per pupil registered is now \$33.45, an increase of \$2.30.

There were registered last year 1,797,238 pupils between the ages of five and eighteen in the schools of the State. Of this number 1,294,680 were in the public elementary schools, 172,518 in the Catholic elementary schools, and 27,828 in all other parish and parochial schools. In addition to the day schools, there were enrolled in the evening elementary schools of six cities, 15,381 pupils between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years. The average daily attendance was 935,675, or 76.4 per cent, an unusually high average.

There were employed in the public elementary schools 32,886 teachers, an increase of 697, at an average annual salary of \$701.94, and an average weekly one of \$19.94.

The increased attendance is attributed to the more rigid enforcement of the compulsory education law. During the year 1,419 parents, an increase of 194, were arrested for violation of the law, and 17,052 truants were arrested, a decrease under 1904 of 8,509. The number of truants committed to truant homes were 1,337, an increase of 57.

Three thousand two hundred and seventy-nine teachers were employed to give instruction in the tax-supported schools and 714 in the academies, making a total teaching force of 3,993 in the secondary schools of the state.

* * *

Mr. John Jerome Rooney, of the Catholic Club, New York City, has written the following timely account of a forgotten Catholic author:

George H. Miles was born in Baltimore, Md., July 31, 1824. He entered Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., in 1837, and was graduated with high honors in 1843. He died on July 27, 1871. After having been graduated he began the study of law in Baltimore. He was admitted to the bar, and became a member of a firm which enjoyed a large and lucrative practice.

In spite of the prospects held out by his new profession, his love of literature and his devotion to Alma Mater induced him to give up the practice of law and accept the Professorship of Literature in the college. Most of his works were composed during his connection with Mount St. Mary's. During the controversy caused in 1869 by Harriet Beecher Stowe's book, *The True Story of Byron's Life*, Mr. Miles wrote a poem entitled "Byron," which was a defense of the poet against Mrs. Stowe's attack. Of this poem, Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, the editor of *The Southern Quarterly Review*, says:

We were contemplating an article on the character of Lord Byron, and had partly prepared it for publication, when a poem on Byron by George H. Miles was handed to us, which, we think, will better accomplish our object.

The poem, which first appeared in *The Baltimore Sun* in September, 1869, was re-published in the October number of the review. Previously Mr. Miles had written "Mohammed," a tragedy, for which he was awarded the thousand-dollar prize offered by Edwin Forrest for the best drama by an American author. His next best work is "Christine, a Troubadour Song"; then followed a number of minor poems—"Raphael Sanzio"; "San Sisto"; "Marcella"; and "Inkermann," a spirited poem full of martial vigor.

His beautiful poem "Said the Rose," whose authorship was first inquired into by a London journal and established by a well-timed article written by the late Rev. John McCloskey, of Harrisburg, Pa., published in *Current Literature* of January, 1898, was among the first efforts, outside of Catholic publications, to call the merits of the sweet and true Maryland singer to public notice. Mr. Miles published for the semi-centennial of Mount St. Mary's, in 1858, "Aladdin's Palace," a satirical poem. His Alma Mater is the "Aladdin's Palace," in which "Aladdin's genie left one window bare."

Mr. Miles was also the writer of successful plays—"Abou Hasan"; "Señor Valiente"; "Mary's Birthday"; besides "De Soto" and "Cromwell," tragedies in manuscript. He was also a critic of eminence. His criticism of "Hamlet," published in *The Southern Quarterly Review*, in 1870, is said by Brother Azarias to be "the most searching study of 'Hamlet' ever made on

this continent." Speaking of his criticism of "Macbeth," Dr. Bledsøe said:

There is a noble piece of Shakespearean criticism buried out of sight, simply because it is not better known. The other works of the same author are no less neglected.

Orestes Brownson thus speaks of "Mohammed":

We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best poem of the kind ever written and published in America.

Eugene Didier, the Baltimore litterateur, who had access to Mr. Miles' unpublished works of a dramatic character, says:

In the literary field in which Shakespeare won immortality and Sheridan carried off his brightest laurels, Geooge H. Miles has earned a high, if not the highest, place in the dramatic literature of America.

Mr. Miles wrote three novels—*Loreto; or, the Choice; The Governess;* and *The Truce of God;* all well received at the time of publication.

Criticisms of Mr. Miles' works appear in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, August, 1866; CATHOLIC WORLD, May, 1881.

Mrs. Helen O'Donnell has been ably assisted by Mr. Bernard O'Donnell in presenting the study of Irish music to the people of New York in the various schools and halls that are in co-operation with the Board of Education. Besides the charm of her rich contralto singing voice, she is very successful in holding the interest of the audience while explaining the historical incidents associated with the origin of the leading Irish melodies.

A recent notice contains these words of praise:

The best passages in Professor W. P. Trent's *Greatness in Literature, and Other Essays* (Crowell) are those that deal with teaching. Professor Trent has read much and lectured much and taken much pains to avoid a too personal habit of thought in his readings and lectures, or perhaps it were more exact to say he has elaborated so complete a system of measuring things that he is able to dispense with his personal views. He is what we may be permitted to call a pre-eminently *safe* critic.

The readers of his writings, the audience at his lectures are in no great danger of going wrong. The opinions he publishes are the accepted opinions of very good men who spoke before him, and we doubt if he has often spoken without first making sure that he had excellent authority to back him, unless indeed in such very general terms that no one would dream of disputing what he said. He does not care to find himself against the world, or rather he could not well place himself in such an uncomfortable position. Authority is what he stands for, and anything conflicting with authority manifestly depresses him and makes him ill at ease. Inability to recognise the justice of general beliefs is for him a most troublesome state of mind. "We either stifle our thoughts," he says, "or pretend to admire what we do not, which is unedifying conventionalty or rank hypocrisy, or else, as Herbert Spencer did in his *Autobiography*, we proclaim our disagreement with the world's verdict, and run the risk of being sneered at or called stupid." From which Professor Trent concludes, "that it is a matter of some importance, if we

care for literature at all, for us who study or read books to put our individual standards as far as possible in accord with the collective standards." In short he is all for "culture," for learning "to know and agree with the best that has been thought and said in the world about literature."

Now this is an eminently proper attitude for one whose business is to deal in literature as an ornament. It is quite right, presuming our ordinary mode of education to be right, for a professor to rid himself of particular tastes and decorate his pupils in the customary and approved fashion. A fashionable tailor is not at liberty to do what he will with his customers; his business is to be informed of what the world of fashion has decided to be the correct thing; and so, as we conceive it, the business of the schoolmaster is not to assert his personal convictions, if by some singular accident he happen to have any, but to supply a decent, respectable covering of culture that will pass muster in the best literary society. Now, Professor Trent knows exactly how to dispense taste in a manner unostentatious, conservative, and perfectly sane. As he truly observes, the expression of original opinion "leads to chaos in matters of taste," and so, being an advocate of order above all things else, he is extremely careful to guard against expression of any kind, except when he has an opportunity of rehashing old verdicts, as in his wholly indisputable praise of Homer.

It will be readily understood, however, that a teacher of this kind is more interesting to readers out of school when he happens to be dealing with his hobby of teaching than when he wanders into the open. It is extremely instructive to follow the workings of such a mind, to hear his views of the best manner of pasting literary learning on the uncultured, and to consider his proposals of reform.

M. C. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:**
Efficiency and Religion: A Programme of Social Work. By Edward T. Devine, Ph.D. LL.D. Price 75 cents. *City Government for Young People.* By Charles Dwight Willard. Pp. xlv.-170. Price 50 cents. *The Bitter Cry of the Children.* By John Spargo. Introduction by Robert Hunter. Price \$1 50 net.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:**
Outlines of the History of Ireland, from the Earliest Times to 1904. By R. W. Joyce. LL. D. Seventh Edition. Pp. 100. Price 30 cents net. *Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline.* By B. W. Maturin. Price \$1.50 net. *Wings and Spurs.* A Collection of Annotations for Every Day in the Year. By L. H. M. Soulsby. Pp. 125. Price 36 cents net.
- B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:**
Studies from Court and Cloister. Being Essays, Historical and Literary, dealing mainly with Subjects relating to the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By J. M. Stone. Pp. 379. Price \$3.50. *Attitude of Catholics towards Darwinism and Evolution.* By H. Muckermann, S. J. With four plates. Pp. 110. Price 75 cents net. *Cross and Chrysanthemum: An Episode of Japanese History.* An Historical Tale by the Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Pp. 398. Price \$1 net. *Of the Imitation of Christ.* Four Books. Edition de luxe. Limited to 500 copies. Pp. 224. Price \$6.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:**
The Miracles of our Lady, St. Mary. By Evelyn Underhill. Pp. xxviii.-308. Price \$2 net.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:**
The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians. By George Steindorff, Ph.D. Pp. xii.-178. Price \$1 50 net.
- MCCLURE, PHILLIPS & Co., New York:**
Irish History and the Irish Question. By Goldwin Smith. Pp. viii.-270. Price \$1.50 net.
- FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:**
A Week with Jesus. By Rev. Anthony Baumstark. 40 cents net. *Devotions for the Way of the Cross.* Pp. 72. Price 10 cents.
- JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:**
The Christian Family. By the Rev. Bertrand Conway, C.S.P. Pp. 109.
- LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:**
On the Field of Glory: An Historical Novel of the Time of King John Sobieski. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish Original by Jeremiah Curtin. Price, cloth, \$1.50. *The Sage Brush Parson.* By A. B. Ward. Pp. 390. Price \$1.50.
- GINN & Co., Boston, Mass.:**
A League of Peace: Rectorial Address before the University of St. Andrews. By Andrew Carnegie. Price, per copy, 10 cents. Per 100 copies, \$5.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Chicago, Ill.:**
Boards of Education and Historical Truth. Pp. 48. Price, per 100 copies, \$3; per copy, 5 cents.
- BROADWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:**
Trailers of the North. By William Lewis Lockwood. Pp. 200.
- ALLEN AND JAMBORN PRINTING CO., Washington, D. C.:**
A Refutation of the Darwinian Conception of the Origin of Mankind. By John C. Stallcup. Pp. 120.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:**
St. Joseph's Help; or, Studies of the Power and Efficacy of St. Joseph's Intercession. From the German of the Very Rev. I. A. Keller, D.D. Pp. 278. Price 75 cents net.
- HEINTZEMANN PRESS, Boston, Mass.:**
Sebastian Rale: A Maine Tragedy of the Eighteenth Century. By John Francis Sprague. Pp. 162.
- PUBLIC SCHOOL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Bloomington, Ill.:**
The Point of View of Modern Education. By Harriet A. Marsh, LL.B. Price 60 cents.
- CHARLES A. MARTIN, Cleveland, Ohio:**
Cana; or, Little Chapters on Courtship, Marriage, Home. By Charles A. Martin. Price 10 cents per copy, prepaid.
- RED JACKET PRESS OF BUFFALO, Buffalo, N. Y.:**
The Royal Way—Way of the Cross. By Helena E. Murray.
- THOMAS BAKER, London:**
The Eternal Sacrifice. By Charles de Condren, Superior-General of the Oratory of Jesus. Translated by A. J. Monteith. Pp. 203. Price 2s 6d net.
- LIBRAIRIE BLOUET ET CIE, Paris, France:**
Newman: Essai de Biographie Psychologique. By Henri Bremond. Pp. 428.
- LIBRAIRIE DE P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:**
La Doctrine de la Sainte Messe. By l'Abbé J. Grimault. Pp. viii.-328.
- BUREAUX DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DES BOLLANDISTES, Bruxelles:**
Les Légendes Hagiographiques. By Hippolyte Delehaye, S. J. Price 3 francs, paper.
- V. LECOFFRE, Paris:**
Newman: Méditations et Prières. Traduites par Marie-Agnès Pératé. Avec une Étude sur la Piété de Newman par Henri Bremond.



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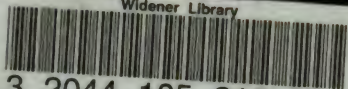
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